

December - 25 Cents

SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*



HENRY
CLIVE



Electricity Needs You Now I Will Train You at Home

Stop right here. This is **YOUR** opportunity! Electricity is calling you, and the Electrical Business is in for a tremendous increase. But it needs more trained men—at big pay. By my **Home Study Course in Practical Electricity** I can train you for these positions.

FREE!

BIG ELECTRICAL OUTFIT

A fine outfit of Electrical Tools, Instruments, Materials, etc., absolutely **FREE** to every student. I will also send you **FREE** and fully Prepaid—Proof Lessons to show you how easily you can learn Electricity and enter this splendid profession by my new revised and original system of Training by Mail.

RADIO COURSE FREE

Special newly-written wireless course worth \$45.00 given away **FREE**.

Free Use of Laboratory

I have a large, splendidly equipped Electrical Laboratory where you can come at any time for special instruction without charge. Several competent assistants—practical engineers—are in charge.

Earn Money While Learning

I give you something you can use **now**. Early in my **Home Study Course** I show you how to begin making money in Electricity, and help you get started. No need to wait until the whole course is completed. Hundreds of students have made several times the cost of their course in spare time while learning.

Earn \$70 to \$200 a Week

You've always had a liking for Electricity and a hankering to do electrical jobs. Now is the time to develop that talent; there's big money in it. Even if you don't know anything at all about Electricity you can quickly grasp it by my up-to-date, practical method of teaching. You will find it intensely interesting and highly profitable. I've trained and started hundreds of men in the Electrical business, men who have made big successes. **YOU CAN ALSO**

BE A BIG PAID Electrical Expert

What are you doing to prepare yourself for a real success? At the rate you are going where will you be in ten years from now? Have you the specialized training that will put you on the road to success? Have you ambition enough to **prepare** for success, and get it?

You have the ambition and I will give you the training, so get **busy**. I am offering you **success** and all that goes with it. Will you take it? I'll make you an **ELECTRICAL EXPERT**. I will train you as you should be trained. I will give you the benefit of my advice and 20 years of engineering experience and help you in every way to the biggest possible success.

Valuable Book Free

Become an Electrical Expert," has started many a man on his way to fortune. I will send a copy free and prepaid to every person answering this advertisement!

Act Now! Good intentions never get you anywhere. It is action, alone, that counts. **NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT.**

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

Chicago Engineering Works

2150 LAWRENCE AVENUE
Dept. 659, Chicago, U. S. A.

CHIEF ENGINEER COOKE

Chicago Engineering Works

Dept. 659, 2150 Lawrence Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sir: You may send me entirely free and fully prepaid, a copy of your book, "How to Become an Electrical Expert," and particulars about your Home Study Course in Electricity.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man



The duty of one woman to another ... is to tell her

REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness.

Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.



The newer knowledge of germ-life

For years woman's only resource has been the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics, because during these years there was nothing to take their place. Compounds containing phenol, cresol and bichloride of mercury are powerful germicides, but they are destructive also of human tissue. Even when greatly diluted—and they *must* be diluted in order to use them at all for this purpose—even then they leave the delicate membranes hardened and scarred, as physicians and nurses will testify.

But the newer knowledge of bacteriology and antiseptics has led to the discovery of another kind of germicide. It is called

Zonite, and it combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body and *fifty times* as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite is harmless to human membranes and tissues, but fatal to germ-life.

Pass this booklet along to others

Zonite is absolutely safe in the hands of anyone, even a child. There is no longer any excuse for poisonous antiseptics in the medicine chest. Authorities are strong in condemning the use of caustic, burning compounds in contact with delicate organs of the body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been warmly welcomed by the women of refined and enlightened families. For it has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of personal hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet about feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Every woman should be familiar with the information it contains, which is exact and authentic. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want to pass it on to others who need it. Don't keep this important message to yourself. Share it with others. Use the coupon below. Ask for several booklets if you want them. Mailed in tasteful "social correspondence" envelope.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO., 342 Madison Ave., New York City
In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Zonite

At your Druggist
50c and \$1.00

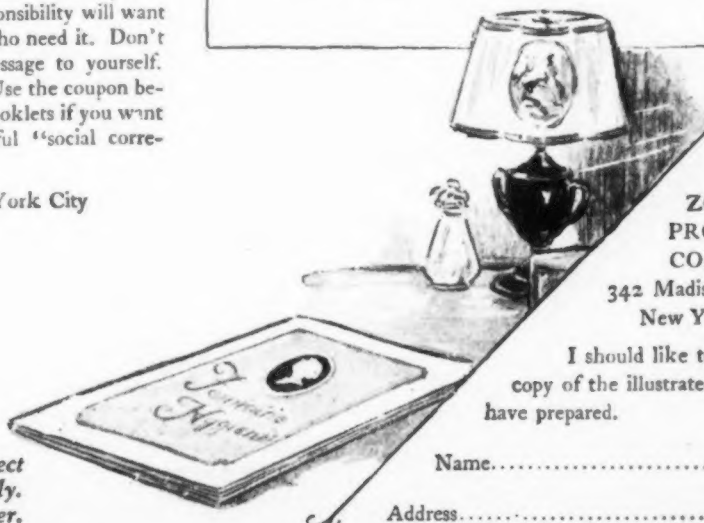
This little book handles the avoided subject of health-control delicately and yet frankly. It makes the task of "telling" so much easier.



No excuse for poisons, says Science

The following statement on the subject is made by the head of a New York laboratory with an international reputation.

"Bichloride of mercury and cresol compounds, when used in sufficient strength to possess any value as germicides, are exceedingly destructive to tissue. Bichloride burns the mucous membrane, and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use. Most phenol and cresol compounds are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of these poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions. Their continued use frequently results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane."



S-3
Women's
Division

ZONITE
PRODUCTS
COMPANY
342 Madison Avenue
New York City

I should like to have a free
copy of the illustrated booklet you
have prepared.

Name.....

Address.....

True Stories from Real Life

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Cover Design by Henry Clive

Pulling Together

We've made a wonderful team, You and I, a better team than I had dared to hope. But it's only natural that we should pull together when our interests are one and the same.

Do you know what we have done, you and I? We've boosted the circulation of our magazine more than a thousand percent in three months!

That means a lot for both you and me, because the larger our circulation becomes the better we can make the magazine. It really does cost money to produce it attractively!

And now we must bend every effort toward the coming year. I hope it will be a successful year for everyone. Surely we have every reason to be thankful this Thanksgiving Day.

Life has been a matter of ups and downs this year, but we are going to help you and you are going to help us to make it give us more ups than it does downs.

You are going to be surprised at the effort we are making to give you the "Best Home Magazine in the World!" We are still counting on your letters. They have been a tremendous help.

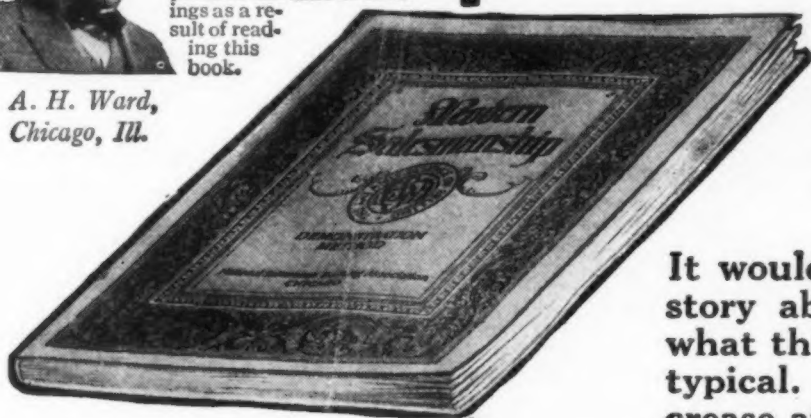
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Copyright 1924, by Magus Magazine Corporation. 25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal, please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

\$12,000 a Year!



A. H. Ward,
Chicago, Ill.

A. H. Ward, Chicago, held a small pay job. Now he averages \$12,000 a year as a salesman. Last month he cleaned up \$1,350—and he stepped into this kind of earnings as a result of reading this book.



What This Amazing Book Did for These 8 Men

It would be just as easy to tell the same story about 20,000 men—even more—but what this book brought these eight men is typical. If you do not get a big salary increase after reading this message you have no one but yourself to blame. This amazing book is

NOW FREE

\$1,000 in 30 Days



"After ten years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. My earnings during the past thirty days were more than \$1,000."

W. Hartle,
Chicago, Illinois.

First Month \$1,000

"The very first month I earned \$1,000. I was formerly a farm-hand."

Charles Berry,
Winterset, Iowa.



\$524 in 2 Weeks



"I have never earned more than \$60 a month. Last week I cleared \$306 and this week \$218."

Geo. W. Kearns,
Oklahoma City.

City Salesman

"I want to tell you that the N. S. T. A. helped me to a good selling position with the Shaw-Walker Company."

Wm. W. Johnstone, Jr.,
S. Minneapolis, Minn.



\$554.37 in One Week



"Last week my earnings amounted to \$554.37; this week will go over \$400."

F. Wynn,
Portland, Ore.

\$100 a Week in Only 3 Months

H. D. Miller, of Chicago, made \$100 a month as stenographer in July. In September, 3 months later, he was making \$100 a week as a salesman.

\$10,000 a Year

O. H. Malfroot, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a \$10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER—so thorough is this training.

IT seems such a simple thing—but the eight men on this page who did this simple thing were shown the way to quickly jump from deadly, monotonous routine work and miserable earnings to incomes running anywhere from \$5,000.00 to \$10,000.00 a year.

They Sent for the Book, "Modern Salesmanship," That You Can Now Get—Free

Possibly it is just as hard for you at this moment to see quick success ahead as it was for A. H. Ward of Chicago. When he was a soldier in France, wondering how he would make a living if he got back home safely, \$10,000 a year seemed a million miles away. But read what happened after he had read the book we want you to send for. Almost overnight, as far as time is concerned, he was making real money. The first year he made \$10,000.00.

There is nothing unusual about Mr. Ward, or about his success. Thousands after reading this book have duplicated what he did—Mr. Ward, simply was willing to investigate.

The only question is—do you want to increase your earning power? If so—this book will quickly show you how to do it in an amazingly easy way.

Success Inside Twenty Weeks

There is no long, drawn-out wait after you have sent for this book before you begin to do as the men on this page did. Within twenty weeks you can be ready to forge ahead. This may sound remarkable—but after sixteen years of intensive investigation the National Demonstration Method has been perfected—and this means you can now step into a selling position in one-fourth the time it formerly took to prepare for this greatest of all money-making professions.

Men in every walk of life have made this change—farmers, mechanics, bookkeepers, ministers—and even physicians and lawyers have found that Salesmanship paid such large rewards and could be learned so quickly by this new method that they preferred

to ignore the years they spent in reading law and studying medicine and have become Master Salesmen.

Simple as A B C

There is nothing remarkable about the success that men enjoy shortly after they take up this result-securing system of Salesmanship training. For there are certain ways to approach different types of prospects, certain ways to stimulate keen interest—certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, outwit competition and make the prospect act. Learn these secrets and brilliant success awaits you in the selling field.

Make This Free Test At Once

You don't need experience or a college education. And if you are not sure of yourself, you can find out at once whether you can make big money as a Star Salesman. Simply send the coupon for this Free Book. Ask yourself the questions it contains. The answers you make will show you definitely whether a big success awaits you in this fascinating field. Then the road is clear before you. This amazing book will be a revelation to you. Send for it at once while this free offer is open.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. 26-W

53 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.



National Salesmen's Training Ass'n,
Dept. 26-W

53 W. Jackson Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I will accept a copy of "Modern Salesmanship" with the understanding that it is sent me entirely free.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....



"I guarantee that the new method which penetrates to the starved root cells will produce a new, healthy growth of hair in 30 days or your money will be immediately refunded. And furthermore, I want you as the user to be the sole judge. My special free book, now ready, explains the method in detail and tells you precisely why I am able to make this unusual free proof guarantee."
ALOIS MERKE.

New Hair in 30 Days -or Costs You Nothing!

Alois Merke discovers a new, simple method guaranteed to grow thick, beautiful, luxuriant hair, or money instantly refunded. Gives new life and health to hair that is thin, falling, lifeless.

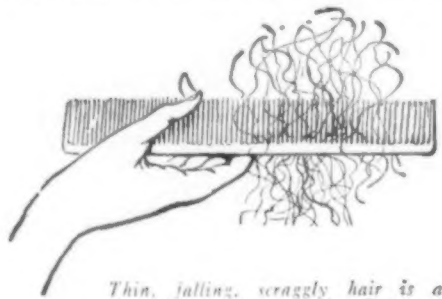
At the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, letters are pouring in from all over the country requesting information concerning this new method for growing hair. So successful is it that it has been guaranteed to grow new hair in 30 days or cost nothing!

To women this method is particularly interesting, as it often transforms thin, falling hair into rich, luxuriant beauty in an unbelievably short time. It is unlike anything ever known in this country. It penetrates to the starved root cells, revitalizes and nourishes them and the hair grows thick, lustrous, beautiful.

There is no massaging, no singeing, no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind connected with this new method. It is simple, pleasant. Already hundreds of women who had thin, falling hair, hundreds of men who were "thin on top," have acquired new luxuriant growths of hair. Often the results are almost unbelievable.

Thin, Falling Hair Given Glorious New Health

Is your hair thin, lifeless? Does it fall out, break? Is it dull and without lustre?



Thin, falling, scraggly hair is a sign of starved root cells. But now a method has been perfected which penetrates to these cells and stimulates them into new activity.

All these conditions are nature's signs of starved or atrophied hair roots. Ordinary methods cannot revitalize the roots, cannot reach them—no more than rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark of a tree can make the tree grow. You must get right at the roots and stimulate them. This remarkable new method provides, at last, an efficient way of invigorating the roots themselves. The hair becomes brighter, fluffier. New growths make their appearance within 30 days—if they don't there is no cost to you.

Some of the Amazing Results

The proof-guarantee is made possible only through splendid results that have already been achieved—as these few excerpts from letters testify. The letters are on file at the Merke Institute, and anyone may see them by coming to the office.

"I have been bothered with dandruff for 20 years, and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in."

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment."

"I must frankly state I was skeptical as to your claim, but a faithful use of Merke Treatment for a month has removed



all doubt, and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and growth."

Free Booklet Explains the Method

We have prepared a special free booklet called "New Way to Make Hair Grow" which tells you everything you want to know about the remarkable new method for growing hair. This booklet explains the method in detail, gives you many interesting facts and proofs concerning this new method. We know you would like a copy, and we will be glad to send it to you absolutely without obligation.

Among other things, this free booklet will tell you how this method penetrates to the hair roots—without any massaging, rubbing or other tiresome methods. And it tells how the dormant root cells, beneath the skin's surface are awakened, given new life, new strength.

Mail this coupon for your copy of the special free book today. Remember there is no obligation whatever. The Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 11512, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 11512
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new special booklet "New Way to Make Hair Grow," explaining in detail the remarkable method for growing glorious, healthy hair.

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

City.....

State.....



Miss Georgia Ingram
Rainbo Gardens
Chicago

"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

Sergei Marinoff

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home."

FEW PEOPLE living outside of New York, Chicago, or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from \$10 an hour.

But now, the famous Sergei Marinoff has worked out a system of home instruction. You can learn classic dancing in all its forms—interpretive, Russian, ballet, aesthetic, Greek—at a mere fraction of the cost of lessons in the studio.

A Fascinating Way to Learn

It is so easy and so delightful. Just put the record on the phonograph, slip into the dainty little dancing costume (furnished free with the Course) and you are ready to start. Now comes the voice of Marinoff himself instructing you, telling you what to do, while the spirited rhythm of the music inspires grace and confidence in you. And guided by the charts, the photographs of Marinoff and his students and the easy text, you master the technique of the dance.

Your progress is rapid and soon you develop confidence so that you are eager to dance before an audience.

FREE

Dancing Costume, Phonograph Records, Complete Studio Outfit

A dainty costume designed so as to permit free use of the limbs, ballet slippers, everything you need to help you with your lessons comes FREE with the course. Simple charts and beautiful photographs illustrate every lesson while phonograph records and simply worded text teach the essential points of technique. You can learn to dance, as you have always longed to dance, and your lessons will be pleasant and easy.

Charm and Grace

The natural beauty of the body is developed, an exquisite grace and flexibility cultivated by correct training in classic dancing. For better health—for greater beauty—for poise—for slenderness—dance! Dancing is the pleasantest form of exercise.

As a means of developing grace in children, dancing is unsurpassed. And with my method, mother and daughter can grow graceful together.

And Fortune—and Glory

The popularity of classic dancing grows greater every day. It has won its place in American life.

For the theatre—vaudeville—the movies—civic and college pageants—for private social affairs—everywhere

the dancer is in demand. Startling salaries are paid. And those who can dance for charitable entertainments or for the pleasure of their friends quickly become social favorites. In addition, one is so much more desirable as a partner in ball room dances when she has developed a sense of rhythm, and cultivated suppleness through classic dancing.

Write to Sergei Marinoff

Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff at once and get complete information concerning his splendid system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. This information is *free*. Send the coupon today.

M. SERGEI MARINOFF

School of Classic Dancing

Studio 20-69 1924 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago

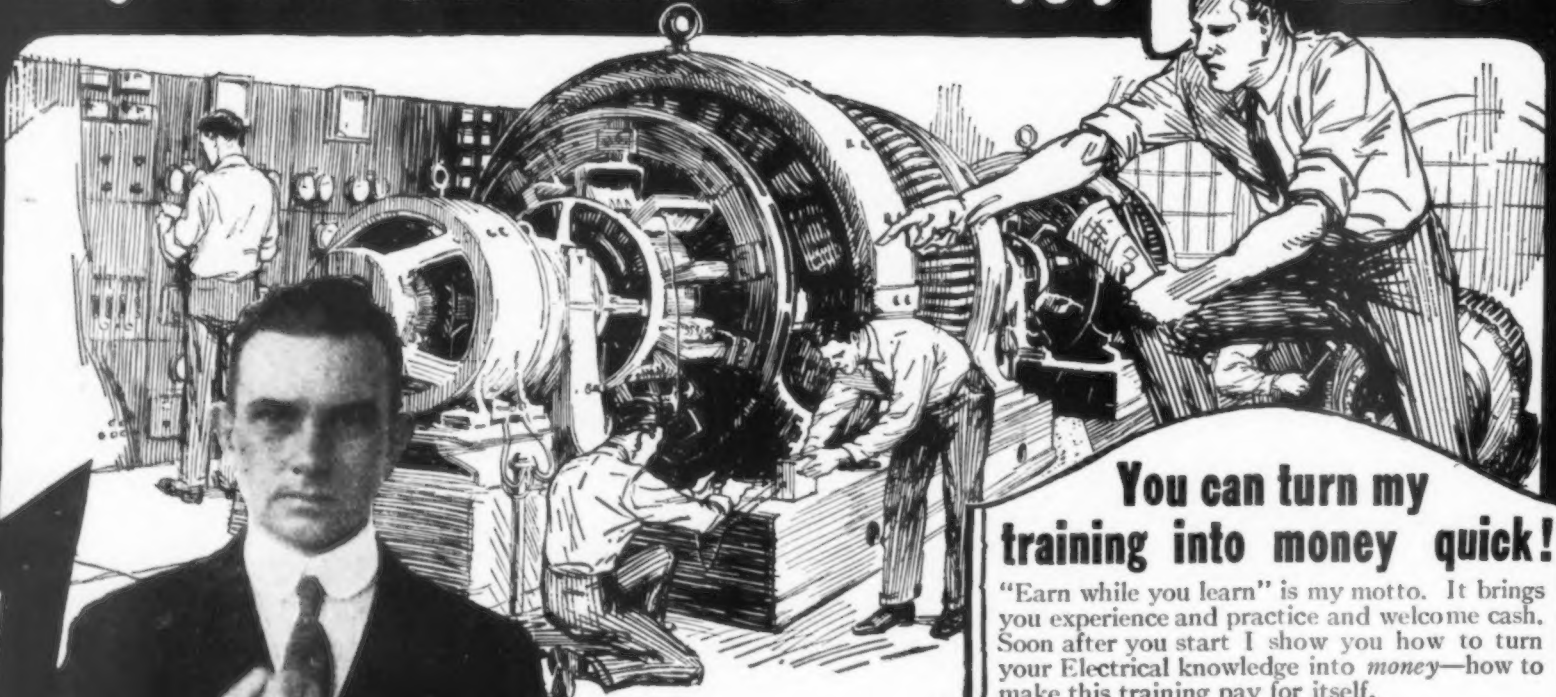
M. Sergei Marinoff,
School of Classic Dancing,
Studio 20-69 1924 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago
Please send me full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that this is absolutely FREE.

Name

Address

.....

Be a Dunlap-Trained Electrical Expert



**CHIEF ENGINEER
DUNLAP**

**if you want to
earn \$4000 to
\$12,000 a year!**

How would you like to be Chief Electrician of the *Leviathan* or the *Woolworth Building*, or the *Pennsylvania Hotel*? How would you like to draw the pay of the *Superintendent* of a great

Power Plant? How would you like to own an Electric Contracting business? I'm not talking about ordinary Electricians who earn \$12 a day. I want to prove to you that **you** can become an Electrical Expert—I will show you how with my training you can **Boss** Electrical jobs at \$100 to \$200 a week!

I train you AT HOME!

You can get my training on easy terms, at little cost. It will take only part of your spare time **At Home**. But it will head you toward success, toward independence, toward an income of \$350 to \$1000 a month. I have invented short-cuts, easy methods. You will find my training as interesting as reading your newspaper, and not a bit harder.

BIG DEMAND—Get Ready!

Do you realize how big the electrical business is today—what wonderful opportunities are waiting for the trained Expert? Everywhere around you are great Electrical industries, enormous light and power plants, gigantic electrical machinery. Every building must be wired. Automobiles use nearly a billion dollars worth of electrical equipment a year. Then there's Radio, Telegraphy, Commercial Wireless. And the future is a hundred times greater than what you see today. Where else can you find equal opportunity.

GET MY FREE SCHOLARSHIP OFFER QUICK!

Most liberal, most astonishing offer ever made by any home-study school. Let me tell you how I help you prepare for a Big-Pay position, how you can turn spare minutes and spare pennies into **Money Making Training**. Mail coupon immediately for big Free Book, complete information and special free offers!

CHIEF ENGINEER DUNLAP—Electrical Division
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. E-9251 Drexel Ave. and 58th, CHICAGO

PAY-RAISING COUPON

Chief Engineer Dunlap, Electrical Division
AMERICAN SCHOOL Dept. E-9251
Drexel Av. and 58th Chicago

Please tell me how I can train at home in spare time for Executive positions in Electricity, also send me your big Free Book, Free Scholarship and Free Outfit Offer.

..... Name
..... St. No.
..... City..... State

22 of world's greatest Electrical Engineers helped me to prepare this training

American School said to me, "Dunlap, we want our Electrical instruction to prepare a man for the *big-pay executive positions*. We want to be able to truthfully say it is the *finest, Most Complete Electrical training on earth*." Well, that meant neither I nor any other One man could prepare such a course in a dozen lifetimes, no One man could know everything about **Every** subject in Electricity. So I secured the help of 22 of America's greatest Electrical Engineers and executives of the following great corporations and Universities:

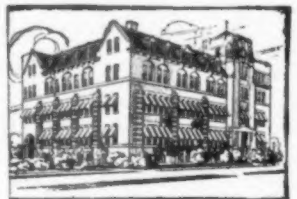
1. General Electric Co.
2. Commonwealth Edison Co.
3. Crocker-Wheeler Co.
4. Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.
5. American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
6. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
7. Western Electric Co.
8. Underwriters Laboratories, Inc.
9. Columbia University
10. Dartmouth College
11. Massachusetts Institute of Technology
12. Lehigh University
13. University of Vermont
14. Armour Institute of Technology
15. University of Kansas and many others.

You can turn my training into money quick!

"Earn while you learn" is my motto. It brings you experience and practice and welcome cash. Soon after you start I show you how to turn your Electrical knowledge into *money*—how to make this training pay for itself.

Only "No-Profit" Correspondence School

American School is an *educational* institution, *pledged not to make a profit*. Because this is not a money-making business, those who take my training get more for their money here. The entire resources of this 27 year old, million dollar institution stand back of my guarantee that if you are not satisfied we will refund every penny of your money.



Free Electrical Outfit

Prepares You for Big Pay Job!

I don't hand you a book and say "study this." I send you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** a big, complete, costly outfit of electrical instruments, materials, motor, tools, etc., and you learn the principles, laws and theories of Electricity in a *practical way*. Only part of this wonderful outfit is shown here. My "lessons" are actual **ELECTRICAL JOBS**—such as you will do and **BOSS** after you finish my training.

Upper picture shows my student working on an Electrical Job with the Free Outfit I send him. Lower picture shows similar job in big Power Plant good for salary of \$100 a week.



Only a Part of FREE Outfit

Discovered!

The Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power



"The Songbird of the ages," Enrico Caruso. The richness, the fullness, the beauty and the astounding power of his voice was due to the exceptional development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle.



Eugene Feuchtinger, musician-scientist, who discovered the function of Hyo-Glossus in voice production, and whose famous "Perfect Voice" system has developed thousands of voices.



Diagram of the Normal Throat showing the Complete Vocal Mechanism. Your throat looks like this. So did the throat of the great Caruso. Professor Feuchtinger's system of silent, scientific exercises will develop your vocal organ to its full strength.

THIS IS AN AGE OF MARVELS. Wonderful scientific discoveries have changed our mode of living and our mode of thinking.

One discovery of tremendous benefit to all humanity is the discovery of the principle of voice control by Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

His resulting system of voice development revolutionized old methods, and changes voice development from a little understood art to an exact science.

More than that, it brings a Perfect Voice within the reach of every man and every woman who desires a stronger, richer voice for either singing or speaking.

Prof. Feuchtinger's method is founded on the discovery that the Hyo-Glossus muscle controls the voice; that a strong, beautiful voice, with great range, is due to a well developed Hyo-Glossus—while a weak or a rasping voice is due to underdevelopment of this vital vocal muscle. A post-mortem examination of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscles. But it required years of training under the old method to produce this development.

You can develop your Hyo-Glossus in a much shorter time by Prof. Feuchtinger's wonderful scientific method. You can take this training under the direction of the Professor himself, wherever you may live. And the cost is so low that it is within the reach of every ambitious man or woman.

100% Improvement in Your Voice—Guaranteed

Professor Feuchtinger's method is far simpler, far more rapid, far more certain in results than the tedious, hap hazard methods of ordinary vocal instructors. His unqualified success with thousands of pupils proves the infallibility of his method.

Under his direction, your voice will be made rich, full and vibrant. Its overtones will be greatly multiplied. You will add many notes to its range and have them clear, limpid and alluring. You will have a voice that is rolling and compelling and so strong and magnetic that it will be the marvel of your associates.

Professor Feuchtinger **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEES** an improvement of 100 per cent—a **REDOUBLEMENT** of your voice! If you are not absolutely satisfied that your voice is doubled in volume and quality, your money will be refunded. You are the only judge.

You Do Not Know Your Real Voice

Until you have tried the Feuchtinger system, you cannot know the possibilities of your vocal gifts. Mr. Feuchtinger's method **PRODUCES** as well as **DEVELOPS** the true voice. It corrects all strain and falsetto and makes clear the wonderful fact that any normal person can develop a fine voice if correctly trained. Thousands of delighted graduates

testify to this — many of them great vocal successes who, before coming to Professor Feuchtinger, sang very poorly or not at all. Among Professor Feuchtinger's pupils are grand opera stars, concert singers, speakers, preachers, actors and educators.

FREE!

Professor Feuchtinger's Book "Enter Your World"

Send the coupon below and we will send you **FREE** this valuable work on voice culture. Do not hesitate to ask. Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book, and you assume no obligation whatever by sending for it. You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Send the coupon **TODAY!**

Perfect Voice Institute

1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 20-69, Chicago

Perfect Voice Institute

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Dear Prof. Feuchtinger: Will you please send me copy of your new free book "Enter Your World"? I understand that this is free and there is no obligation on my part. I am interested in

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

What's Back of the Man Who Wins?



Did you ever observe what an easy time the man at the top seems to have—compared with the chap underneath?

—Makes more money, too—ever so much more money—yet he practically comes and goes when he pleases, turns all the hard work over to his assistants, and, in fact, “lives just like a lord, while we poor slaves—look at us!”

Sounds familiar, doesn't it—that plaint of the man in the routine job, whose utmost vision is bounded by “fifty a week” and who has deceived himself into thinking that the only way he can ever beat the game is to “work up a pull with the boss”—

Such a man forgets that the one best pull—and the only pull that is worth a continental—is ability to deliver.

And he fails to realize, too, that ability to handle important matters—decide perplexing problems—dictate far-reaching policies—comes only with a sound and thoro understanding of BUSINESS PRINCIPLES AND METHODS—an understanding which invariably must be based upon EXPERIENCE.

There are many ways to GAIN experience—but the shortest and surest route is thru SPECIALIZED TRAINING.

The Confidence That Comes With Knowledge

Because LaSalle Extension University has been privileged to be of aid to thousands of men whose progress had been checked by the fact that they did not KNOW what to do in the more important positions they aspired to—and KNEW that they did not know—it is only right that other men, faced with similar problems, should have an opportunity to find out how these men have overcome that fatal obstacle.

We have therefore assembled from the thousands of letters in our files a composite message to the man who doubts his power for success.

While in practically every case the LaSalle-trained man who writes of his experience has made a gratifying gain in earning power, it will be noted that the thing which has brought him greatest satisfaction is his newly acquired CONFIDENCE—sure stepping-stone, when based on true ability, to the highest and most responsible positions.

The first letter is from a man who had “studied forty-two years” and had finally become a chief chemist, making \$4,000 a

year. When he came to LaSalle he called himself a “business failure.” Less than a year later he wrote as follows (the italics in this and subsequent quotations are ours):

“Take away all I have learned for close to 42 years, but leave me my five months’ study, and I should not be a loser by any means. Before, I was merely a good chemist, but *now I am a man, and am standing squarely on my feet.* Accountancy is only a first step, but it is a splendid foundation. It should be supplemented with your course in Business Management. I have taken only three lessons of this last course, but it has opened my eyes. Now I am after a \$12,000 a year job. It is immaterial whether I get it or not. The point is that *in my inner self I am convinced that I am worth it, and that I can deliver the goods.*”

R. H. BOTS, New Jersey.

The following quotations tell their own story:

“It took your course of instruction to give me the *courage and self-confidence* to tackle the greater task and to enable me to make my dreams come true.” (The writer, Mr. Orahood, increased his salary 191 per cent in less than three years.)

C. A. ORAHOOD, Ohio.

“Nineteen months ago I was a stenographer with a stenographer's salary and a vague idea that I wanted to know more about my work. Today—thanks to your course in Modern Business Correspondence—I have a department of my own in which I handle the work I used to take in dictation, with a 75 per cent increase in salary. The whole field of business has been opened to

me, and my aims have gone higher and higher. Lately I have had an offer from the sales manager to represent the company on the road. It's the biggest thing that has come my way, and it's the result of LaSalle training.”

L. A. M. LEWIS, Ohio.

“Since taking up your training in Law, my salary has increased 123 per cent. *The gain came, but it hasn't ended,* for where I previously had to sidestep to let a man step ahead of me into a better position, I am now stepping ahead of the other man.”

GERBARD A. SCHLEETER, Illinois.

“My course has benefited me many thousand-fold, for it has not only doubled my salary but has given me the *confidence and technical knowledge necessary to assume direction in the banking world.*”

ERIK HANSEN, Wisconsin.

“I have increased my earnings more than three hundred per cent. Strange as it may appear, however, the financial benefits have not made much impression on me. The fascination of the work—the solving of intricate problems—the *feeling of dominion*, the knowledge that every problem can be solved if we diligently apply ourselves, is worth much more than the financial increase.”

C. W. SHELDON, Wyoming.

“When I enrolled, I was a clerk in the cost department of a large foundry. Today, I am office manager, with an increase of about 300 per cent in salary. This course certainly was the starting point: for once a man gets the *confidence in his ability* that your training gives him, he can take a real job and handle it. Salary increases follow naturally.”

W. F. STRUMKE, Wisconsin.

“From a salesman in the ranks, in two short months my sales have shot up nearly 150 per cent, and I have received a promotion from a company I had been with only six months. I am now a district manager, with eleven men working under me. Not only have my immediate sales shown an increase—and right in the middle of the summer months—but I have had a keener grasp of the principles of selling. I know the meaning of ‘fundamentals’ now; I know that by the application of certain definite truths, certain definite results can be attained. My effort, formerly more or less of an uncertainty, is now a certainty. Getting down to brass tacks, *I know what I am doing now.*”

C. RUTHERFORD, Ontario, Canada.

Make Your Start TODAY!

In preceding paragraphs successful men—men with no better start than you—have told of the working tools that gave them confidence.

These letters could be paralleled by thousands of similar letters—all taken from the files of LaSalle and quoted verbatim—yet there would still be men who would say, “That's all right for them, but it wouldn't help me”—or—“Some day, but not Now.”

LaSalle cannot supply initiative—the determination to get on. Men who lack these qualities will not gain by reading further.

Others—men in whom the seeds of success are deeply planted—will profit greatly by the literature LaSalle will gladly send them—and they will send for it today.

The coupon will bring it to you without obligation.

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The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

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Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below.

Also a copy of your book, “Ten Years' Promotion in One,” all without obligation to me.

☐ Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.

☐ Modern Salesmanship: Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

☐ Higher Accountancy: Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ Law: Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.

☐ Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.

☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

☐ Railway Station Management: Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

☐ Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

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☐ Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

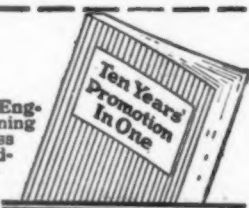
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☐ C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.



Name.....Present Position.....Address.....

True Stories from Real Life

Her Shattered Idol

By EDGAR A. GUEST

America's Best Loved Poet

She thought he was perfection, he was handsome when they met,

*He had all the grace and manner of the leader of his set,
He was affable and kindly, tall and straight, and from the start
He displayed the manly virtues which can steal a woman's heart.*

Through the swift glad days of courtship he was gracious as could be,

*The worst of him was hidden where her eyes could never see,
Never angry word escaped him through that twelve months' happy span,*

Never careless deed betrayed him—he remained the perfect man.

*He was always good to look at, and the maiden couldn't know
What a sight he'd be some morning when he'd let his whiskers grow.*

*Now she sees him getting ready for his morning trip to town,
And the pedestal is empty—for her idol's toppled down.*





“When Girls

DR. FRANK

IF ONE is to judge by the short stories published in various magazines, there is great danger attending the young girl as she goes from her home town, not only to Europe but to any large city.

This danger is occasioned by the thing that usually makes danger, and dangerous conditions, which is the leaving of familiar surroundings for those that are unfamiliar. This is always accompanied by a certain amount of peril, because it implies a certain amount of liberty. Wherever there is liberty there is peril.

There can be no doubt that there has been, during the present generation, an invasion by the young girl in the offices and unusual occupations of the great cities. They have become clerks in the department stores, typewriters and stenographers in offices, and have occupied various secretarial positions. All this implies a certain loosening of the home ties and a certain individuality of life among the young women. It would naturally be expected that of the thousands of young women engaged in these occupations there should be many who would fail and who would go down before the unusual temptations.

It is a question of strength. On the whole the presence of young women has been of advantage to the office and the store. It has elevated the moral tone sensibly. Wherever there is a free mingling of the sexes, there is always a better tone than where one sex has everything its own way. The tendency of men, when they are gathered together without the restraining presence of women, is toward roughness and coarseness.

This gain, however, has not been without its price, and many a young woman has been unable to withstand the peculiar temptations incident thereto.

THE young woman seems to be up against it as she is caught between two currents which are mutually antagonistic and which, before they have found their balance, take their toll of life. These instincts are first, the instinct for individuality, for liberty, which is about the strongest instinct of the human race. It is only recently that women have felt this, or at least have given expression to it. We are now beholding women, not only in Congress, the House of Parliament, but in every other place where we have been accustomed to seeing only men. With the disappearance of men as the natural lords of creation, and with the assumption of equality by the women, there has been an attendant danger as there always is danger in liberty of any kind. The

Leave Home"

CRANE

second instinct is that desire of woman to marry and found a family which is often inconsistent with the desire to live her own life.

To the end of time women will be the natural prey of a certain order of men, and it will always be the easiest way for them to get ahead in the world to succumb to men and to allow themselves to use their sex for the sake of their own advantages.

It is one of the traditions of the human race, in almost all nations, that the wife is to be subservient to her husband. In many cases this is emphasized unduly by the husband, and he is not strong enough to ensure the required subservience. In many other cases there is the instinct of individuality, which is too strong in the woman to allow her to become subservient to a man.

WE MUST always remember that for one Geraidine Farrar, or success in the world, there are a thousand failures. There are perhaps ten thousand who must adjust themselves to failure to every one that shall be successful.

Failure, therefore, is a thing that must be reckoned with. And a woman who does not so order her life as to increase her resources of happiness, then she shall have failed, in the great striving of her life, and is to be pitied. She must eventually pay for it in disappointment and disillusion.

Everyone who has visited Europe and the large cities both of America and abroad has been struck by the number of young women who have had what Goethe calls, "tendency but not talent." That is to say, they admire certain qualities but do not possess them. They would like to be great singers, great violinists or great artists, but never get past the place where they simply talk of these things instead of doing them. They have not the native capacity for hard work which constitutes genius.

As a result they are tempted to attach themselves in some way to a man in the hope that he will give them the rewards which they cannot secure by their own ability. This attachment is often times fatal, as it is not always a husband, true and loyal, that they find to assist them, but very often a man whose standards of morality are lower than their own. They find that they have not only their ability, which is very little to give to the world, but they have also their charms of person to offer which are better appreciated by the opposite sex. As a result they are inclined to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.





What Chance

A Warning

New York City, Sept. 28, 1924.

To the Editor:

You say SMART SET is "Here to Fight." Well, this is something for you to fight for. I think you ought to tell everybody in the world, and particularly girls who are thinking about going in the chorus, what is the truth.

I've been in the chorus six years. That's three hundred and twelve weeks. I've drawn salary for just exactly eighty-six weeks of that three hundred and twelve. And do you know why? Because I'm good.

Oh, no, I don't mean that all chorus girls that get ahead are bad or that all managers are bad. Not by a long shot. But it's so blamed easy to be bad—and so helpful—maybe. I don't think you've got a chance without a pull.

Can't you do something to make people look up to the chorus girl instead of down on her? Can't you help to expose some of these rotters, just as you'd expose a railroad president that underpaid his stenographers and fired them if they wouldn't go out to dinner with him, and all that?

If you look me up, you'll find I am known as a good dancer, a fair singer



Have I?

to Girls

and a hard worker. I just can't get ahead because I haven't got "influence"—which means a man, whether he's my father or my brother or my husband or my "angel." I suppose I'll be a chorus girl all my life, getting shabbier and shabbier, getting older and harder and bitterer. I can't do anything else; I don't know anything else.

I probably won't eat next week unless you pay me for this story. What's ahead of me, anyway? I can't save money to have my voice trained, or to learn to act, or to really dance. That all costs like the dickens. Nobody's going to give it to me.

Get out and fight to help us girls get a chance. Actors' Equity is doing what it can, but if you'll put the spotlight on some of the things we girls are up against, it will help a lot more. Yours truly, E. M. H.

Here are some of the chosen few—girls in the highest-paid chorus in the world, the Ziegfeld "Follies." These fortunate girls are picked from thousands of applicants solely on the basis of beauty and talent.



You Stage-Struck Girls—

I WAS born in a small city in New York State. My father was a strict Methodist, much older than my mother, who stood terribly in awe of him. Father and I never got close to one another. I was almost afraid of him as my mother was—my darling, little mother who loved every wayward bit of me, but who was too sweet or too fearful to do anything that would go against Father.

He was fanatically set against the stage and everything it represented. He would never let me go to a show, not even to a movie. So I suppose I did what every girl who is caged that way does—I played hookey from High School with my girl friends, and went. We went mostly to the stock company that played in our city.

This continued for two years. Our particular hero was Walter P——, the leading man. We would follow him, giggling under our breath, as he walked down the street. Once I astonished my particular girl friend, Helen, when I announced that I had climbed up the fire-escape in the theatre and watched a rehearsal. This caused such a flutter among the girls that I decided I would ask for a photograph. We had often discussed this, but no one as yet had dared!

How I could crow if I could show an autographed photograph of our hero!

IT TOOK me two weeks to screw up my courage and to make a plan that I thought would work out. After all, it wasn't much of a plan. I fortified myself with a sundae covered with nuts—how funny those things seem to me now!—put on my Sunday dress

polished up my pumps and timidly presented myself at the stage door, down a dingy, smelly alley. A man in overalls opened the door. I giggled and blushed and stammered and almost cried before I could say what I wanted. Could I please have a photograph, *autographed*, of Walter P——?

The man grinned in a funny way, almost as if to say, "Another one of 'em," and looked me over appraisingly. Then he laughed right out.

"Wait a minute, sister," he said.

A moment later I heard him yelling, "Walter!" and then a muffled reply. My heart beat a breath-taking patter and my knees shook so I could hardly stand.

Then I heard the man yell: "Better come on down and see for yourself. She's a pip!"

He came back in a minute. "Want to go up and meet the Romeo?" he asked.

I was so scared I couldn't answer; so he took me by the arm and led me inside and up a rickety flight of stairs.

THAT was the beginning. Walter was about thirty-five, tall, swarthy and with black, curly hair. He was always the actor—not the good actor, but the actory-actor, the poseur. Not any too good-looking off the stage in his street clothes, either—but there was always the glamour of his stage self to keep him in the rôle of the Prince in my mind.

I met him after the performance that night, frightened to death that my father would find out. But too



Three years ago Earl Carroll was flat broke. Note this owner-producer has his own theater and his own successful "Vanities of 1924." These girls are chosen only on the basis of beauty and brains.

Read Every Word of This

overcome by Walter's invitation for "a bite to eat" to refuse. I slipped home and went to bed at a little after nine, then got up an hour later after Father and Mother had gone to bed, and crawled out of the window of my room.

Walter didn't start anything that night. You see, he had known a lot of girls—like me. He never played caveman; always the hero.

When he did try, I was so fussed I pushed him away. Even though I wanted him to kiss me. Then came the night when he caught me up in his arms and kissed me hungrily, savagely, pressing me to him with a madman's strength. It was the first time I had ever been kissed like that; the first time I had ever been kissed at all, in fact.

But after a moment I found myself clinging to him and sobbing, and my lips began to kiss him back.

I was a little beauty, really I was. I was fresh and sweet and unspoiled—and unsophisticated. I don't blame Walter so much, because in my innocence I must have seemed bold. I dreamed day dreams that I know no young child should dream. But there was nothing wrong in them, just the desire of a girl wildly and crazily and frantically in love to be worshiped by the man she adored.

ONE day I said, "Walter, I love you, and you love me. We want each other, and it isn't right any other way. Why can't we—be married—some day, Walter?"

I had been thinking for a long time, during these

walks home at night before I'd slip back into my little room. He had never said anything about marriage. I thought that maybe in the excitement of our short visits together, he'd forgotten it. And I was afraid I would offend him if I said anything. And now, after I'd said it, I would have given anything to take it back.

He didn't say anything for a long time. I put my arms tight around his neck and pressed my cheek against his. I thought he was angry with me. Suddenly he crushed me to him and pressed his lips against mine in a long, wonderful kiss.

"We will," he said. "We'll get married. Will you keep it a secret?"

"I'll try," I promised.

I think that was the happiest moment of my girlhood.

WE WERE married in Syracuse. Ben Hart, the stage manager—the one in the overalls—was our best man, and his wife, Cissy, was our other witness. But as you'll soon see, we didn't keep it a secret. Walter must have been insane when he thought we could—"because, you know, dear, it's bad business for a matinée idol to let people know he's married."

He agreed, however, that we should tell my family. I insisted upon this. At first my father raved and stormed. His daughter married to a play-actor! But after he learned that Walter earned sixty dollars a week, he grudgingly gave us his blessing. My mother, on the other hand, was delighted. She fluttered about me, happy to be even a small part of my romance. Poor mother! I am afraid her life had been sadly devoid of romance.



Here you see some of the hundred or so Earl Carroll beauties. All New York is applauding the "come-back" of this popular young manager.

We went to live at a hotel and through Mother our marriage leaked out. Soon my school-chums began to troop up to our room, eager to meet their hero, my husband. Although he grumbled that "a woman could never keep a secret—don't you understand that an actor loses his audience if they know he's married?"—at the same time the sensation we had caused pleased Walter's vanity.

For a week I was deliriously happy. Then the blow fell.

ONE morning a knock sounded on the door. Walter was asleep, and slipping on a negligée I opened the door a bit to find out what was wanted. A foot was shoved in the crack and the door pushed open. In walked a tall blonde woman with two men. Before I could say a word, the woman demanded, in a loud voice:

"Is this Walter P——'s room?"

At that Walter was aroused, and turning over quickly, he sat up in bed. When he saw the woman he turned a sickly yellow—his eyes glued to her face.

I couldn't imagine what was the matter, but I turned to her and said:

"Yes. Who are you? What do you want?"

"Who am I?" she asked sneeringly. "What I want to know is who are you!"

"I am his wife," I said.

York facing starvation—absolutely alone.

I had run away from my home town. For when I had recovered consciousness after Walter's arrest, everyone had gone. They had left me alone in the room. I dressed somehow, and wandered aimlessly until I reached home. Mother was nearly frantic; Father was—impossible. He told me I had degraded him and mother; I had made



Stair-Step girls in the Earl Carroll "Vanities of 1924."

them and myself objects of scorn. I was nothing less than a scarlet woman.

I didn't get up from bed for a week. I lay in a sort of stupor. My child's world had been shattered. Mother hovered over me like an angel. After the first denunciation, Father never came near me.

Our minister came to see me. If ever there was a good Samaritan, he was one. He was the only friend I had.

"Remember, Mary," he said, "that you are clean in the eyes of God. You have done no wrong. The world will forget. Stand up and face it. Come take your old place in the choir Sunday, and show how brave you can be."

I went. It took all my nerve. Everyone stared at me all through the services. The others in the choir drew away from me as if I were a leper. The minister preached on "He who casts the first stone." I shall never forget that sermon nor the humiliation the whole thing caused me.

Old friends went out of their way to avoid me on the street. Two of my best chums [Turn to page 105]

She threw back her head and gave a shrill laugh. I couldn't understand it at all.

"His wife," she said—"you?"

"Who are you, and who are these men?" I asked again.

"I am his lawful wedded wife and the mother of his children. These men are detectives. They are here to arrest him on a charge of bigamy."

Two weeks later I was in New

ANOTHER!

Read the Story of a chorus girl, thirty-five years old, in the January **SMART SET**—it is one of the greatest true stories ever written.

*They
Treated
Me
Like a
Child,
Until
I
Demanded*



"A lark!" So that was all it meant to her! I felt cold at the thought of giving up Minnie for this creature.

A Man's Freedom

IT WAS the first time I had ever spent the night in the lock-up. There were three of us, Oswald Berg, George Morgan and myself. It was an old story to Oswald and George. They laughed at my serious face as we sat on a bench in the stuffy police-court, waiting for the magistrate to show up.

"Charley's scared," said Oswald, showing his tobacco-stained teeth in a wide grin. "Looks as though he expected a life-sentence for disorderly conduct—eh, George?"

No, I wasn't scared—just ashamed. We had slept in our clothes, and we were frowsy, dull-eyed, and unshaven. I couldn't see that we looked much better than the two bums who shared the bench with us.

My heart was sore when I thought of my mother. Facing the judge was bad, but it wasn't as bad as telephoning her—and waiting till she sent the money for my

fine. When you're twenty-one, you feel such things. She wouldn't say anything—but that made it all the worse. Mothers have a way of looking at you, when you've done wrong, that cuts deeper than any words.

An hour later and we were free. The sunlight was warm and bright as we came out into the open, but I hoped nobody would see us.

"Well," yawned Oswald, "how about a game of billiards at Sim's?"

"Not for me," I told him. "I'm going home."

Oswald laughed. "Your old man will make it hot for you, Charley!"

I felt the blood come into my cheeks.

"I guess not," I muttered. "He won't touch me."

But I was uneasy; I knew my father. He's Dutch, like so many of the people in my part of Michigan, Ottawa County. He had warned me that he would whip



me if he heard of my drinking again, but just the same I was determined he wouldn't lay a finger on me.

Soon I left Newton's quiet streets for a country road where the dust rose up in a cloud under my feet. It was early, and there was still dew on the grass. Flat farmland stretched away in all directions; far ahead I could see the lake, deep-blue, with white-caps ruffling the water. The leaves of the poplars fluttered. Everywhere was peace and silence.

To the right was a little red cottage, where Minnie Welker lived with her father and mother. I wished I could make myself invisible when I passed that house. But when I saw Minnie in the door, I straightened up my shoulders. "Hello!" I called to her.

She came down the path to the gate, and the sight of her sweet face with its steady blue eyes made me forget everything else, even my father. I tried to smile.

"What has happened, Charley?" she asked me. "I heard something——"

I couldn't quite look her in the eyes, but I managed to say:

"It wasn't anything. Just a little rumpus on the car last night, that's all."

"Were you drinking?" and at the question my cheeks burned.

"Not much—a little. Are you going to lecture me, too?"

She turned her flower-like face away.

"No, I'm not going to lecture. But—my father said I'd have to give you back your ring, unless you'd promise to cut out going with that crowd. I'm sorry, Charley."

"Well, are you going to?" I cried. "Don't you care for me?"

"Charley, of course I care for you! I—I love you!"

The sunlight suddenly darkened in my heart. Sullenly I said, "All right, give it back, if you care more for your father than you do for me!"

"I don't. But I have to obey him, he's my father. Oh, Charley, if you'll only promise——"

"Promise nothing!" I retorted. "I don't want to marry a girl that's always asking for promises. Give it back to me if you want to."

Her hand shook as she took the ring from her finger and gave it to me without a word. She turned and ran back into the house. I dropped the ring into my pocket, then started on home, my heart heavy with hurt and humiliation.

"So that settles that!" I said to myself. "Now for the next thing."

AS I turned in at the gate of the red-brick farmhouse which was my home, the cuckoo-clock on the kitchen mantel was striking ten. My mother, little and frail and wrinkled, was sweeping. She dropped her broom as soon as she saw me, and held out her arms.

"My boy, my darling boy!" she cried. Her eyes were brimming with tears. She kissed me again and again, and I said:

"There, there! That will do. I'm all right, Mother."

At that she turned away, so that I wouldn't see her crying. She brought a cloth for the table, and bread, and milk.

"You're hungry, I know," she said. "I'll make coffee, and fry some eggs."

I sat down silently to my breakfast. She stood behind my chair.



"You must come home!"
Minnie cried. "Your
father—he's hurt."

"Your father's down in the west pasture today," she said finally.

"What did he say?" I asked her. My heart was thumping hard. "Did he say he was going to whip me, Mother?"

She hid her face in her apron. "Yes, he's going to whip you," she told me in a trembling voice.

"He won't whip me." I got up from the table. "I've decided that."

"Charley, he's your father and he loves you!" she cried. She lifted her white face, [Turn to page 82]

Her eyes flashed
with uncanny
brightness . . .
"He's come
home! My boy
—my boy!"



My Buddy's

THREE kilometres ahead of us, down in the night shadows of the splintered Argonne woods, big Boche guns bayed like thunder-throated devils. A hand grenade's throw beyond our shallow observation pit, machine guns barked and snapped frenziedly, pumping the dark full of flying death. But for all of this Bill Mullaney and I lay flat on our stomachs, somewhat secure in the knowledge that only an accidental burst of shrapnel overhead, a short shell, or a stray machine

gun bullet would find our little shell-dug depression.

The German outburst was not meant for our kind. We were only artillery observers at the far-flung end of a battery telephone line, waiting for daylight to break so that we might remark the effect of our pieces on their targets.

Our guns were going now. First the slender-barreled seventy-fives answered the enemy. Then from the hills ranging Verdun behind us roared our own



*Would
You
Have
Kept
This
Trust?*

Wife

howitzers, filling the night with steel answers to the desperate Germans. Giant naval guns mounted on railroad carriages joined the counter barrage.

"We're rockin' the world with this party, Jimmy," whispered Bill, turning a little on his side.

"It's too heavy to last long. The Germans are handing out one of their last doses. I hunched that when they started. Look! There go the Boche rockets!" I cried.

High against the Verdun skies darted the signal

rockets, until they became like swift green and red serpents crawling through the heavens. Suddenly the German guns, hidden deep in the Haumont Bois, stopped going except for a few that kept up a desultory fire. Ahead of us the machine guns spat away, hoping to keep our infantry in leash until dawn, when it would be suicide to dare an advance.

SHORTLY afterwards, the fire of our guns lessened and the world around us became a comparatively quiet place. I shifted my gas mask under my head to make a pillow, figuring we might as well

catch what sleep we could. For a long time, however, I could not sleep for watching the restless boy next to me. Long ago the war had drawn us together in a bond of buddyhood. On any other trails in life most likely we would have passed each other by without a nod. Back in the States, Bill had farmed for a living in Iowa. I had been a newspaper reporter. A world of difference had lain between us then. But, now, walking in the great shadow together as we had for many months, there was no difference. Bill had once given me his own rough explanation of our friendship:

"When men get close to dying with each other; when they've starved side by side and damn near froze to death under the same pieces of cheese-cloth blankets, it ain't any wonder that they find out who and what each other is. These things make fellows get down under the skin of things, Jimmy!"

As I lay in our pit watching the big boy stir like a



"If they get me, Buddy, you'll go back to Mary and Ma. They'll be all alone in the world."

person in troubled sleep, I knew what was going on inside of Bill's heart. He was thinking and longing for Mary—Mary, the girl wife, who waited back on the Iowa farm with his old mother for the sound of a man's footsteps coming back from war. Bill was always fidgety when dreams of home and Mary filled his heart. Sometimes when I sat that far-away, wistful look in his eyes, I was sorry for him and glad for myself. I figured it must hurt him to long for Mary as he did.

That's why I often tried to tell myself I was glad nobody waited home for me. My folks were all dead. There'd never been any Mary in my life, although I sailed away with my outfit vainly yearning for the memory of a sweetheart's kiss. All my life I had dreamed of love—of romance. Perhaps I had dreamed too hard. At any rate I had gone to war without it. I got along somehow without the letters that seemed to keep all of the other fellows going. But there were half-conscious wishes within me at the sight of them reading their mail; at sight of their faces as they read; and at the difference in their ways and voices for a time after putting their letters away.

AND now as Bill turned and tossed with his dreams of a woman waiting for him, I was no longer glad for myself and sorry for him. A numb sort of feeling spread through my heart. Then came pain. Pain you can't understand unless I say it was loneliness gnawing and gnawing like sharp teeth.

A sort of half-smothered sound came from my buddy. I lay still as if asleep. But I strained my ears to catch his words. We had shared bunk and bread; champagne and shell; everything soldiers and men can share. It did not seem wrong now that I should try to share his mood of longing for someone who waited and loved. For in that moment beyond Verdun, a voice within me was begging for a memory of some loved one.

"Mary," he called almost in a whisper, his arms making a gesture of beseeching through the gray dimness of coming dawn, "if only I could see and hear you once more nothin' else'd matter—nothin'."

Every muscle in my body tensed at Bill's words. It was the only way I could keep a cry from bursting through my lips—a cry that would have given away the secret of my heart, for the sound of her name on his lips sent a throbbing truth through my soul.

In my vain want of a girl, I had come to love Mary in my secret heart. Bill had told me so much about her. Had shown me her picture a hundred times. She was beautiful, with eyes that seemed half-sad even as they smiled up from the picture. A strange mysterious sort of light seemed to peer out of them. A light that brought an inexplicable lump to my throat now as I remembered it. Bill said she was like slender goldenrod.

"I never could figure why she loved me, Jimmy," he once said. "Mary's so slim and fine. So much better off in manners and everything than me. She was teachin' near home. I was only a farmer. Rough. Never had much schoolin'. But I loved her the minute I looked into her blue eyes—the minute I saw her standin' before the school house like a spray of slender goldenrod."

IT WASN'T hard for me to understand why Mary loved him. Rough? Yes. But Bill Mullaney was a man to win a woman's heart. Good-looking in his giant's way; gentle with his great strength, except against the Boche; true to his words and dreams! That was the Bill Mullaney Mary loved and whom all of

C Battery took in as a buddy when he came to us at Château Thierry in a replacement.

"Jimmy, got a cigarette?"

Bill's low-pitched question startled me. A feeling of sudden guilt swept over me as I fumbled through my musette bag for the lone cigarette that might still remain.

"Oui, Bill," I managed to return as I found it. The touch of his hand in taking the smoke sent a resolve through my mind. Never again would I ever think of Mary as I had been doing. She was Bill's in life and in dreams. I must carry on without my secret dreams. It wasn't the square thing, although it hurt no one except myself. Someday, perhaps at the end of the long, long trail, there would be a girl like Mary waiting for me—a girl like slender goldenrod whose eyes were filled with a soft, mysterious kind of light.

YOU'VE got more for yourself? I don't need 'em like you, Jimmy. I only started smokin' since Château Thierry. You've been doin' it all your life."

"I've got more, Buddy. But we'll save them. I'll take a few drags off yours when you're near through. Keep the light pointing to the ground. No use giving those Boche machine gunners a target," I said, finding it easy to lie to Bill Mullaney about having more smokes.

The words had barely left my mouth when several big guns began pounding away at our artillery three miles behind us. The shells whined overhead, making us crouch closer to the earth. A few seconds later we could hear them exploding in the rear.

"Landing near our battery position," I remarked, having gauged the shell hits.

"Yep. Sounds like the Boche are firing from a new position over to the right . . . There goes B Battery answering. Shows the devils must have ranged our guns mighty close. Battalion headquarters ordered B to open up so's not to give away C's position any more than possible," answered Bill, his voice rising to be heard above the cataract of machine-gun fire now crackling directly in front of us.

"We'll get a buzz too sweet. There goes the phone now." I picked up the field instrument buzzing in the pit. Stuffing cotton in my right ear I jammed the receiver hard against my left.

The Battery commander gave his orders briefly.

One of us must leave our observation pit and go forward far enough to locate the position of the new German battery which had found C Battery. The enemy's fire was becoming menacing. The German battery must be located and annihilated.

"Yes sir," I answered, clicking up the receiver. Then I slung my gas mask over my shoulders, tightened up my holster, and started to crawl snake-wise out of our shelter. But Bill Mullaney's big hand shot out and gripped one of my arms.

"What's up, Jimmy?" he demanded, his fingers digging like steel pincers into my flesh. "If there's a job on, remember I go. You did the last trick," he finished, a warning in his voice.

I tried to make him believe that I was only going a little ways ahead. But Bill had caught something from my short talk with the Captain. He sensed that the job was tough; that it meant weaving through the machine-gun fire; past whatever new lines the Germans had made beyond the latest No Man's Land. Death or capture was almost certain. He told me this in no uncertain words.

"It's my little job, Jimmy. Crawl back in the pit and wait for me," he commanded.

"Listen here, Bill Mullaney, I'm a corporal and I'm giving you orders to stay here until I show back.



I must keep faith with the man asleep in France . . . but a strange happiness was mine in looking on her exquisite face.

Understand?" I demanded in my severest manner. "Jimmy McMorrow, I'm a corporal same as yourself," was his answer, showing me the pair of mud-spattered chevrons on his left sleeve.

"But, Bill, you're married. Think of Mary. And you've got a mother to look after too. I'm all alone in the world. This is my job. The war's almost over. It isn't right for you to go now——"

BILL cut me short with one of the few swear words I ever heard him use. Then he began to pull me back into the pit. Almost as big, and about as strong, I tussled along the ground with him for awhile but to no avail. We were only wasting time and the orders must be carried out at once.

"Bill," I panted, "you've done one nasty job. I did the last one. The score stands even. Let's match for this job. It's got to be done *tout sweet*. Will you, old man?"

"It's not quite fair, Jimmy. But, if you're goin' to act this way, all right. Got a coin?"

I produced the one and only franc piece I owned. The loser was to go out on the death trail. Bill called heads. I flipped the franc. It plunked into the earth.

"Tails," I groaned, looking at big Bill. He only smiled as if he had won something. Tightening his gas mask about him he pulled down the steel helmet over his head. Then his hairy hand, long so sun-browned from his work in the corn fields of Iowa, flashed through the gray light and found mine.

"If—if they get me, Jimmy, you'll—you'll go back to Mary and Ma. You'll tell 'em what you know, won't you, Buddy? They'll be all alone in the world. Just two women. Maybe—maybe you could help 'em somehow. Promise, Jimmy? His voice was husky as if his request had brought lumps to his throat, just as it had to mine.

"Let me go, Bill—please," was my answer to that.

He shook his head, a half-smile on his fine young lips, fire flashing in his brave eyes.

"Promise me as I've asked you to, Jimmy. You've got to. I'm goin' now," he said, edging away on his stomach.

"Of course, Bill, of course I promise," I said reaching out for a last grasp of his hand. A grip of our fingers and he was gone—snaking his way out on the trail of death while I stayed behind in the pit, knowing once more why it was that men like Bill Mullaney were the salt of the earth.

FOR tortuous moments I lay in the pit watching Bill worm his way into the drumming fire ahead. At last he was lost in the chaos of hell broken hills: the tangles of rusting barbed wire; and all the other grim flotsam of war.

Time wore on to the rumble of heavy guns and the staccato voices of machine guns and snipers' rifles. The sun crawled slowly from behind its smoking horizon made by the dip and rise of Verdun's embattled hills

and looked down upon another day of War. But as the minutes passed, no Bill Mullaney crawled back to our pit.

My buddy never came back.

After I went out myself and located the German battery that was playing havoc with our outfit, I telephoned it was in position near a place we had marked on our maps. There was a little silence on the other end of the wire as I gulped out the story of Bill Mullaney's failure to come back. Then the lieutenant said he would send up a fresh detail to relieve me.

When Dodson and Sammy Sandeson crawled into the hole I started to worm out. But Sammy held me back:

"Have a swig of this cognac and a cigarette before you go, Jimmy," he said, shoving a canteen and a pack of Luckies towards me. But I pushed his gifts away.

"I want to get out there and look around once more. Maybe he's just wounded," I returned, still refusing to believe that Bill could be dead. Such a thing seemed incomprehensible.

Sammy and Dod understood. They knew how thick Bill and I were. Sammy shook his head.

"Bill got a tough break. He was a white man!"

"Randolph, the clerk, says that what's worse Bill's insurance papers are balled up in some way. Didn't sign 'em or something like that. Got a family, ain't he?" asked Dod.

"Family," I repeated like a man suddenly shot. "Go! Almighty! Bill's got a wife and an old mother waiting on him." I crawled out of the pit with these words, working forwards over the trail Bill had struck—Bill, my buddy.

HE WASN'T to be found anywhere. The Boche had sniped him or taken him prisoner! How I prayed it was the latter although we'd

heard some mighty nasty reports about the way our captured boys were getting treated by the retreating Huns. Back at the gun position I told the captain about Bill and how he had gone out. I swore then and there that there was a little water in the old man's eyes.

"I won't report him as a death casualty until tomorrow, Jimmy. We're launching a new drive tonight. Maybe some of the outfit'll run across sure evidence. If he was taken prisoner I wouldn't want to break up his folks by a false shock," said the captain.

That night, long about twelve, hell broke out all along the front that had been moved up into the shadows of the Argonne forest. Our doughboys bayoneted their way forward, and for the first time since the advance at Château Thierry the artillery went into action at a gallop. It was after daybreak when we came to rest in a patch of shell-smashed woods. Later the top sergeant called me out of the mess line and showed me a gas mask with Bill's name on it.

"Murphy found it in a ditch where a lot of bodies were all cut up by shell fire," he said slowly.

I took the gas mask with [Turn to page 107]

How About a Letter?

WE want your approval. We want you to tell your friends about OUR magazine—yours and mine. And every month we want you to write us a letter telling us which stories you like best. Tell us just what you think of the magazine as a whole. Your criticism will help us to make it better.

We will give twenty-five dollars for the best letter about the December issue; ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third best. All letters must be in this office by noon, December fifteenth. Prizes will be awarded January 1st, 1925. The Editors will be the judges.

Society -or Stage ?



LORRAINE MANVILLE, before her quick rise to stardom in "Plain Jane," was better known to Mid-West Society than to Eastern playgoers. She's an American Princess, in a way, for her father is known to Big Business as the Asbestos King.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe



RACHAEL CHESTER nightly leaves the entrance of her home on New York's most exclusive avenue, steps into the family limousine, and rolls down to the Greenwich Village Follies' stage door. But when we asked her whether she could look haughty for these pictures she said she hoped not.

Photo by Richard Burke



GERTRUDE BRYAN left the stage a few years back to play the rôle of a young Long Island matron in real life. She came back "Sitting Pretty" in the clever comedy rejoicing in that name. Now they say she's a favored candidate for featured parts of several musical plays slated for this season.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



SUZANNE BENNETT not so long ago was one of the leaders of the social set that helped the Prince of Wales enjoy his last visit to Australia. Which is just one of the reasons she became the Prince's dancing partner at first sight on his last visit over here.

Photo by George Maillard Kessler

The Conclusion
of the Memories
of a
Great Lover

I told her she was bewitching, beautiful . . . Our hostess was blazing with fury.



My Wife and I

THIS next period of my life is truly headed with a golden inscription—"My Wife and I." How happy we were in our reconciliation! All the romance the world could give was ours as we journeyed through the quaint New England towns on our second honeymoon.

The warm sun poured new life into our veins; the cool of the night and the beauty of the sky and sea soothed us as we ate our dinner under the canopy of stars on the veranda of some queer old road house. The little club-roadster must have dreamed of us after

we had parked it in the garage, for surely never before did a mechanical invention carry such a burden of love as was ours.

We rode all day following the shore line. Often the silence between us lasted for hours, and yet, each was perfectly at peace in the other's presence. If her thoughts were ever tinged with the memory of past unhappiness, she did not let me see it. If my fickle mind wandered to the saucily tilted nose of the girl from Philadelphia, I quickly turned and surprised her into a glow of love by my unexpected kiss.

That little trait of hers is one of my most cherished memories. I have never seen her fail to respond to any caress, no matter how slight, from me. She was like some delicate instrument; when I slowly stroked her cheek, she closed her eyes to keep me from seeing how much she loved it. I held her tightly in my arms. I kissed her—the deep, lingering kiss of love—and I could feel the vibration of her every nerve. All the delicate strings of the instrument sang a hymn of love as I swept the chords.

Yet she loved me as a mother would an only child! She worried about my health, hovered over my bed at the faintest touch of illness. She planned and strove to

make me the master of my work. She inspired me to strike higher and higher in aiming for success. She revealed to me the beauty of the world; the glory of nature; the dream of a sunset.

I remember one night she cried herself to sleep in my arms. I tried every way possible to make her tell me what was the matter and finally she confessed that for days she had been suffering with a foreboding of our separation. Something was going to happen. She knew it. The warning lay like a leaden weight on her heart, and she could not shake it off. I laughed, but as we drove across the Grand Concourse on our way home, back to the city and to work, I too felt as if we had come to face some new danger.

The next morning I appeared at the theatre early for the rehearsal of the new play starring the same temperamental actress with whom I had acted in Philadelphia. For some strange reason, she had insisted upon having me again for her leading man. As I entered the theatre, she saw me from the opposite side of the room, and to my great amazement she got up and came over to speak. She shook hands cordially, as though we were the best of friends, and during the entire rehearsal that day, and for days afterwards, she openly showed a preference for my company.

FROM the first, she consulted with me upon various points of the play; she drew me into conference with the manager, the playwright and the director, and forced them into acting upon my suggestions. Strangely enough, she insisted upon my part being built up, and contrary to her usual customs she rehearsed with me so that every bit of possible effect in my rôle was displayed to the utmost advantage.

Of course the whispering of the other members of the cast reached my ears, but I didn't care. The star was one of the greatest players on the stage. Her voice could have lured Satan himself, and when she played its hypnotic timbre upon anyone near her, the will-power of her opponent melted away.

Someone must have told my wife of the progress of our friendship. Weeks afterwards, when we were ready to open the play out of town, I remembered that when my wife and I parted, she kissed me fiercely—and then hurried away. The actress had watched our parting with the utmost calm and indifference. No sooner had the slim figure of my wife disappeared, than she began to take complete possession of me.

The star and I dined together on the train. We discussed plays and players. We fell to talking of great effects achieved by various actors. She informed me quite calmly that she had been a raw, bony country girl when the well-known producer, whose many years of theatrical offerings had made him the head of his profession, had taken her in hand and literally molded her into womanhood.

One time, she told me a little



I leaped forward and knocked it up . . . A flash, and the report of a shot!

more of her story. Long ago she had opened in a new play opposite a foreign actor. The man fascinated her with his indifference and superiority. She had determined to make good in her small role, but when he caught her in his arms during one of the scenes, she had forgotten where she was and had suddenly realized that she loved him.

She wasn't acting; she was a young girl awakened by her first kiss from a sophisticated man of the world. The effect on the audience was startling. She had to take curtain calls with the principal players, and from then on her success was assured. The man had long since passed out of her life, but she never forgot him or what he had done, and the knowledge that the coldness of her nature accentuated her moments of emotional crisis became the weapon with which she fought her way to stardom.

SOON the star was spending pleasant half-hours in my dressing-room. We stopped at the same hotels. She would send me little notes of greeting in the morning. Gay little messages asking about my health, about my mood, about my plans.

This woman was using all her ingenuity to catch my love. She gave me handsome presents. One time as we were strolling down the main street of a large city, I casually admired a handsome Japanese dressing-gown that must have been priced at several hundred dollars. That night when I entered my dressing-room, the gown was placed carelessly across my chair.

Soon we had drifted into deeper understanding. We were always together, and in the fascination and charm this woman possessed I forgot all thought of my former antagonism.

After all, she never bored me, never for one moment allowed me to feel tired of her company. She even aroused my jealousy by accepting tribute from other men. She lied to me, and permitted me to catch her in these lies. She would say that she had been at such and such a place, or was going there, and when I arrived at the place, she failed to appear. I never knew what was going on in

her mind. She was wilful, tender, sympathetic, passionate, calculating, in swiftly following moods.

She even rented a house for the summer months on Long Island, and had made me promise that I would visit her there. By this time she had completely hypnotized me.

Even the shock of finding that my wife had left me without a word; the sight of the little apartment, vacant,



and with an air of desertion about it, seemed to lose significance beside the fact of my infatuation for this other woman. After questioning the superintendent of the building and finding out that my wife had been gone for weeks, I knew that she had somehow found out the truth. I have seen her since, and as I write, the cold facts of my own weakness seem inadequate for the misery I caused her. Her agonized cry of pleading that I wouldn't fail her again still rings in my ears.

AFTER that the star's affection for me seemed to grow more intense. Like the last flare of a candle which burns brightly just before it goes out, her constant demand for my presence kept me chained to her side. We rode together, picknicked together, we sailed the boat which she had rented with her house, we played tennis, we danced. We would flirt desperately with the other house-guests she would invite out of caprice, and then snubbed them outrageously so that they left before the week-end was up. We grew brown and healthy and restless.

All the servants treated me as if I were master of the house. They took orders from me; they sprang to my aid.

One time the mistress of the house had invited three guests down for the week-end. One of them was a famous captain of industry who had long held a secret admiration for the star. Vague stories about a former relationship existing between these two had come to my ears, but I, confident of my position in her heart, paid no attention to them. The other two guests were a handsome young violinist, internationally famous, and a very pretty young actress whom I had known for some time.

The evening they arrived we drank a good deal. I flirted with the newcomer; we held long whispered conversations together. Soon we wandered out-of-doors, and I made love to her in a half-serious fashion, told her she was beautiful and bewitching, held her hand. What with the glory of the full moon and the summer night, when we returned to the house anyone could see the glamour of romance in her eyes.

She followed me around the room. The girl and I kept away from the others, and sat in the farthest corner. By this time, our hostess was blazing with fury. I had deliberately aroused this storm. For never did she thrill me as keenly as when, her eyes flashing and nostrils dilating, she shook with anger.

I pretended not to notice anything. I escorted the girl upstairs, and lingered outside her bedroom door, and as she turned to leave me after the final good-night, I kissed her.



Then I went into my own room and quietly proceeded to undress. As I put on the dressing-gown (which my lady had given me), my door opened and in she came trembling with indignation.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You cad! You dare ask me such a thing? How dare you make love to that woman right before my eyes? How dare you? I might have known you had no sense of decency! I hate you for the contemptible thing you are, and I hope I shall never see you again." With that she flung out of the room and banged the door behind her.

I waited for the house to grow quiet. I heard the other guests go to their rooms, and pretty soon the silence told me that they were asleep. I went quietly to her door. I knocked softly. There was no answer—only the troubled breathing and the rustling of the bed informed me she was awake. I knocked again, and receiving no reply, I spoke through the key-hole.

"You shall have your wish. Good-by."

I leisurely proceeded to pack my bag and dress, and then as silently as possible, I left the house.

There was a long walk from the house to the road, and I almost arrived at the end of it when I heard footsteps running behind me. I turned, and there she was, calling me between sobs, her arms outstretched. I



The long, sorrowful look my wife gave me will follow me through eternity.

waited for her to come to me—and she flung herself into my arms.

I picked her up, and carried her back to the house. A sweet reconciliation took place, but I knew that the end was in sight. At the end of the summer, we parted, swearing eternal friendship!

UPON my return to New York, I was offered the star rôle in a new play. When *The Great Lover* opened before a packed and unusually smart audience, I knew my success was assured. The criticisms all held the same key-note:

"A new matinée idol—that is to say, a newly starred matinée idol—has come to break up many peaceful homes, and to bring romance to many feminine hearts."

Women flocked by the thousands to see the play. The house was filled to capacity each night, and the matinée performances seemed to hold one universal thought: each woman dreaming herself in the leading woman's place!

The title of the play was immediately clapped onto me at the club, on the street, in the restaurants, or wherever I went.

"How's the Great Lover?" some envious fellow-player would demand facetiously, until I grew sick of the name. "Still bringing 'em in in wheel-chairs?" a manager would

ask with a malicious grin as I turned red with embarrassment, for the memory of this actual occurrence still rankled. One matinée day, I was called to look through the peek-hole of the curtain; sure enough, there was an old gray-haired lady being wheeled down the aisle and lifted into her seat.

Invitations poured into my dressing-room by the hundreds. They came from women in all walks of life. I found a note, fatuously reminding me of old times from Mrs. Hallin, inviting me to meet her upon her return to the city. The same mail brought several dinner and reception invitations from well-known young matrons of society. I had become society's newest pet, and the noticeable difference in the appearance of my audiences and those that filled other theatres, made me an object of respect to managers.

On several occasions, I had been the guest of a beautiful young woman who was known to be the leader of the gay younger set. She was the daughter of one of the richest men in Wall Street, and there was a glamour about her which aroused my interest.

BEFORE her marriage to a young man who had been the despair of match-making mothers for several years because of his name and wealth, this young woman had entertained the readers of

the daily press as vividly as any celebrated film or stage star. It was said that she had employed a press-agent from the day of her début in order to get her picture and name in the newspapers as often as possible. She drove the fastest racing-car in the city. She had her own airplane which she had learned to pilot. Almost every Sunday the rotogravure sections of the papers carried photographs of her, either skiing up in Canada, or on the sands at Palm Beach in the most daring bathing costume, or flirting with royalty on the continent.

She was a human dynamo. Restless, satiated with too much wealth and too early gratification of all possible desires, she sought the illusive charms of pleasure wherever she could, and her escapades were a constant source of irritation and amusement to her indulgent father.

Marriage had failed to bring any sort of responsibility. I recognized in her a kindred soul. Adventurers both, we quickly found decided pleasure in each other's society. I enjoyed her sceptical, cynical young mind. She pretended to bask in the charms of my "love-technique," as she called it. She wanted a new sensation; she was frank in her willingness to overcome scruples in order to gain her wish.

She permitted me to make love to her almost at once. In fact, she asked me to. Underneath the half-humorous situation, I could see that she [Turn to page 104]

The Sign in the Sky



"Ye air a fool," she snapped. "But I like the way ye fight and ye'll come to no harm from me. Ye can go."

THIS is Cassy Miller's story, a true tale of the Kentucky back country. But Ma Barringer has a part in it, too—and Joel Harlan, and Uncle Johnnie the Hermit. Even now, recalling the events as they happened, makes my head swim a little. Still, I'll try to put it all down, one thing after the other, in neat order. As plain as if it were yesterday, I can see Cassy now as I saw her on that first day outside the general store at Big Smoky Gap. She was in her old mountain homespun dress and wore a gangling sunbonnet that would fit anybody and yet seemed most becoming to her. She was nineteen then, fully a woman grown—but still a child at heart.

I was new to the mountains, but I had heard that many of the mountain girls were beautiful, with that rugged beauty the life they lead gives them. When I saw Cassy that day at Big Smoky, I knew indeed that mountain girls were beautiful. I am afraid I gazed brazenly at her, until I saw her turn away with a lovely

blush. I had just climbed down from the rickety little train that wound its way up through the mountains. My eye lit upon Cassy when I was looking around for Cal Hilary, who was to join me on a hunting trip.

If you could have seen her you wouldn't wonder why I gazed. Luckily, Cal Hilary came up just then and found me.

"Here, here, son!" he began. "Mountain folks are mighty particular how you go looking after their women, and Cassy Miller is Joel Harlan's girl."

"Is it a crime to admire a pretty girl?" I asked.

"It sure is," Cal answered heartily, giving me a slap on the shoulder. "Leastways if she is some other fellow's girl. And besides, the old train was late like she usually is and Uncle Johnnie's been fretting over here an hour waiting for us to get a move on. I came up the Gap road and got in early this morning."

Cal Hilary was sheriff of Menifee county and an old friend of my father's. You see, ever since I was knee-



*A
Story
of the
Mountain
Country,
Where
Men
Shoot
First and
Inquire
Afterwards*

high Cal had promised to take me bear hunting. Now that I was out of college and ready to make my own way, I had thought it was high time for Cal to make good on his promise.

THE next minute he had me shaking hands with Uncle Johnnie the Hermit. Uncle Johnnie looked like a prophet. His beard and hair were white, his skin was tanned to the color of rich brown leather, and with his staff in his hand he might have been Elijah. He must have been well past seventy, but a glance showed that he was still vigorous.

Cal told me once that the old hermit was "the seventh son born under the veil," which among the mountain people means that he was gifted with second sight. There were many strange tales told about Uncle Johnnie. He was skilled in the use of herbs and was said to have the gift of healing in his hands.

I remembered one time back home when Rafe Williams had one of his racing horses go lame. It looked as though Rafe was to lose a splendid race horse, when he sent for Uncle Johnnie as a last resort. The

old hermit came to Louisville, tended the horse for a week, and the lameness disappeared. The horse was "Lady Bess" which won the Churchill Cup in 1912. So I had reason to believe that Uncle Johnnie was worthy of the tales I had heard.

Cal Hilary had recommended him as a guide on this trip.

The week that followed proved that Cal had showed good judgment. I got a bearskin as the trophy from my first hunt and Hilary got two. Uncle Johnnie was responsible for all three of them, though he never carried a firearm. Killing was not for him.

We were grateful to Uncle Johnnie when we said good-by to him at Big Smoky. Hilary went down the Gap road the way he had come, and I prepared to wait until the next day for the train. It was typical mountain service, one train each way every twenty-four hours. Hilary had a Court Monday ahead of him, so couldn't stay to keep me company.

I found quarters with the storekeeper, and the moment I was alone the hunt was forgotten. My mind was filled with thoughts of the girl I had seen in

the sunbonnet and homespun dress—Cassy Miller, who was Joel Harlan's girl.

The afternoon was still young, when I found myself with my rifle slung under my arm making my way up into the mountains. I didn't have the least idea where I was going. But I felt that if I could once get thoroughly lost I would sooner or later be found and directed to the Millers'. I was going to see Cassy again if I never did another thing.

In getting lost I was speedily successful. It had seemed the easiest thing in the world to strike over the mountains, but after I had been gone an hour I realized how I had made a fool of myself. I had deliberately left the road; now when I tried to find it again I didn't know which way to turn. There was nothing to do but to stumble blindly on. Another hour of that—and the afternoon was growing late. Hungry, and my clothes torn by brambles, the prospect of sleeping out without a blanket on a cold night was far from pleasant.

SUDDENLY I heard the deep bay of a hound. He was a long way off, but where the hound was there should also be a man. So I pressed on. Presently above the trees in the valley below, I could make out the faintest of wisps of smoke. A cabin! My heart jumped at the thought that it might be the Millers'. Then came another thought that made me go slow. I had heard of moonshine in the mountains, and the danger of coming unawares on a still in operation. The smoke might be from a still instead of a cabin chimney.

But smoke meant human beings, and I wasn't going to stay in the mountains all night alone. I went on, warily, hoping to see before I was seen. My ear caught the bay of the hound again, which was encouraging. I figured a moonshiner would not have a dog along to attract attention to his illicit labors.

Then suddenly I stepped right into a clearing. Across it, half hidden in the undergrowth, I saw a quick movement and singled out a man. He had been crouching when I discovered him. In a flash, I knew I had done just what I had been afraid of a few moments before. I had walked onto a moonshiner's still.

The man was as startled as I was. Leaning against a giant rock I saw his rifle. I knew something of the code which dealt with trespassers. If he reached that gun he would fire first and ask questions afterward. My own gun came to my shoulder. He saw it and halted. The range was point blank, and while I had no intention of firing, I was a good shot and had a week of practice.

"Put up your hands," I said as calmly as I could. "That's better. I want to talk to you."

As he sullenly obeyed I stepped out of the clearing into the shadow of the undergrowth that guarded his still. He was easily half a head taller than I, and if there was death in a glance he would have killed me instantly. Rage and hate showed in every feature.

Then a twig snapped close at hand.

"Stranger, put up thet gun!" came a sharp voice. Mechanically, at the command, my gun dropped from my shoulder. In that instant there was telegraphed to my brain the thought that whoever had given the command had seen fit to find out what the trouble was instead of shooting on sight.

But if the thought gave me any hope it fled the next moment, for the man at the still had jumped for his own gun. Now he turned full on me, his teeth bared like fangs.

"Damn ye!" he sneered. "I'll teach ye to poke yer nose in where ye're not wanted."

I set my jaw then. I still had a chance to get him before he got me. My grip tightened on my rifle.

"Joel Harlan!"

The voice in the undergrowth back of me rasped out the command. I saw the moonshiner hesitate, then drop his gun to his side.

Again the voice came from the undergrowth, stinging and bitter.

"Joel Harlan, ye air a coward. The furriner be no bigger than ye. If ye air a man let's see ye whoop him!"

The first look of surprise on the moonshiner's face now turned to hate. As he now laid aside his coat preparatory to giving me a beating, there flashed through my mind Cal Hilary's words:

"Cassy Miller is Joel Harlan's girl!"

It was my turn to see red. I had come on this lone jaunt to find Cassy. Instead I had found this brute of a Joel Harlan. The domineering bully was written in every line of him. Hate and shame were there. Hatred for me and shame for having been called a coward in front of me, "a furriner."

He was half a head taller than I, but as his coat came off I saw that he was no broader. Ordinarily he would have been more than a match for me,

but now he was spurred on further by blind rage. But on my side there was the vision of Cassy Miller as I had seen her at Big Smoky—Cassy of the blue eyes and straw-colored hair. Cassy, who was Joel Harlan's girl! I know now if it hadn't been for Cassy Miller the fight would have ended with my going down at that mad rush of Joel Harlan's. It was thinking of her that made me cool, helped me get my wits together. I had heard enough of the ways of some mountaineers with their wives. I sensed what sort of life Cassy Miller would lead when the time came for her to marry Joel Harlan. All fear left me. When Joel Harlan rushed, I was ready and waiting for him.

THAT first rush was intended to send me crashing down the hillside. Instead, I stepped aside and caught Joel squarely on the jaw. He was around in an instant and plunging at me again. Again I stepped aside, but not quite quick enough this time. I had misjudged his speed of attack. The blow intended for his chin, caught him on the shoulder, and while it halted him slightly it did not stop him. Down we went

N. Y., Sept. 12, 1924.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading SMART SET for almost two years, have always found it delightful, but like the new form much better.

I just loved the story "It Happened in a Good Home."

The other stories are also good. They are full of pep and plot, just like any two-dollar book that you buy containing the one story.

I do not like serials as a rule, but "Heart Broken Melody" pleased me very much. I can hardly wait for the next issue.

I have read a great many other magazines and I find yours the cleanest existing on the newsstands.

Here's wishing you good luck for the future of SMART SET.

M. F.



I had heard that mountain girls were beautiful . . . And when I saw Cassy at Big Smoky, I knew they were.

together, with Joel on top applying all the primitive rough-and-tumble tactics he knew. He gouged, scratched, tore. Then, just as his fingers began to tighten on my throat, I got my knees up under me and pushed with all my might. He was lifted bodily and I put every ounce I had in a final thrust with my legs, and sent him hurtling down the side of the gulley.

But my respite was brief. He was up again with a snarl. This time my fist caught him squarely, however, and he went down like a bag of bones. I think he must have expected me to pounce on him as he had on me. He got up slowly, rubbing his chin. A fight by methods other than tooth and claw was evidently a new game to him. Then it was that I saw the yellow streak in him. Furtively his eye stole toward his gun. At that I kicked the gun aside and stood ready and waiting for his next move.

Instead of attacking, he cringed. "Ye—ye use tricks!"

Then I knew I had him beaten—and I laughed. The laugh was cut short as a gaunt old woman, the one of the unknown voice, stepped out of the undergrowth. Never have I seen a human being look fiercer. She was not the slat-sided creature so many of the older mountain women are. She was a trifle bent perhaps, but the faded calico wrapper she wore failed to hide the lines of a body that was as well-knit as any man's. From under heavy brows her dark eyes flashed like fire. Her mouth was a single hard line. This was probably Ma Barringer, the remaining survivor of the Barringer clan, whom Uncle Johnnie had told Cal Hilary and me about.

Even in the mountains, Ma Barringer was a character. In her prime Uncle Johnnie had said that she was a match for many a man. Now grown old, she continued to

live apart and asked no man for aid—the sole exception being the arrangement she had with Joel Harlan. Uncle Johnnie had said she paid Harlan to make her moonshine. Fit companion to the old Amazon was Blade, the gaunt hound that now stood beside her. He, too, had been the leader of the pack and was as fearless a brute as ever broke a bear from cover. All that Uncle Johnnie had ever told us about the two now came back to me.

SHE turned viciously on my beaten opponent. "Joel Harlan," she rasped. "Ye air licked!" Then the stinging abuse cut deeper. "Joel Harlan, ye air a whelp and a coward. I be done with ye."

I could not help but force a smile at the old woman's vehemence, when suddenly she turned on me.

"Ye damn revener! Ye know the last revener shot down Jem Bedford in cold blood! What have ye got to say to that!"

"I didn't know," I answered. "And I'm not a revenue agent."

"Ye're a liar!"

If I had heard her sting Joel Harlan, I found now that I was to fare no better. The last, hurled insultingly, made me flush. I decided to make no answer.

"What's yer name," she demanded.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you——" I began amiably.

"Ye're a damn liar. What's ye're name!" Her eyes were blazing now and there was a menacing growl from the hound, Blade.

"Allen," I answered. "James Allen."

"Thet's a revener's name!"

"I'm not a revenue man. I was hunting with Uncle Johnnie."

The mention of the old hermit's name caused her to look at me closely. I could feel those piercingly bright eyes of hers go straight through me. At last she seemed satisfied that I was telling the truth.

"Ye air a fool," she snapped with less belligerence. "But I like the way ye fight and ye'll come to no harm from me. Ye can go."

I brushed the dirt from my clothes and then turned to look for my gun. It was gone.

"Ye don't need the gun to get back where ye came from." Ma Barringer was going to take no chances with a stranger. "Come back for it a week from today. I'll see Uncle Johnnie. If ye lied, ye better not come back. Ye'll find me in the house in the clearing near Bald Eagle. Anyone on the road'll tell ye where Ma Barringer lives. Say ye're coming to see me and nobody'll dare harm ye. But ye've [Turn to page 94]



Three years at the Seminary made a lot of difference . . . But the Cassy of today is the same wholesome Cassy of the homespun and sunbonnet.

I found myself wondering about Miss Wilding. . . It was nice to have someone about so quiet and self-effacing.



I Married the Girl

My Wife Hated

Can You Answer the Question, "Why Did She Treat Me So?" The End of a Brilliant Serial.

WHEN my wife with absolutely no provocation whatsoever accused me of flirting with Marian Harbor, I did the only thing that could be done in such a case. I took her gently in my arms and kissed away her tears.

"Come now," I whispered, "I didn't know it was as bad as all this. I'm sorry, terribly sorry, if I have made you unhappy. I wouldn't want you to be unhappy for anything in the world. When I married you, I did it for keeps and you are the only girl I love, or ever will."

After fifteen or twenty minutes she became calm, and when she had skillfully removed from her face and eyes the signs of the storm, she seemed radiant. It was a glance of triumph which she leveled at Marian Harbor

as she swept in past the Harbors' table at the hotel that evening.

After dinner I danced with my wife and when Mr. Harbor came over for the next dance with Grace, I left to fill my engagement with Marian.

"Your wife has been putting ideas in Mark's head," she whispered in my ear.

"You don't mean to say she has done anything like that?" I demanded.

"She surely has. She gently hinted that it didn't look well for us to be together so much. Now Mark isn't what you would call jealous, but he is darn conservative, so I guess we'll have to find other playmates."

"Darn!" was all I could say.

"That's what I say, only worse," said Marian. "I like you, Ralph, because you are such a good sport. I've often thought I would try to vamp you a little, just to see what you really would do. These days most men call you by your first name the second time they see you, try to get a kiss the next time, and if they get the kiss, there's no stopping them. And you, you've never so much as squeezed my hand."

I felt myself blushing deeply.

"Well, I guess I like you too well for anything like that, Marian," I said, which was true. Marian only appealed to me as a wholesome playfellow.

Marian sighed. "Ralph, you are just too good to be true. Now see how virtue wins its own reward."

There had been two encores, and as the musicians refused to give further heed to the loud clapping, the dancers strolled off the floor.

"This is the last dance, Ralph, and no more golf—and no more hikes," said Marian. "I am willing to play, but not at being a home-breaker. Good-by, Ralphie."

And it was good-by. Thereafter meetings between Marian and me only took place when we found ourselves in the same crowd.

GRACE was satisfied at what "she had stopped just in time," but she was not at all certain that what had been done openly was not being done covertly. So when we returned to the city, she began to call Marian on the telephone around noon-time and if she was out, she would

call my office, on some pretext or other, and ask me where I was having luncheon and with whom. Then she would order her car and go to the particular restaurant, to see for herself if I was lunching with the people I said I was. If, by chance, I changed my plans after talking to her, she would accuse me of deceiving her, and would often become hysterical.

I never reached the point where I could explain to myself or understand Grace's brainstorms. In time I came to foresee these outbursts and often I approached my home in a state of fear and trepidation. My heart would beat wildly and no doubt I appeared more guilty than if I actually had been guilty. At times when I listened to my wife's scoldings, I would simply flounder around, my very words incoherent, and then I would lapse into a condition bordering on a state of coma.

"Why don't you say something?" Grace would demand at such times, and when I would shrug my shoulders hopelessly, she would add, "A very good reason."

Why did she treat me so? Certainly I enjoyed seeing pretty girls. I liked to talk to them, to be among them. But no more than that. And yet how I was made to suffer! For what? For nothing, as I could see.

And it would be different if I hadn't loved Grace; if I hadn't showered attentions on her: bowed to her will; given her every freedom. I regarded her as my queen and treated her so. All I wanted was peace and quiet, the chance to do my work, and do the things that interested me.

Then one day in the society columns of the *Examiner* Grace read that Marian Harbor and her mother had



"Oh, you poor fool!" she cried. "Don't I know every time you've had lunch with her . . . every time you've held her hand?"

gone to New York, where they would take the *Olympic* for Southampton—and that they expected to spend at least six months abroad. Mr. Harbor was to join them later.

Grace put two and two together and decided that Marian had taken the trip to forget what Grace still called Marian's affair with me. In a way Marian's going was a relief. In another sense it served to open old wounds.

I WAS feeling particularly well that evening. I had landed a contract for a New York skyscraper in competition with most of the prominent architects in New York, as well as Chicago.

It was one of the rare times that Gorman and Black had broken into the New York field, and when I had produced the signed contract following my conference with the owner, Sam Gorman had said:

"It looks to me as if there will have to be another name added on this firm's letterheads one of these days soon."

I visualized it: "Gorman, Black and Henderson."

It was an achievement, I could not help thinking. And all in a few years, too. This job meant probably going to New York—perhaps the establishment of a permanent New York office with me in charge.

As I walked down Michigan Avenue, I passed the shop of the jewelry concern which is the Tiffany of Chicago, and it occurred to me to celebrate my achievement by buying Grace the emerald bracelet she had so long wanted. I could hardly wait until after dinner to give it to her.

"I've got two corking surprises for you, dear," I said when we were in the library.

"I have an idea I already know one of them," she said.

"I'll bet you don't," I said.

"Yes, I do. You're going to tell me that Marian Harbor has gone to Europe. And of course you went



down to see her off on the Century. That's why you weren't in when I called you at noon. Well, thank God, she's at least out of your sight if not out of your mind, though I have no doubt you have promised to write her."

ALL the joy of my pride in landing the New York contract left me; all the pleasure I had expected to have in surprising Grace with the emerald bracelet was gone. I felt sick; heart-sick, soul-sick.

As well as I could I hid my emotion and my disappointment by opening the evening paper.

"That's right, don't answer me," cried my wife. "Don't take the trouble even to deny what I say."

"What is there to say?" I asked. "I knew Marian was going abroad. Mark told me about it at the directors' meeting last week. But you know I haven't seen her and certainly I did not go to the station to see her off."

"Well, all right then," said Grace. "I'm willing to believe you. But I can't get that woman out of my mind, or your disgraceful carrying on with her up at

the lake . . . Now what were the surprises you had?"

"Oh, nothing much," I said, the heart gone out of me. "We got the contract for a fifty story building in New York."

I did not tell her what Sam Gorman had said about adding a new name to the firm or about the possibility of the New York office. Yet I hungered for the applause of the person closest to me.

"Yes?" she asked. "Is that all?"

"Yes," I said. "I guess there wasn't as much to it as I thought."

"Well, what's the other startling surprise?"

"A little better one, I hope," I smiled. "As I was passing Spaulding's this evening I saw something in the window I thought you would like, so I bought it."

I gave her the dainty little box, and with trembling fingers she opened it.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she whispered, as she beheld the gorgeous bits of sparkling green gems nestling against the soft satin bed of the box. "Oh, Ralph!" and her soul was swept in a storm of tears.

In utter humility she begged my forgiveness and I petted and soothed her until she was calm. Then she became hysterically ecstatic over my gift.

"You're the most wonderful, thoughtful husband in the world, dear," she told me, "and when I act as I did tonight it is only because I am so proud of you and love you so much that I can't bear even to think of you with another woman."

IT SHOULD not be understood that life in the Henderson family was a continual quarrel. There were periods of calm and peace approaching as near to happiness as man can hope to have; at times reaching to a sort of actual bliss.

Yet even at these times I seemed to hear the far-off rumbling of discontent. It was as if I were sitting on a volcano, that was always preparing for an eruption.

You may wonder how I was able to work under such constant torture, such continual accusation and suspicion. Well, my work was the thing that saved me. I came to the point where I could lose myself in the dreams of what I wanted to do, and in bringing these dreams to reality. I have known men who have turned from their wives to other women, expecting to find in the other woman the sympathy and understanding they felt they did not get from

their wives. But it doesn't go! That is only shifting the burden, bringing in more trouble. Work, hard work, that keeps the mind busy and the body tired, is the only solution.

It was only a few months after the episode of the emerald brooch that my wife met Emmy Swift downtown, and Emmy asked if Grace had heard the latest about Marian Harbor. Gossip had it that Marian had gone to Paris to get one of those quick French divorces and that good old Mark was going over to make it easier for her.

THE news excited Grace so much that she tried to get me on the telephone to tell me about it, but I was in conference. As it was near noontime Grace decided to come and meet me at the office.

I was still in conference, but my secretary took Grace into my office and tried with such little social graces as she could to make Grace comfortable. Then she told me my wife was waiting.

I hustled in and kissed her. She usually disliked public demonstrations of this kind, but now she seemed to enjoy it. Then I saw her glance quickly at my secretary, then back to me. I did not know why she had done this until we were at lunch.

"Well, young lady," I said when we had been seated, "to what am I indebted for this unexpected pleasure? What's on your mind?"

"What's on *your* mind?" she countered.

"Big things popping, old girl, big things popping," I told her. "Tell you all about it in due time. Now let's have your story."

"Well, I met Emmy Swift a little while ago and she told me that Marian Harbor was getting a divorce over in Paris."

"You don't say!" I was forced to exclaim.

YES, and soft old Mark is helping her get it. Poor blind old fool. Well, I'm glad I had my eyes open. I at least saved you from that woman's clutches. Emmy said Marian was going to marry some motion picture actor."

"Well," I smiled, "that certainly lets me out."

"Yes, it lets you out there, but I do wish you would grow up and be a man so far as women are concerned. You are the softest thing."

"Goodness, Grace. I don't know what I do that I shouldn't," I protested.

"Who is that stenographer person in your office?" she demanded.

"You mean Miss Wilding, my secretary?"

"*Secretary!*" repeated my wife. "Every Halsted Street creature who works in an office these days must be dignified by the title of secretary. I guess there aren't any plain stenographers any more. Yes, it is your *secretary* I mean."

"Well, what about her?"

"That's what I want to know: what about her! Just

how interested in *her* are you?" she asked bitingly.

"Now what in the name of commonsense makes you think I'm interested in her at all?"

"Just the way she acted. The knowing way she looked when you came into the office and kissed me. Look here, Ralph Henderson, did you ever kiss that girl?"

"Grace, you are becoming ridiculous. It's not fair to me and not fair to Miss Wilding. She is a very nice decent girl who does her work well. What is more, she is not a Halsted Street creature, but a graduate of Northwestern University and her father is a banker in Peoria."

"So you know a lot about her, then, don't you? I suppose she told you all those things to impress you that she was really working because she was bored with life doing nothing. You probably have a lot of nice chats together."

"God only knows what you are driving at, Grace, but I've never spoken a dozen words to that girl since she has been here, except on [Turn to page 110]

"Oh," she whispered, "I can't bear to see you this way. It breaks my heart."



The Love of a Thoroughbred

A Ballad of the Turf

By George Rogers

*A bit of a kid, he was, called Mac,
Mostly bones and hands and feet,
But in silks a-top of a pony's back,
He shaped up mighty trim and neat.*

*Clean as a morning washed by rain,
When mist clears from the track,
The kid never knew a vice's pain,
Nor the taint of a dirty crack.*

*Yet he lived a life just like the rest,
Took the mounts that come his way,
When he rode he always rode his best,
Your money on Mac meant "pay."*

*Into the stretch with bat and heel,
Tight to the rail or wide,
The "Kid" got through just by the feel
Of the thing that he had inside.*

*So being a nosey kind of a bird,
I reckoned that I'd find out,
By addin' together the things I heard,
And see how it come about.*

*There wasn't a home or mother who waits,
Nor kith nor kin to care,
And after we covers some seventeen states,
I puts it right up to him square.*

*"I'm asking you, Mac, to let me know
The things that steers your course."
The "Kid" he blushed—and answered low,
"The love of a thoroughbred horse."*


L'Envoi

*Oh! the Turf may reek with the filth of Man,
With his shame and bitter remorse,
But show me a cleaner, a truer love than
"The love of a thoroughbred horse."*



The Girl Too

*A True Story
For Every Girl
to Read—and
Think About.*



"Isn't all this better than dreams?" I asked him. "I've got you, and the children and home!"

AS I look back, I see that I always expected too much of life. Most girls do, I suppose. They begin by being eager and hopeful—and they dream the wonderful dreams of youth that can never, never come true.

Then they find out that life isn't what they thought it was at all!

There were my own girlish hopes, for instance. Somehow, I never considered just how it would come about, but I was to be rich and beautiful. I would live in New York; I would be deeply and devotedly loved. These were my dreams behind the counter in Joe Bailey's store at Sherrod's Corners.

They never came true. I'm still at Sherrod's Corners—I never got farther East than Topeka. Yet I'm happy! It's because of something better than dreams that I am telling this story.

My parents died when I was little, and my father's brother, Joe Bailey, brought me up. He kept a store at Sherrod's Corners.

A girl can't go through life just wondering vaguely. "Am I really pretty?" She has to know whether she is or not. I had curly hair, golden-brown in color, and dreamy big eyes—and I knew I was pretty because

George Erwin said so.

"Hazel Bailey's the prettiest girl in school!" he announced. "She's my girl!"

Of course this flattered me. But Anne Coulter, my chum, told me:

"Don't listen to him, Hazel. You know what George is like!"

I had heard stories about him—about joy-rides and his getting drunk—but I didn't believe them. George was very good-looking, thin and dark and well-dressed. I used to think what a perfect movie-actor he would make.

"This town's no good, Hazel," George said to me once; we were about seventeen at the time. "As soon as I can, I'm going to New York."

That thrilled me, for I, too, dreamed of New York. I suppose every small-town girl does.

EXCEPT for George, there was only one other boy who interested me. He was Bob McCord, Anne Coulter's cousin. He was big and strong, blue-eyed, with something gentle and pleasant about him that I liked.

Sometimes I wished he would tell me I was the prettiest girl in school.

But he didn't. He was much too shy for that. He lived on a farm a couple of miles from town, and when his father died, he quit school without finishing the

Who Tried to Get Much Out of Life

term. His mother was old, and sick a good bit of the time.

After that, I hardly ever saw Bob, except when he would come into the store in his rough clothes. I used to compare him to George Erwin, who was always beautifully dressed. Of course Ike Merritt, the tailor, complained that George's clothes weren't paid for. But I didn't stop to think of that—then.

Even in a town like Sherrod's Corners, things change. My school days were over. Anne Coulter went to Topeka to live; Bob McCord was working on the farm. And George Erwin got a job as traveling-salesman for a grocery firm.

"You understand, Hazel, this is only a stop-gap," he told me. "I'm going to New York later on. Wish you could, too!"

Everything changed—except my life. I began to feel myself a prisoner. Though my uncle was kind to me, he couldn't afford to have me idle, so I spent my days in the store.

No one who hasn't lived in a very small town can imagine my uncle's store. He sold everything, from groceries, dry-goods and gasoline, to sewing-machines. It was the dingiest, stuffiest place you can think of, everything in confusion—and some of the stock looked as if it had been there for twenty years! I grew to hate the store.

But I had only to close my eyes, and the store, the hot, glaring little town was gone. I was far away in a land of romance . . . in New York. I owned my own automobile, and I had somehow become rich and famous.

"Hazel! Hazel! Are you asleep? I've asked you twice—where are those tenpenny nails?"

Thus my uncle would break in upon my dreams. When I would open my eyes again to all the dreary reality about me, I would feel almost desperate!

Then George Erwin came back. Not to stay, for he was selling goods for a Kansas City firm—but he was handsomer and better-dressed than ever. Beside him I felt shabby and small-townish. But he only said:

"You're simply lovely, Hazel! You don't know how I've looked forward to seeing you!"

His hand reached over the counter to press mine. It gave me a thrill, and

I felt myself blushing. After all, life and love were very sweet.

George stayed in town two days. In the evening we walked together along the river. I felt wildly happy, when he whispered:

"I'm coming back—I'm going to marry you, and take you to New York!"

Then he kissed me. It was my first kiss. Now at last, I thought, my dreams were beginning to come true. Yet the next morning he left without saying good-by.

"Understand Bob McCord knocked George down last night," my uncle told me, "for braggin' before a crowd that he'd kissed you! Serves him right, conceited idiot!"

Suddenly the world went black before my eyes, and I felt a shame I had never known before. How could I face people? And if George had done that, made light of the love I took so seriously, how could I forgive him?

Yet I was thrilled, too. For Bob McCord had defended me—what did that mean?

NOT long after that, Bob came into the store. I wondered if he would say anything, but he didn't—except when I asked him about his mother.

"She's had a sort of a stroke," he said. "I've got my nose pretty close to the grindstone these days."

There were tears in my eyes as I watched him go out. He seemed so fine—so big and strong. Yet I couldn't fit him into my dreams, somehow. He would probably never be anything except a farmer!

Little by little I forgot about my humiliation. Before long George wrote to me, saying he was going to give up his job and come





"I hate to do this," he said. "But if you're sure you don't mind, I can get a hundred on it."

back—"till we can get things fixed up!" was added.

Why, that could mean only one thing!

Already I had forgiven him, yet a queer thought came to me:

"If it were only Bob, instead!"

I had made one new girl-friend, Jewel Marsh. She was little and very dark, not exactly pretty, but a sparkling sort of girl. Her father had plenty of money. I confided my hopes to her.

"He must be a wonderful fellow, this George!" she said. "I'd like to see him!"

SEVERAL months later, George came. He wore a big diamond ring, and seemed to have plenty of money. I introduced him to Jewel, and from the first they seemed to get along well together. But George spent most of

his time with me. We were together every evening; even in the daytime he would come to the store to talk to me.

I was very happy. George gave me a beautiful solitaire. It was thrilling to talk of the future . . . just the two of us together, in the far-off big city.

"How's he goin' to earn a living for you, that's what I'd like to know?" said my uncle. "He hasn't any money, he owes everybody here!"

Sometimes I worried about that too—but not when I was with George. He always seemed so happy, so hopeful. With his arm around me, with his kisses on my lips, I felt gloriously happy. It was only when I was alone that a little shadow of doubt ever came over me.

So I made preparations for the wedding, though the day had not been set. George said he would prefer to have it sudden, and very, very quiet.

People knew about it, though. Bob McCord came into the store one day when I was alone. His face was very pale, and he held out his hand.

"I wish you joy, Hazel," he said. "You deserve it."

I caught his hand, and the tears came to my eyes. At that moment I wished, more than ever, that it could have been Bob instead of George.

"I don't suppose you'll ever come to New York, will you?" I stammered, for it was the only thing I could think of to say. He smiled sadly and shook his head.

"I'm afraid not—not while Mother lives, at any rate. My duty's back there on the farm."

ONE afternoon I was alone in the store when George came in. He was nervous and excited. He caught my hands in his

and said in an excited whisper:

"Hazel, how'd you like to get married—*tonight*? Then we can catch the midnight train East. Are you game?"

I caught my breath with rapture. The idea appealed to all my romantic notions. "And we'll go straight to New York?" I asked excitedly.

George frowned. "Y-yes," he said. His voice sank to a still lower key. "If we can. Have you any money?"

"Money?" I laughed. "About a dollar. Why do you ask that?"

"But you can get some—your uncle will give you some."

"That shows all you know!" I said, still smiling, yet uneasy. "Uncle Joe hasn't any to speak of. He has a lot of bills coming due, and hardly enough money to

pay them with. My, what crazy ideas you have, George!"

But George was still scowling. He caught my hands again, saying:

"You want to go to New York, don't you, Hazel?"

"Why, of course!" I cried.

"Well, so do I. But I've got to have money to get there. I've spent all I had; I've even pawned my ring. Now you've got to help me!"

"Of course I'll help you—if I can!" I told him. "But how?"

George jerked his head toward the little iron safe in the corner, behind the desk. "There's money in there. Now don't get excited, Hazel! It isn't stealing; it's only borrowing. We'll pay it back. If you can get your hands on a couple of hundred——"

"Stop!" I cried excitedly. "If you think I'm going to take money that belongs to my uncle, to get to New York, or for any other reason——"

"Not so loud, you little idiot!" he whispered sharply.

"I tell you it's not stealing! You've got it coming to you; you've always worked here for nothing. And I swear we'll pay it back."

I felt cold all over, and I was trembling. But I managed to say:

"And I swear that we'll not touch one cent of his money!"

His hands gripped mine so tight that it hurt. His eyes were glittering. For a moment I wondered if he would try to take the money himself!

SUDDENLY he straightened up, and let go of my hands, saying in a different tone:

"Well, if you won't, we'll have to think of some other way. Is there anything we could sell or pawn?"

He was looking at the solitaire on my finger. Without a word I took it off and handed it to him. He took it, his eyes avoiding mine.

"I hate to do this," he said. "But if you're sure you don't mind, I can get a hundred—maybe more. I'll—I'll let you know."

He turned and went out.

All that day I waited. I packed my things—perhaps he still meant that we were to go that night.

But he didn't come back. Two days later my uncle said, very gently:

"I hate to tell you this, Hazel. But I've just heard that George Erwin has eloped with Jewel Marsh. They were married by Squire Adams last night, and went East on the late train. Old man Marsh says his daughter got a couple of hundred dollars from him—but wouldn't say what she wanted it for. A good riddance, I'd say."

I turned back without a word to the ledger I was working on. I could not see the page. All my golden dreams had fled!

One thing I knew, I couldn't stay at Sherrod's Corners. Everyone was laughing at me, because I had been jilted.

Little by little I felt a resolution taking form. Somehow, I would go to New York. Sherrod's Corners seemed like a prison to me, I could not bear to stay there.

IT WAS a few days after the blow had fallen, when I was at the store—alone as usual. There was a footstep, and I looked up to see Bob McCord standing there. He seemed embarrassed, but he said in a firm voice:

"I've come here, Hazel, to ask you if you'll marry me!"

I felt the warm blood rushing to my cheeks. For a moment my heart was eager. Then I remembered. He had heard about George, he was asking me from pity—it was too much.

[Turn to page 80]

I felt the warm blood rushing to my cheeks . . . He had heard about George—and he was asking me from pity.





*Shell Island Folks
Told Me He Was
Scared of the Sea.*

Poison

*"That
Kind of
Poison
Runs
Faster
Than
the Tide."*


THE sea was like a sullen voice, muttering and threatening outside of our cottage. Dad ate his pilot-bread and hot beans hurriedly, then swaggered out front to figure the weather. Bluefish were schooling down the coast. He was going out for a haul next day, stormy or fair. Blows never kept Shell Island men in when the blues were running.

When the last supper dish was washed and put away, I went to the window. The October night was black except for the foam frothing against the beach. A wind striking us from the south raged through the darkness.

Shortly there were heavy steps behind me. Dad was swaggering back like a giant shadow in the lamplight, that flared and flickered before the storm's breath. He always swaggered, ashore or aboard his smack. The pride in his sea-faring blood made him do it. Dad was Cap'n Ben Sellers all the time!

"Flo, you're expectin' the slim school master ag'in tonight, ain't you?" he demanded, his wide shoulders filling the doorway.

"Yes, Dad," I answered, suddenly afraid of the way he was narrowing his weather-wise eyes. He was studying me for signs that would tell why I was giving my evenings to Paul Spalding, when all Shell Island folks believed they belonged to Kingfisher Tradd, Dad's young



I thrilled at the sight of Paul dragging the dory behind him . . . "Paul—Paul—my brave!"

fishing partner, and the only island man who could haul a bluefish net alone in a pinch.

"Well, daughter, you might jest as well put him out of your mind for tonight—and always," he said. By his tone I knew Dad was laying down a law.

"Why?" I faltered, the wind almost howling the

question down my throat. I waited for his answer. "Mister Spalding ain't a bad weather sailor or any other kind. He won't dare come out in this little blow even with land underfoot. He's scared of the sea . . . the wind! He turned white when they fetched him over in a boat to take the school two weeks ago. He lights a lamp and reads all night when it storms. He won't come out tonight. Jest you wait and see! Most likely he's hidin' in a closet, or——"

"Dad," I cried, tears suddenly scalding my eyes. I just couldn't stand to hear Paul abused like that any longer. It wasn't right to call a man a coward because he wasn't used to the sea like us.

"Flo, don't let me hear a daughter of mine takin' up for a coward. None of my kin's goin' to feel soft for the school master's kind. Don't you dare think of a man except one like Kingfisher. By the Great Horn, he's a man! King belongs to the sea like me and you. It's in your blue eyes; in your sun-yellow hair. I'll stop Paul Spalding's comin' here. He'll read no more po'try books to my gal."

THERE wasn't any use answering back. Dad had contempt for everybody who feared the sea. They were weaklings. Worse than women. I turned away making believe I was doing more chores.

Later, when Paul did not come and my lamp kept

going out in the wind, I undressed and crept into bed.

Lying in bed I tried to excuse Paul. I remembered how his fine dark eyes flashed so brightly at times; his thin handsome face; the way he often spoke with bravery in his voice; I remembered how straight he carried himself. It hurt to think he was cowering in a closet, afraid of the might of an angry sea; that fright was in his fine dark eyes; that the bravery was gone out of his voice.

"Mister Spalding didn't show up jest as I said," boomed Dad, breaking up my thoughts.

"No, Dad," was all I managed to say.

"Flo," he boomed again, stepping inside my door, "a man what's afeared of the sea ain't a man. I'd disown children who'd hide in their ma's skirts at the sound of a wind and the roar of waters," he shouted, his voice raging above the wind.

I cringed under the covers. His words were breaking a dream in my heart before it could be fulfilled. I lay there like a person awaiting another lash of the whip. It came shortly.

"You can't see him anymore. No shiverin' coward's welcome——"

"Please, Dad," I begged, something burning inside of me. "don't say such things about a man until you're awful sure."

"Sure!" he exploded. "I'm sure. He didn't dare come out tonight even. I'll show you tomorrow what a white liver he's got. There's no school till Monday. I'll catch him at the post office tomorrow afore we go outside. There'll be wind. A northeaster's due. Spalding'll get a chance to go to sea. I'll invite him in front of everybody. He'll turn white and stutter. He won't go. He ain't got a heart like Kingfisher Tradd's got. That's your man, Flo! King Tradd. 'Night, gal," he finished, slamming the door.

I lay awake for a long time miserable at the thought of how Dad intended to shame and humiliate Paul the next morning. It didn't seem fair. He was from inland.

Such thoughts only made me want to save him. Something else inside of me kept begging to stand by Paul.

"I'll take him over to Spar Island somehow and keep him there all day if I have to

Poison! . . . Hysteria almost overwhelmed me when Dad's heavy hand dragged me back from Paul.



set my dory adrift," I determined, as the sea pounded harder and harder against the beach.

Next morning I hurried to Paul's with his poetry books as an excuse for my visit to save him from Dad. My heart sank as I saw Kingfisher Tradd coming towards me from his cottage. King swaggered too. Not as much as Dad. But the sea was in his legs, and in the blood that ran through his veins. You could tell this from the very way he held his blond head up, and swung his powerful arms.

"Goin' to the store, Flo?" he asked, a smile on his rough good-looking face that was as tan as sun and wind ever tans a man's face.

I tried to hide the two little books behind my back at his question. But he caught me in the act. King's eyebrows went up. His lips drew tight together. He twisted his big hands as if knotting a rope.

"Runnin' to the school master with his rhymin' books, eh? Look here, Flo gal, you ain't gettin' too interested in—in—" he stopped a second or so, then went on, "in po'try books, is you?"

"N-o, King," I answered, looking down at the ground as a flame spread through my cheeks. "Mister Spalding's been mighty kind to lend books to me. I—I always loved to read. But, there're no books home. Not any on the island except school books——"

"I know you always liked readin'. Funny too! Shell Island gals ain't that way much. Guess you got it from—from you ma. Folks say she was better'n the rest of us. Talked better, an' all that. Your pa 'clared she was a rich sailin' master's daughter from Jersey," he said.

We walked along towards the cluster of cottages in silence for a time. Just as we were out in the clearing King wheeled on me suddenly, his hands gripping my shoulders.

"Flo, I've loved you all my life.

I dunno how to tell you jest how much. I ain't got words like—like he's got on his tongue. But I've sailed and fished with your dad hopin' all the time you'd be mine someday. I can't stand seein' you look at another man, 'specially one who hides in closets account of the storm——"

"King, please," I cried, wincing at the way his fingers dug into my arm, "you're hurting!"

The big man's hands dropped down at my words. The frown went out of his face. The softest light I'd ever seen in King's eyes came into them. His wide shoulders drooped a little.

"Forgive me, Flo. I wouldn't hurt you for all the world. Guess I was jealous," he said, half under his breath. "Tell me, gal, you—you don't love him, do you?"

My eyes still on the sand I shook my head. I didn't dare trust my voice. Maybe it would have proved something to Kingfisher that I didn't know myself so far. There'd been no talk of love between Paul and me. All I knew was I liked to be with him—to hear him talk—to watch the fire flash in his young eyes when he spoke of things that seemed far from Shell Island and the sea.

"God, I'm glad!" he cried, his broad chest heaving like the sea. Before I knew it Kingfisher had pulled me into his arms. I felt his heart pounding against mine,





I was powerless to pull away . . . "I can't help it, Flo," he cried. "You're so purty—so fetching."

and I was powerless to pull away. His strength left me limp and I was swaying there in the dazzling sunlight of early morning like a wind-swayed blade of sea grass when he let me go. King seemed to be two or three men whirling around in front of me. The sand became the sky and the sky became the sand.

"I couldn't help myself, Flo. You're so purty—so fetching," he murmured repentantly steadying me.

I said nothing. My voice was lost. Somehow I walked along, and where the path broke and turned towards Paul Spaulding's I left King with a little nod of my head. He remained in his tracks like a great pine tree rooted to the spot.

Calmness came back to me gradually. It was the shock of what King did, not anger, that had unnerved me. I couldn't be angry with him. I knew only his love had made him kiss me, but I wished he hadn't. Suppose Paul had seen?

BUT there was nothing about the young school master's manner to tell that he had seen King kiss me. Paul was just the same as usual. Sweet and kind, trying to please me by the things he said and did.

"You liked the poems about the mountains, Flo?" he asked as we stood at his boarding house gate.

"They were—beautiful, Paul. They almost made me cry time and time again," I answered, my eyes drifting up to meet his.

"Yes they are. The mountains are so majestic! So worthy of the poet's song. They often reminded me of

God. So serene and calm! Never ruffled. They've stood like sentinels through the ages, watching men and women laugh and cry. Ah, Flo, if you could only see them once! Feel their peace and presence! The mountains are not like the sea," he shuddered over the words just as if they had sent fear surging through him. "They do not rage; do not take humans and hurt them. Flo, I can't help myself. I hate and fear the sea that you all love as a friend," he finished.

His words made me lose hope of being able to save him from Dad's plan. How could I ever get him to go with me to Spar Island a mile across the river, I asked myself in despair.

"The sea must have done something to you once," was all I could find to say.

A silence fell between us. From the shore came the steady roar of the thing he hated and feared; the thing that lulled me to sleep night after night.

"It did," he said at last. "I only saw the ocean once before coming here. That was ten years ago at a sea-shore resort. The day after we arrived at Riggins Beach my father went for a sail. There was a sudden squall. Afterwards my mother and I found Dad, face down on the sand. He lay gray in death. Stiff, wet and raw from the sea. Terror swept me. It sweeps me today," he admitted, shivering in the warm October sun.

"Oh, Paul," I cried, taking his hands impulsively. At my touch his eyes, terrorized as if he still saw his father gray and wet on the beach, [Turn to page 98]

Four Kinds of Love-

Which
Would You
Choose?



BEAUTY and charm carried Eve through life seeking her own pleasure regardless of the injuries she did to her older sister who was as unlovely as the "Dark Swan" of the legend. But there came a day of reckoning when the older sister was repaid in full for all her wasted years.

MARIE PREVOST as "Eve"
Portrait by Seely



IT IS hard to realize that good deeds can be misinterpreted, but the young minister in "Madonna of the Streets" is forced to that conclusion. He has married a woman of the underworld only to learn that she continues to "cheat" in the game of life. It is a remarkable story of life in the slums of a big city.

NAZIMOVA as "Mary"
Portrait by Melbourne Spurr

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A YOUNG Russian Prince stole the heart of an English widow when they met in the very shadow of the Sphinx. Strange customs held them apart for a while, but all the intrigues of old Russia could not stop a romance such as theirs—and so he had “His Hour” after they had been married through misunderstanding that had nearly wrecked their lives.

AILEEN PRINGLE as “Mrs. Lorraine”

Portrait by Edwin Borer Hesser





WHEN a young and otherwise ambitious hypochondriac forsakes doctors and remedies, something interesting is bound to happen. And when that same young man runs into a girl like MARY ASTOR we can be sure that he will find success. "Oh, Doctor!" is filled with most surprising situations.

MARY ASTOR as the Nurse
Portrait by Schellenberg



*Does a Man Like
A Girl Who
Pursues Him?*

He was thirty and I
already twenty-eight—it
half frightened me.



She Was Sure He Loved Her—

So She Proposed

—And Then An Amazing Thing Happened!

EDWARD and I had been going together for five years—and he hadn't proposed yet. I loved Edward and I knew he loved me. We both worked in the same office, but as I was Mr. Nahler's private secretary, I earned more money than he. It was pride, false pride, I thought, that kept Edward silent.

In the meantime, life was rushing past us. Those years, which were the sweetest and best and should have been spent together, were being lived apart; Edward in his cheerless boarding-house room and I sharing a room and kitchenette with Mary Fabian, who was in the personnel department.

This seemed very foolish to me, and the more I pondered and brooded over it, the more unnecessary and cruel it seemed. Why should pride or money be allowed to interfere with the one real thing in the world that mattered—love? Why should Edward and I continue

indefinitely as lovers and sweethearts when we wanted to be man and wife? Why should it be the man who always proposed marriage? Why should not the independent woman have as much right to pick her mate and do him the honor of proposing that he become her husband?

I was not ultra-modern, or radical or masculine; but the situation grew more and more hopeless the longer it went on.

THINGS reached a climax that Christmas when I got a raise and Edward was still left in the shipping department at his old salary.

How gladly I would have changed my luck and given it to him! That extra twenty dollars a month seemed almost a wedge that was driving us further apart. I hated it. Then a thought struck me. That extra money was



'Behold Glosteretta, the beautiful movie vamp, about to intrigue the dashing Earl of Gear.' With that she winked at Edward and shook his hand.

just the amount we had figured we would need to start out life together. If only Edward had earned it rather than I! But there was no use repining; Edward must see the reasonableness of my idea.

I made up my mind to propose to him that night.

The little home we had planned, the furniture we had picked out in our window shopping—why not make them all come true? The delicious suppers I would prepare for him! Even now he praised my cooking extravagantly. If he liked kitchenette food so well, what couldn't I do on a real stove? I would take such good care of him. Often the buttons on his shirt were loose or broken, and the darns the "Bachelor's Friend Laundry" put in his socks were enough to make anyone

weep. But though I made up my mind a dozen times to actually propose, when it came to the point I lost my nerve and it was not until a warm night in April that I really dared do as I planned. And then it was the surroundings as much as anything else.

IT WAS full moon and the sky was sparkling with millions of stars. Spring was in the air and the smell of wet earth and buds drifted over from Central Park.

Edward and I waited on the corner at 110th Street and Eighth Avenue for a bus. But they were all crowded and we laughed until at last we managed to get seats on top of one; we determined to keep on it all evening and ride up and down in the balmy air. It was our Rolls-

Royce, we said, and forgot everything but each other in the pleasure of the night and the stars and the misty darkness of the stretches of the park.

Edward seemed in particularly gay spirits. He put his arms about my shoulders and I snuggled close, taking off my hat and letting the wind blow through my bobbed hair. No one paid any attention to us, for everyone else on the top of the bus seemed as much interested in each other as we were. As we swept into a clump of shadow, Edward kissed my forehead and I was very happy.

Fifth Avenue had been sprinkled and it stretched out ahead of us like a shiny river of tar, bordered by the splashed golden lights that lined it like mammoth dandelions.

Washington Arch—and we turned back uptown. Very few of the passengers got off. Most of them were couples joy-riding like us. But in the white arc lights I looked about. Girls and fellows; but most of these girls were flappers, eighteen, twenty, and the boys too were very young. I looked at Edward. He was thirty and I already twenty-eight. It half frightened me and I determined to speak.

"I saw Fruger, the export manager today," Edward began. "He——"

"Oh, that old prune!" I interrupted with some violence. Fruger was the one who for years had promised Edward the raise he had never given. I hated the man, a wizened old creature with eyes that seemed to pierce through you like steel drills. I did not want to hear anything about old Fruger to-night. He seemed the malignant genii, the very cause of Edward's and my unsatisfactory lives. If only he would have given Edward the chance

he had so often promised. It always made me mad just to hear about him. How Edward could be content to go on under such a boss I could not see; but in spite of all my grumblings Edward actually seemed to have a respect, even an admiration for Fruger's methods and shrewdness.

"I don't want to hear a word about that Fruger," I said, putting my fingers over Edward's lips. "Not on a night like this. He always puts me in bad humor. Besides, there's something very important I must tell you."

"What is it, Tricks?" Tricks was one of Edward's pet names for me, though my real name was Alice Reading.

"Ed," I caught tight hold of his arm. I must plunge right in without preliminaries before I lost my courage. "Ed, I want you to marry me."

He wheeled sharply and even in the shifting shadows I saw the amazement in his dark eyes.



"Perhaps you would like to give this to some other girl," I snapped. "At any rate I don't want it any more."

A rush of embarrassed shame came over me. I wanted to hide my face like a child.

"What—are you proposing to me?" There was, I thought, almost amusement in his tone.

"Yes, why not?" I retorted with defiance. "You—you won't and——"

At that he laughed outright and his laugh hurt and angered me.

"I don't see anything so funny?" I blurted out.

"Don't you?"

At that I withdrew from his encircling arm and raised my head from his shoulder. "Really, Edward, I don't believe I would have mocked you had you proposed to me."

"That would have been entirely different."

"How different? I don't see it."

"Well I do." He lit a cigarette and as he struck the match it maddened me to see on his well cut lips a lurking smile.

"Very well then," I cried, quite furious by now. "I suppose you are refusing me."

"Exactly. I am."

At first I was so astonished by the unexpectedness of his reply that I just gasped. Then slowly indignation swept over me and I grew hot with anger.

"Very well then," I began, "since that is the way you feel there is not much need of us continuing to see each other. I—I thought that——"

"My intentions were honorable."

I knew he was making fun of me. I bit my lip to keep back the tears I was afraid would betray me. Even as a child I never could bear to be laughed at and now it tormented me to think that Edward had so mockingly refused my offer.

WHY? Why? Was it possible Edward did not want to marry me? Had I been mistaken? Was it only friendship he felt or was he beginning to tire of me? Perhaps he was looking for a younger, prettier face. Perhaps some flapper!

I could not endure my thoughts. We were nearing my street.

"I want to get off here," I choked, pushing the button. "I want to go home."

I could see from his expression that he was sorry he had hurt me. His face was grave.

"Please, please, Alice, don't be angry. I——" Then again he seemed overcome by some secret and inner mirth.

We got off the bus, but I would not let him help me. I shook off his hold on my arm. By now I was really angry. The thing was no longer a joke. Stark tragedy—and he laughed.

My life, the best five years of my life, sacrificed to a man who had not even thought of me seriously. There were men of that type. I had read of them in magazines: men who let a girl devote her whole life to him and then in the end when it came to marriage picked

out some young thing of eighteen. But I had never dreamed Edward was that sort. It was too terrible. Even looking at him now, his tall slim height, his handsome, finely cut features, every line and expression that I knew and loved even yet, I could not realize that everything that had passed between us had been empty and a lie.

But it was a mercy I had found out before it was too late. Why, the thing might have dragged on for years and years till I was an old woman and every chance in life was gone.

AFTER all, Edward Gear was not the only man in the world. I hugged to myself ugly and bitter thoughts as we walked along Morningside Park to my place. I was attractive, clever. Old Mr. Nahler, my boss, found me essential to the smooth running of his office. And more besides. He was a widower and wealthy. He had often asked me out to dinner or to a show, but I had never accepted because I cared for Edward.

But now that was all over and done with. At last I was awake. Edward had just been playing, philandering. Picked out a girl who hadn't expected him to spend all his money on her. What a blind fool I had been! He had never wanted me for his wife. That idea had just sprung up out of my own desires without any real cause or foundation.

When I reached the door of my apartment I said good-night very stiffly. Edward did not seem to notice my coldness.

"It's not late, Tricks. May I come in?"

After what had happened I just gasped at his nerve asking to come in.

"Certainly not," I replied. "It is late and I am tired."

"I see there's a light burning in your window," he went on breezily. "Mary Fabian must be in. I believe if you're tired I'll go up and see her."

He was unspeakable. I turned on my heel, too in-

furiated to say a word. So he was interested in Mary Fabian, my roommate. What a fool I had been not to see it all along! Pretending to me that he did not really care for blondes. Mary had the loveliest long, wavy light hair.

I went hurriedly up the stairs, Edward at my heels. "You may see Mary," I choked, "but I have a headache and am going to bed."

"Mary will do very nicely." And I could tell that he was still laughing up his sleeve.

I WANTED to turn on him, to strike him with my clenched fists. To think I had deliberately let myself in for such humiliation! But I'd see that Edward did not have the laugh on me. I'd show him how lightly I intended to take the insult of his refusal. I'd just show him, or at least pretend to show him that I cared as little as he did. But as I turned the key in the lock, my hand trembled and the long [Turn to page 86]

Just Between You and Me

DID YOU like the last issue of SMART SET?

Don't you think this one is even better?

Whether you do or not, sit down and write us a letter. We want to know what stories you like best.

We'll give twenty-five dollars for the best letter criticizing the DECEMBER issue; ten dollars for the second best; and five dollars for the third best. All letters must be received before noon of December fifteenth. Prizes will be awarded January 1, 1925. The Editors will be the Judges.

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"It Is Not a Dull Life

LOYALTY TO THE HOME

By W. A. Sunday

THE world talks of those that go out, make their fortunes, or distinguish themselves in fields of heroism. The great baseball pitcher, the man that flies around the world, the traveler in strange lands, the fighter, the gatherer of millions, all these are honored in song, in story, in newspapers.

I write today of, and FOR, another class, those that stick by the home, that attend to the dull routine of loyal service. And I choose for my text the words at the top of this article, taken from the 24th verse of the 30th chapter of the First Book of Samuel.

On that text, the great and earnest preacher Talmadge delivered in Brooklyn, when most of us now reading were babies, a sermon of great power. And on it a thousand other sermons could be based.

King David Said It

THE words are those of David the wise ruler.

"The wicked men and men of Belial" had urged David to refuse any share in the spoils of victory to the man that had stayed at home. They wanted him to divide everything among those that went with him. But David, great king, wisely rebuked them.

In that text there is comfort for millions that live, die, work and *do their duty* without ever knowing fame or glory on this earth.

Fortunately for this country, millions of capable men and women, mothers and fathers,

men with others dependent upon them, have STAYED in the place where they found themselves, and have been content to work and struggle, and provide for others.

The Patient Mother

MANY might have played a great part in the world, and written their names on the high places, but have been content "to tarry," to stay where they saw their DUTY. They can find comfort in those words, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike," that is to say, they shall SHARE alike.

The patient mother, working in the little farmhouse, far from the big city, far from the noise and the excitement, taking care of her children, providing for her husband, sharing his anxieties and hopes—hers is a dull life, as the big city sees it. But it is NOT a dull life, as seen FROM ABOVE.

One light shines out brighter than all the blazing lights of New York's Broadway, brighter than the lights that flash along the Boulevards in Paris, brighter than the sun at noonday. That brightest light is HUMBLE DUTY, PATIENTLY DONE.

"They Shall Part Alike"

WHERE fathers work early and late to provide for their wives, and children and for old people; where daughters help their mothers

As Seen From Above"

A Wonderful Tribute from FIGHTING BILLY SUNDAY

"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike."

in the care of younger brothers and sisters, where the son grows up an honor to the father and mother that he helps to sustain, there DUTY IS DONE. and to them and to the greatest most conspicuous in all the land you may apply the words of David, "They shall part alike." Their reward shall be the same.

It may not seem the same to our limited vision. But this earth lasts but a brief moment. This life ends almost as soon as it starts. It is another world, and another ETERNAL life that counts. The rewards of that other world and that other life alone are of REAL importance.



*The Famous Pulpit
Orator In Action*

The Whole Thing Started In

*But
After
His
Trip,
Larry
Came
Back
To
Face
The
Music.*



IF EVER you want to find me, you've only to go to Mike Foley's little Ready-to-Wear Clothing Store, down in the Red Hook district. His store is on one of the streets alongside the Gowanus Canal. I'm the big red-headed man with the broom who sweeps out the place and keeps it tidy.

It's a come-down, I admit. Not so long ago I was "Battling O'Neill," the handiest man with the gloves in the whole ward—and that's something, for they grow champions around the Erie Basin.

In the beginning, it was drink. Not decent drink, either, but the home-made brew of hell that Foley sold upstairs over his shop to anybody who had fifty cents.

It was queer stuff: it gave Flaherty the false courage to tongue-lash me—him that no more than came up to

my shoulder—and by the same token it weakened the lion's heart in me so that I let him. It gave him wit, that never had any before, and it took mine away from me, so that I just sat there and let him

call me names to his heart's content.

THE real trouble began in Foley's back room one night. "What are you but a shame to the good old Irish name, you, Larry O'Neill—you hairy baboon with the red hair and the flappin' big ears!" Flaherty started in. "What decent thing have you ever done without spoilin' it, you big bum? You were mate of a tug-boat, and you got drunk and near drowned a half-dozen men! And when the war came, and you had a chance to die clean, you got a job in the ship-yard—the first honest

Foley's Back Room

"Look out for yourself, Tim Flaherty!" I shouted. Wurra! The little man was quick! He had the table between the two of us.



Now to have Mary's name mixed up in this was the one thing I couldn't stand. Something burned red before my eyes. My fingers gripped an iron wrench of Foley's that he used for opening cases—and I swung it.

work you'd ever done. But when it was over, then you talked as big as anybody about 'doin' your bit,' lyin' and braggin' till anybody that didn't know you would have thought you won it all by yerself."

"Michael," said I to Foley, "I'll trouble you for another tumblerful of that poison. Go on," I said to Flaherty. "Spit it out and have done with it."

"I will," he says. "D'ye think I don't know you for what you are, you giant of a man with the soul of a rabbit! An' then you've got to go makin' up to Mary Malloy with your flatterin' words, till she——"

"Whisht!" I said, soft-like, but growing cold. "None of that!"

"I'm sayin' nothing' against her. But 'twill be a sorry day if she ever listens to you with your lyin', insinuat'ion tongue—your promises that you don't intend to keep."

LOOK out for yourself, Tim Flaherty!" I shouted. Wurra! The little man was quick! He had the table between the two of us before I could bring the wrench down, and there I was looking into the round muzzle of a gun, with Flaherty grinning behind it as cool as a cucumber.

"Easy, man!" he said. "You've not heard the half of your pedigree yet!"

And there sat Foley cross-legged on his tailor's bench, a thread in his mouth, and laughing with his yellow dog-fangs showing.

"No matter," I said, brandishing my wrench. "I've heard all I'll listen to," and I rushed him, caring no more for his gun than if it had been a child's plaything.

It was Flaherty's turn to shoot or to give way. He didn't shoot. I saw the fear of death in his green eyes, as he backed away, feeling with his foot for the door.

"Take that, you cur!" he screamed, and threw the gun straight at me.

It hit me on the forehead, not stopping my rush so much as blinding me.

When my sight came back Flaherty was gone. There was only Foley, picking up the gun with his long white tailor's hands that trembled.

"Calm yourself, Larry," he said. "See, 'tis empty!"

I wiped the trickling blood out of my eyes.

"Foley," I said, and held up my right hand. "I swear to you it's Flaherty's life or mine from this moment on."

THEN I sat down sudden, for what with the drink and the blood and my black rage at hearing Mary Malloy's good name in his mouth, I felt mortal sick and weak.

"I'll have no killin' here," said Foley. "I run a decent place."

"Then it will be outside," I said. "No man can talk to me, as he did, and live."

Right then there came a timid knock at the door. I picked up the wrench and gripped it beligerently in my fist.

"Come in," I said softly. "Let's see the face of you!"

But it was Battista, with his beady eyes and curls and earrings.

"Meestaire O'Neill," he began—he was scared green, I could see. "Down below there—Meestaire Flaherty, he say he wait to keel you."

"'Tis good tidings you bring, Wop," I told him polite-like. "I am obliged to you."

With that I took my wrench and went out, with Battista flattening himself against the wall to let me pass.

It was dark as a pit on the staircase, and every rotten board creaked under my weight. But I went down as soft as I could. I knew Flaherty was not the sort of man to meet me with bare hands. He would have a trick or two up his sleeve to spring unexpected.

AT THE bottom of the stairs was a door. I found it by feeling, and I got it open without a sound.

It was silent as the tomb in there, pitch-dark, except for one single ray of light—maybe from a street lamp or maybe from the moon—that fell in a long slant across the room. Only that, and a cold briny smell from the canal just outside, and water gurgling around the stones of the wall.

My head was foggy from the drink and from the blow, but I felt sure of one thing: Flaherty was there somewhere, waiting for me!

I hardly dared breathe. I moved a little away from the door, and then my heart stood still, for in that one ray of light I could see the turn of a shoulder—a head poised a little to one side as if listening.

Just that. It didn't move, but it was enough. His life or mine—hadn't I sworn it? If he had another gun, I couldn't tell. I had to strike quick, so I made one step nearer, then another, quiet as a cat. There wasn't a move from him: he couldn't see me, I supposed.

Then I swung my wrench high, and brought it down. "Take that!" I said.

I can't describe the queer little dull thud it made as the iron came down; it seemed to shear through as if I had cut into a cheese! Not a word, not a sigh, but I saw him stagger and go over backward; roll a little sidewise, then lie still.

I wiped the sweat from my forehead. There was water gurgling, licking around just outside—and that one bar of light with nothing in front of it. And there was that still black thing on the floor—and me with my heart turned to water, knowing I'd killed a man! If ever I was sick, it was then.

"Flaherty! Flaherty!" I whispered. "Speak to me, man!"

I was shaking as if an ague were in me. You'll remember I was drunk to begin with; and with this horror on top of it all, I was like a man in a dream.

How I ever did it I don't know, but I got down and crawled on my hands and knees to that black thing. Finally I reached it, and with a shudder felt around his vest to find if his heart were beating. Not a throb! He was dead!

There was ice in my own breast, and cold drops stood on my forehead as I tried to think. At first, I kept saying over and over that he had it coming to him. He had not only insulted me, but he had spoken lightly of Mary Malloy, the one girl I cared for in the world.

Hadn't he waited there in the dark, meaning to kill me? I had been too quick for him—struck first!

"Ay, Flaherty," I muttered. "I've stopped your tongue at last! It had to be one of us and it happened to be you."

But it was only with the top of my mind I thought this. The rest of me was drink-fogged madness.

"I'll have to get rid of him somehow," I thought, reasoning as a crazy-drunk man will

reason. But how? That was the question.

Then I thought of the water, gurgling around just outside. I didn't stop to think; I just caught the Thing by its collar and dragged it to the window. It was heavy and stiff except for the arms, that swung loose. One tug more: plop!

I looked out after it. I could see the black swirl that closed over it, and then a white face that came up and went down again.

"God rest you, Flaherty!" I tried to say the words. And it came over me as I looked down into that foul water, that once—when I was sober—I had loved the man.

"'Tis hard with you," I thought. "But 'twill be harder still with me?"

IT IS one thing to have been crazy-drunk, and to have struck down a man who had been my friend; it was quite another thing to look back on it afterward. Five minutes before he had been alive—a brave little man who had dared to stand up against me, Larry O'Neill, a bruiser twice his size!

I WANTED TO BE A LADY

*This is the fascinating story of
a girl's pride—of a blood red
ruby—and of a missing book!*

*Her pride carried her to a
great Hacienda where dwelt the
last member of an ancient house.*

*What happened inside its
gloomy walls makes a strange
and wonderful tale of life.*

COMING

I groped around on the floor for the wrench, dreading lest I touch the end that was sticky with his blood. I even wrapped my fingers in my handkerchief, before I dared pick it up. With a jerk, I cast it out of the window, and heard it clang on the stones before it hit the water—a sound louder than a bell.

"'Tis the same as putting my head in a noose to stay here!" I thought to myself, so quiet as a cat I crept down to the front door and looked out. Glory be! the street was empty. Crouching low, and keeping in shadow where I could, I reached the corner.

There I drew back; for a policeman was under a corner lamp, swinging his stick. I wanted to duck, but fearing he might have seen me, I put on my boldest front and went up to him.



I shook him like a rat. "If you tell anyone you saw me, I'll kill you!"

"You'll not be having a light for my pipe, Officer?" I began, drawing my tobacco-pouch from my pocket. He turned.

"That I have, Larry," he says. "And a fine night it is, to be sure."

It was Terence Maloney, an old friend I had often had the gloves on with in days gone by.

"So fine I thought I'd be taking a stroll before I turned in, Terence," I said, trying to keep my voice unconcerned.

AFTER I had left him I got to thinking that maybe I had said too much by half. I had met Terence a dozen times before in the small hours of morning, without finding it needful to give an account of myself. Just a little thing like that might make him suspicious!

Maybe he was looking after me, wondering.

I whistled, and walked slow till I got to the next corner. Then I ran like a madman, with no idea where I was running to.

I suppose I moved in circles, for in a little while I was back on the same street, with Foley's just ahead of me! It was drawing me back just as if it were a magnet.

I walked past, trying not to look in. But there was a light in the back room, and I heard Foley's voice, loud and excited. I looked, and pretty soon I saw that Terence was in there—I could catch a glimpse of his blue coat and brass buttons.

It came to me then that I had to make a quick getaway. I was feeling horribly tired, hardly able to drag my limbs along. It was like a bad dream, that makes a man feel half-paralyzed.

Somehow I got to the corner; then I almost screamed, for someone was calling my name.

HIST! Meestaire O'Neill!" It was Battista, I could see his earrings twinkling in the lamplight. "You better run like hell! Foley, he got the police after you!"

I caught him by the collar and shook him like a rat.

"If you tell anyone you saw me, I'll kill you!"

"Sapristi!" he gasped. "I no tell."

"If they ask you, tell them that you think I went to my brother's in Newark. Understand?"

He nodded. I left him there, his round head bobbing like a clock-work doll's.

By this time the drink had left me, and my mind was working like a trip-hammer on the idea of getting away.

I slipped along alley-ways, taking short-cuts where I could, climbing fences, and dodging whenever I saw anybody. I was making for the docks. When it began to grow light, I was a good mile from Foley's, and ahead of me was a regular forest of masts.

There was one big boat there, and I breathed easy when I saw what she was. I knew her well; the freighter *Volturmo*. I went aboard and found the Captain—old Dyckman—a big Dutchman, with a face about as full of expression as a Holland cheese. He looked at me with his china-blue eyes.

"Can you use an odd man?" I asked him.

He took his pipe out of his mouth and blinked his round eyes in amazement.

"Ve not got a bo'sun yet, Larry. Un' in half an hour ve sail. But you vant not such a job, Larry?"

"Don't I?" I said. "Where do you go?"

"To Rio."

"Ah!" I drew a long breath, for in all the world there was no other place I would rather be at that moment.

I could see it all as if I stood there—the long sweep of the Botafogo shore, and the shining white city on the blue bay.

"You go?" grunted Dyckman. "All right; tell the Mate I take you on." Then he put his pipe back into his mouth like a stopper.

HAVE you ever killed a man? I suppose not, but if you have you will know that when the freighter at last churned its way into the open sea, I still felt the long arm of the law reaching out for me. While I had been running like a frightened rat along the waterfront, I thought that the way to safety lay in the ships. But once aboard, then all I could think of was how swift a message would carry to our destination. I could image a half-dozen little brown policemen waiting for me at the dock-edge when we arrived at Rio.

What's more I couldn't sleep for thinking of it. Often, during that long voyage, I would find myself looking down into the green waters, inclined to think that the easier way out after all.

But by great good luck we didn't reach Rio—a broken shaft forced us to put in at Bahia. I went ashore—and well, I didn't come back. Safe at last, I thought!

That feeling lasted just two days. And then I caught a man looking at me with a queer expression, as if he knew me, and panic filled me again. I shipped on a little coffee-mill of a steamer for Para, and from Para worked up-river to Manaos.

It was at Manaos that I found out I couldn't make the grade. The thing was inside me, and I couldn't get away from it. I lived over that night at Foley's a thousand times; heard a thousand times that queer little sickening thud as my wrench crashed down. I couldn't

look down into the water without seeing—far below—a white face upturned.

Yes, it got me, as it always gets a man! It took away my courage, so that I became that most cowardly of human beings—a big man who won't fight. The bullies on the wharves had a lot of fun with me. But most of the time I just sat with my chin in my hands, thinking—seeing! Foley's still kept drawing me like a magnet, that little shop where I had killed a man.

It was thinking of Mary Malloy that made me give in at last. Those clear blue eyes of hers were always before me, and I remembered her voice as she said once, after I had done a wild thing I was ashamed of:

"'Tis not what you do that matters, Larry, so long as you face the music."

"God help me!" I cried, "'Tis Tim Flaherty's ghost I see before me!"



That decided me—I would face the music. I sat down and wrote her a long letter.

"I'm coming back," I wrote. "It may be that I'll get there before this letter does. But I'll face the music, Mary, though it will cost me my life, most likely."

Of course I said much more than that; I poured out my whole heart, and cried over the letter in the end, and felt happy again.

It's a grand thing to have your mind made up. I felt

like a man again. The homeward trip was all too slow—I was in a hurry to give myself up. I didn't care what they did to me. Small wonder, then, that a weight lifted from my heart when we steamed past the Narrows, and I saw the towers of Manhattan once more and the masts of Erie Basin.

WHEN we landed, I made a bee-line for Foley's. I burst in where Foley himself sat cross-legged on his table in the back room, and looking up at me with his mouth open.

"Foley," I said. "I've come back. I couldn't stand it any longer. Call the police, and let them take me. I'm ready."

"Lord preserve us!" said he. "'Tis that bad penny of a Larry O'Neill! You've turned up again!"

"What's left of me," I tried to grin. "I've gone a

ugly face of you. I've missed not havin' you to shoot off my mouth at."

I sat down, for my joints refused to hold me up.

"If it wasn't you I killed, who in the name of heaven was it? I killed somebody, Foley, and dropped him in the canal out of your window there. Call in the cop you had in that night, Foley. I'll not run away this time."

"Oh!" He looked a little ashamed of himself. "I'll not deny that I had Terence come in that night. I was provoked. But that's all worked off my mind long since. But now that you're here—" and his eyes narrowed—"you'll pay me, just the same, for what you did."

"I'll pay," I said solemnly, "a life for a life. I came back for just that. I'm ready."

"'Twill easily be fifty dollars, I figure," he went on. "Will you pay cash—or will you work it out day by day



long way to find out that a man can't get away from his crime. So go ahead—call them in."

"Call who in?" said he in a puzzled way. "Oh, Tim!" he shouted. "Come in here, will you?"

As if to ward off a ghost, I put up my hands—for there, stepping in at the side door and as unconcerned as could be, was Tim Flaherty!

"God help me!" I cried. "'Tis his ghost I see before me!"

"Hello, Larry," said Tim. "It's glad I am to see the

with a broom, cleanin' up this place? For if you don't I'll call the cop again. It's up to you, Larry."

"Fifty dollars?" I babbled. "No—a life for a life!"

"Fifty dollars!" he repeated. "Crackin' the head of my bran-new dummy that I'd just bought an' with an all-wool suit on him that was completely ruined! I'm lettin' you off dirt-cheap, you spalpeen!"

At this I sat down and began to cry into my hands.

"Well, what's the answer, Larry? Do you work it out peaceable or do you go to jail? Which it is to be?"

I wiped my eyes. "Bein' it's you, Foley," I said, "I guess I'll work it out. Where's your broom?"

IS MARRIAGE *Really* AN AID TO SUCCESS?



I'm Glad I Left a Rich Home To Marry a Poor Boy

I WANT to say right here, before I go any farther, that when fate was passing out the good looks I was right on an aisle seat. I never missed a thing. Now that doesn't sound girlish and modest, I know. But then, I'm modern. I know I have stunning eyes, hair that will take a decent wave, skin that really keeps that school girl complexion, and a style and manner that will make even Madame of a Fifth Avenue shop sit up and take notice—so why not say so?

Besides which, if I hadn't had all those, Don would never have looked at me twice. Maybe not even once. It was at a house party on Long Island and the competition was all there—eight other girls.

House parties were Mother's one best bet. She saw to it that I was invited to all of them that were worth going to—matrimonially speaking. I'd been educated for one job in the world, to marry a wealthy man. And a country estate, with all the properties of fragrant gardens, golden moonlight, evening gowns, soft lights, marvelous food, and a few pocket-flasks ought to give a girl with any sense of management all the chance she needed. As I said before, I am not difficult to gaze upon. And as to commonsense and style, I've cultivated those.

Good looks may give you a fine start, but you need something a little steadier to make a good finish.

I had gone to the most expensive and exclusive schools to be found on the map, and at eighteen I was "finished," as far as book education was concerned. Of course I topped it off with the usual summer abroad, with Mother and my chum and her mother and a couple of boys, who were the sons of two of our

best families. Something was supposed to ignite—but it didn't. Three rainy days in Berlin, with nothing to do but look at each other and cuss the weather, took all the romance out of that. So when we docked and the glad good-bys were said, we didn't go out of our way to see each other often.

BUT I must hop back to the house party—and Don. It all began when it rained. Rosemary Yates, who was giving the party, phoned wildly to me at about three o'clock on Friday.

"For heaven's sake, bring another man. Bill Carr was driving up from Philly and the big clump skidded and sprained his ankle. I've got to have eight couples for bridge."

Well, I was already bringing two men with me, that being my long suit; but I'd do a whole lot for Rosie, so I called up one of the boys.

"Any strays around your place today?" I asked him. "Rosemary needs a filler in."

"Surest thing you know," he answered. "Don Ambrose just blew in off the *Leviathan*. He's here at the house until he lands a job, and a week-end in the country will put him on his toes. You know who he is—half-back on the '10 team. Prince of a fellow!"

Isn't that just like a man? Never mentioned the little fact that Don had worked his way over on the *Leviathan* as a steward, or that he came from a poor but honest family somewhere out in Iowa. Not that it would have made any difference—about his going to Rosemary's, I mean. As long as he could don the white flannels and [Turn to page 101]

What's Your Problem?

*You're reading—this very minute
—the fastest growing magazine in
the world.*

You've been great to us!

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*We'll pay Fifty Dollars each for
the five best stories on "My Big
Problem." Then we'll ask our
other readers to solve it for you.*

These 3 Letters Win Prizes!



We Worked Out Our Destiny On a Homestead

A GREAT deal has been said and written lately concerning our lax divorce laws. It seems to me that national measures should be taken. If we had a week set aside for married folks, like a convention, such as "Old Home Week," then I don't believe there would be as many divorces.

My husband and I have just passed the twenty-fifth milestone of our journey together through life, so I feel that I am somewhat qualified to speak on this subject.

A quarter of a century ago, we began our married life with no other assets than a homestead from Uncle Sam, a team of horses, a buggy, good health, plenty of courage, and unlimited amount of faith in ourselves—and in each other. Today, after all of those years, we are considered well-to-do. We have raised a family of six children. Four daughters, who are the eldest of the family and are now married, and two sons, just entering young manhood.

During the last seven or eight years, we have traveled quite a little, kept a good car, and in general have enjoyed what is commonly called the good things of life. But it was not always so. The first ten years we spent together were strenuous years, indeed. We faced sickness, poverty, and a little of everything during those first ten years. I always think of those years as the testing time.

During those times there were two powerful forces that kept us together. First was the love we had for our children, and the other our own self-respect. The Good Book says, "If faithful over a few things, we shall be made ruler over many."

This rule applies to marriage the same as anything else.

Our first two years of married life were spent in a neighborhood in which our relatives lived, and then we sold out and moved to another community—far enough from our relatives so that it required a special trip to make them a visit.

It was a good move for us in more ways than one. As a rule, married folks are happier by themselves, and our case was no exception. I think it is wise for married people to take a short vacation from each other occasionally, but never long vacations. For sometimes when away from each other for too long a period, they form other attachments that may end in divorce.

Whatever differences my husband and I had in getting adjusted to each other, we always kept to ourselves; we were both too proud to share our troubles with a third party. Poverty is perhaps the worst test to which young couples can be subjected. But poverty is really just a condition in one's life that almost everyone has to meet sometime or other, and while one is young and in good health they can stand these reverses better. While married people are going through that "lean time" of life, the old adage must not be forgotten—"the wheel of fortune points upward as often as it points downward."

You Know a Story

Why don't YOU write it?

We want the most interesting true stories ever.

We want true-to-life, really true stories about YOU.

Stories that will make this the most helpful magazine in the world. We'll pay you Fifty Dollars for each one published.

MY HUSBAND and I have had about the same experiences that almost every couple face. Many times I have been asked if I would like to live my married life over again, and my answer is "no." I could not do it now with the same grace and courage I did then. But I am glad I went through it when I did, for nearly every woman, who has [Turn to page 102]

What Do YOU Think About It?

WRITE TO US—WE'LL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED



I Am Sharing My American Heritage With My Alien Husband

WHOSE success—his or mine? Or both? It should be the last. And in our case, it is.

I married a man without money, education, or even citizenship. He was not yet naturalized the day we set out for Hoboken, just about a year from the time Fannie Hurst and Jacques Danielson took that same excursion to Happiness Land. I shall never forget the blue of the sky that afternoon, nor the fairylike quality of the scenery the next day when we went up the Hudson on the way to a summer in the mountains.

It was as if a new land were opening to my sight. We were explorers as daring as were my forebears, when they sailed up that same river three hundred years before. But my husband's people had been in this country less than a decade—and the real adventure of our marriage was reconciling their alien lack with my American abundance.

Since example is the best teacher, the first thing I did was to prove to my new relatives that the finest thing in the world was an educated American citizen. My husband must be that. So in addition to daily work, he took up extra studies at night. And to make sure that a standard should be maintained of genuine Americanism, we paid more rent than we could afford in order that we might have a home in a good neighborhood, with sanitary conveniences. He was just as anxious for this as I. The day the last touch was put upon our little apartment rooms, he looked about and said:

"After all, there is nothing like an *American home!*"

IT HAS been hard, keeping up that standard. No one has understood. American friends have said we were extravagant. And one, a millionaire and a childhood acquaintance of mine, has tried every means

of separating us, on the pretense that happiness cannot come to me from such a marriage.

It has!

I am far happier than the millionaire, sneering in his office that "This East Side stuff doesn't interest me!"

I have been on the East Side, with my husband. I have sat at his mother's table and been treated like a queen. I have met in his father's tenement rooms ladies and gentlemen who could not speak English, nor read in any language. Yes, ladies and gentlemen!

We live, though, on the upper West Side, where it is not so hard to be American—but very, very hard to pay the rent many times.

So, of course, I do my share.

I have a college diploma, but I have done bead embroidery far into the night, many weeks, to help out the failing purse. And I didn't mind in the least. My great-great-great-grandfather fought in the Revolution, and his son, too young to fight, drove an ox-team in the supply-train—why, then, should I not do my part in this newer war for independence, making a sure republic out of the alien elements left helpless on our hands?

My husband is a tubercular war-veteran, but he has mastered all odds and made good in a new trade. It is true he had help—from a good Jew who thought him capable of something better than his old work. It is true, too, that my American friends and relatives look askance on our venture. My college chum, who has been a real friend in every way, is an English aristocrat, which perhaps explains her kindness. Nobility and kindness are synonymous after all. But most of our friends are frankly only waiting to see us fail. Even my husband's army buddy treats us as something that is on exhibition—interesting, but [Turn to page 103]



"I've something that will make you feel better, dearie." The needle flashed! . . . "Now isn't that nice?"

My So-Called Marriage

A Brilliant Chapter in The Life Story of a Leading Lady

WHY I had accepted a dinner invitation from a man like "the Toad" is beyond my wildest comprehension now. Perhaps it was because I was lonesome—New York at this time of year was fairly deserted of player-folk, most of them either ending engagements or touring on the road. Entertainments such as the Toad should offer would be relief of a kind from the humdrum of work.

At any rate, here I was being swiftly borne in a luxuriously appointed car to a house on Fifty-seventh Street.

"Have your other guests arrived?" I asked my host

as he greeted me in the hall with an effusive smile.

"Yes. Several fellows are smoking in the billiard room."

We descended in an automatic elevator. Three men lounged about the billiard table—men just like the Toad, sleek, prosperous; self-indulgence written in every line of their features.

"Hello, Jim! Is this the sweetie?" one of them called.

The dining room glittered with gold plate. The room was extravagant, florid and untastefully exotic in its decorations. A boat filled with red roses was afloat on

a lake in the middle of a table laden with costly fare.

It was a good dinner, but there was too much to drink. Though I had only sipped from the variety of glasses handed me, my head ached. I thought of my own little room with the cheery grate fire in the boarding house. A basket of fruit and books on the table, a circle of light from the library lamp falling upon the open page. Why was I not there?

The men drifted out of the room—perhaps to the billiard room. But I heard an automobile make its noisy way toward Broadway.

The Toad leaned across the table. I saw him through a strange haze. His face held a new kind of ugliness.

I rose unsteadily. "I must go home," I said in an uncertain voice.

"There's a little pink room at the head of the stairs, little one. Go there and rest. I'll send you a maid," he whispered.

It was a nest of pink satin and white lace. I threw open the windows and breathed in deeply the moist air from the river. I had decided upon a plan. I would go downstairs, get my wrap and leave the house quietly without waiting for a word with my host.

Suddenly there came a soft rap upon the door. Before I could speak it opened, and in the doorway stood the Toad. He had changed to a silk-embroidered lounge robe. The same unpleasant smile was upon his lips.

THE situation called for instant action, I knew. Recalling my athletic training, I bent low, dashed under his extended arms and reached the door. He followed, to be struck by the door that I flung open with all my force.

Furious oaths—and then I tore down the stairs and out of the house.

Thus ended an episode that was perhaps the most disagreeable of my whole life.

But it was while I was playing in San Francisco, soon after, that I had a faint glimpse of the love that asks nothing. Our company was touring in *The Rose of California*, and one night the stage manager whispered to me:

"We will have some big guns in the stage box tonight."

Six officers from a fleet in the harbor entered the box and quietly took their seats. I did not play to the box. I never do. But with woman's third eye I saw that they were a good-looking dignified party. They applauded with restraint, and left the theatre decorously. Therefore I was a little surprised to receive next morning a box of roses concealing, until I lifted them, a magnificent sapphire. There was a note, too. It was written on ship paper and signed frankly by the donor.

"It is the custom in our family for the eldest son to give his sapphire to his wife. As I am the eldest son, and a seafarer, I am sending it instead to the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

His ship had sailed before I awoke. I read of his arrival in Japan, and following that in Europe. I never saw him again.

MARRIAGE had never seriously entered into my calculations so far. Perhaps I was waiting for the "not impossible him" who dwells in every girl's heart, who lurks perpetually around the corner of her dreams. Then in New York the next season I met a man whom I looked at in the light of a prospective husband.

Walking up Broadway one day, after sitting for hours on benches in agents' and managers' offices, I met

my last season's company manager. He was the one, you remember, who had looked at me with misgiving when I announced that I would spend a week-end at a mountain hotel in the South. We had grown chummy on that southern tour. Often we sat together on the train, pooling our miseries, while we wondered whether by traveling at a snail's pace we would reach the next town before curtain time.

"Hello, Charlie!" I called out, halting in the crowd of passersby.

"Hello, Marguerite," he answered. "Fixed for next season?"

"Nothing certain. Several things on the carpet."

"Tell you what to do."

"What?"

"Marry Jim Gleason."

"Why?"



It was an awkward beginning . . . The famous

"He admires you. Believes in your future. He's a playwright manager. That helps a girl on the stage. You'd be protected as well as promoted."

"Go along, Charlie. What are your plans?"

"Going South with number two company of *The Rose*. When would you be in if a fellow could get away from the office long enough to make a call?"

"I am always at home with clean face and powdered nose at five."

LATER at the hotel, I was not surprised when one minute past five the telephone yielded the information that Mr. James Gleason and Mr. Charles Graham were calling.

"Send them into the drawing-room," I said.

I flew to a woman's base of supplies—a vanity case. I whitened my nose and reddened my lips. I loosened

my hair to greater becomingness, and sprayed my neck and palms with a subtle fragrance from France. I tripped down the stairs, to give me an added touch of color at this first meeting with the famous young playwright.

He was not particularly prepossessing.

His eyes had the faraway look of one who is much alone. His manner was abstracted. His eyes were pale, and his hair so light that it seemed without color. He was tall and thin, already having the "scholar's stoop." He dropped his hat, then picked it up and dropped it again. Until we had disposed ourselves in chairs he tried to rest on the window-sill, failed and slid clumsily off, saving himself from a fall by an awkward lunge.

Charlie Graham saw my glance at the uncomfortable playwright and tried to divert it.

"No household ornament, this bachelor friend of mine," he chuckled. "But he is a magnet at the box office. The golden coins he drains turn the box office into a hopper. Sit down over there, Jim."

It was an awkward beginning. Jim Gleason gradually recovered from his misery. Though every time I looked at him his pale eyes fell, he talked strongly, brilliantly of the stage. He attempted a few awkward compliments to me, which good old Charlie finished. Finally he stammered an invitation to tea at the Maurice.

Things were a little easier after that, though Gleason broke the cream pitcher. Charlie took him away and saved him from falling over the first step of the hotel stairway.

Charlie telephoned progress.

"Gleason's hard hit," he said. "It's all up to you. Be a sensible girl."

EVERY day after that I lunched or had tea or dined with Gleason. Sometimes all three. He had been telling me about a part he thought would suit me and we would talk from two o'clock to eight.

One night he took me to the opening of the earliest play of the season. I was furious when his great foot rent the fringe of my best evening dress. His consciousness of his long legs and arms exasperated me. When we walked in the park, I was irritated by his habit of looking at his feet instead of me. Yet wherever we went, I heard whispers of, "Who is that pretty girl that Gleason is trailing?" Or "Old Jim's gone this time."



young playwright dropped his hat, then picked it up and dropped it again.

It was characteristic of this bungling fellow that he wrote his proposal. The letter was carefully composed after he had taken me to the opening of *Audrey's Lance*, and we had supped afterward at the Mont Royale. This is what he wrote:

Dear Marguerite:

You must have decided that I haven't been hanging around you for six weeks without a purpose. That purpose was not merely to secure you for my leading woman for next season, but to humbly hope that I might induce you to be the leading woman in my life. My admiration for you is only equalled by my love.

May I receive a note in the morning telling me whether I may continue my attentions with the hope of winning you?

August 1

Jim

His attentions continued while I played the lead for three months in his new play, *The American Princess*, in New York.

An hour before the company left for Philadelphia, we were married at the Little Church Around the Corner.

The organ of the low, rambling, brown church played softly as we entered. Then more jubilantly as we went out, past the little fountain, through the arbor, into the street. Its faint notes followed us to the automobile. The round-faced, kindly rector still in his robes, smiled at us from a window.

Charlie and his wife had witnessed the ceremony and drove to the station with us. At parting, Charlie raised his hand and a shower of rice descended upon us. Pursued by colored streamers and handfuls of confetti, we ran to the train and rushed to our drawing-room. Outside a band played: "He's Married Now."

We spent our honeymoon in Philadelphia—a hotel honeymoon. It wasn't feasible to take a house for the short stay there.

The newspapers said a great deal about the "idyllic honeymoon of the gifted young dramatist manager and his beautiful leading woman." They printed pictures of Jim helping me into our car; of his hotel homecoming, his arms filled with roses and his hands with violets for his bride. There was a good press story about Jim's demanding that the property man be discharged, because he ran the curtain up for a call—while I, surrounded by my loving husband's arms, received his congratulations and kisses for a scene well played.

BUT Jim went on one of his solitary fishing trips in August.

My suggestion that I go with him was met with a shake of his head.

"I must be alone to think out my plots," he said.

He brushed the top of my hair with a hasty kiss, said "Good-by, old girl" and loped off to the elevator.

A lump rose to my throat. Iron bands seemed

pressing about my head. "Such a honeymoon!" I sighed.

When Jim returned from his fishing trip, our life resumed a dull, monotonous routine. The Philadelphia engagement was followed by a longer one in Boston, and a still longer one in Chicago. The western city, in this one instance, endorsed the judgment of its haughty eastern sister. The play was "the work of a man who would be one of the foremost playwrights of the world." There was much said, too, of my "charm and talent and beauty." We were well launched on the sea of success.

THE smiles of Fortune turned my husband's long, pale head a bit. To have audiences responding to your lines, as a servant to the bell, is gratifying to say the least. To read that you are one of the great playwrights of the future is slightly dizzying.

It seemed to me that he discounted a trifle my own contributions of "charm, and beauty and talent" to the vitalizing of his play. A leading woman has always been

considered "the backbone of a play." My stumbling, fumbling, pale-eyed husband may have believed the backbone existed in the play. But I wonder what would have become of his play if Viola Grandon had strutted and simpered through it, or if Julia Reed had oversentimentalized it.

We never clashed about this. I kept my opinion to myself, which perhaps is fairer than to nag a man. Jim was preoccupied, but kind. If I hinted a need of fresh air and asked him to drive with me, he kissed me absently and asked me to take one of the women of the company. He must write. When he talked to me at all, it was about his current play and the new one on which he was making the first rough

draft, preparatory to giving it to the cast for rehearsal.

Jim was by nature a bachelor. He should never have married. Charlie's rosy stories of our joint future success had fired his fancy as it had mine. He was in love with his playwright career. I had seemed an element in it and he had married the element. He didn't understand women, even though he wrote sparkling comedies about them that "played well."

IT WAS at the end of our second year of so-called marriage that Jim brought Milton Mason to our apartment in the Hotel Splendid. We had a three-room suite—on the same floor I had the box-like room before my marriage. One night there came a knock upon the door of our drawing-room and Jim came fumbling in. Near-sightedly he looked about the room, then glanced through the open door into mine.

"There you are, my dear. Come out and meet a possible leading man for my next play."

A possible leading man! One glance at Milton Mason, a word of his deep voice, pronounced him ideal.

What Do You Think?

Several letters have come to SMART SET asking the editors to recommend interesting books each month.

Would you be interested in such a department?

If we do it, we will merely give a brief review of two or three novels which should prove interesting.

Remember your judgment is to guide our policy in this as in all other things.

He looked what every woman admires—a thoroughly manly man. He was tall enough and broad enough, and his carriage was so upright and composed that he seemed taller than he was. His clothes fitted him perfectly, yet he seemed, as a true gentleman does, entirely unconscious of them. His features were regular, and his complexion ruddy, as though he had a large acquaintance with golf and tennis. His dark eyes were commanding, compelling.

He crossed the room and bent in a graceful bow above my extended hand.

I offered him tea, but he declined. Jim was fumbling toward his purpose.

"Mr. Mason—my dear, I'll have tea, I'll ring for it—has been in opera. Left it last season for the stage. He has manner, you know, and looks—how old are you? Ah! twenty-nine. And do you think, my dear, you would like him to play opposite you?"

Woman-like, I dissembled. I asked Milton Mason about his education—I who had little, almost none—what operas he had sung in, and with whom. I even asked him why he had gone upon the stage, which brought forth a modestly told story of a good family and a vanished fortune.

"After all," my husband broke in, "there must be pictorial values in a pair that play together. You two stand before the mirror. Shall it be your room, Marguerite?"

MY HUSBAND blundered in and I followed. The tumbled disorder of the rose-colored room brought a blush to my cheeks. I had been taking my afternoon beauty nap and the pink silk coverlet was tossed back. Two pink mules lay near the door—one of them directly in our path. My husband picked it up and placed it beneath the tumbled bed.

Then Mason and I stood side by side before my long cheval mirror. "M'm!" said my husband. "Good picture!" Milton Mason stood straight and composed, in his dark suit and faultless tie. His shining black hair caught the light that Jim turned on. His grave eyes smiled. Although I stood shoulder to shoulder beside him—my eyes, that had never failed to master men, looking into the mirrored reflection of his—his manner was delicately impersonal. It was a beautiful picture, marred only by Jim's eager inspection of it. He had drawn too near, and was reflected with us. His pale ungainliness vexed me.

My husband was an absurd intruder into a great loveliness. I made my way out into the drawing-room, the two men following me.

"Suppose you two read some of the big scenes in the play. I'll get it in a minute," Jim said.

OF COURSE Jim tripped across the door-sill, as he passed from the room. I ignored the incident and talked to Mr. Mason of last season's plays. He had seen one of my husband's comedies on the coast. He had an enormous admiration for the play—and still more admiration for its leading woman. I seldom blush at compliments, but I found myself doing so at this one.

"Here it is." My husband came awkwardly into the room again.

"Mason, will you begin at the [Turn to page 88]



"I shall be ready in twenty minutes, darling." He kissed me ardently, and dashed away to get his belongings.



"The Funniest *Told by Your*

By HOPE HAMPTON

IT WAS down in Texas, during a Senatorial Electoral campaign, and Senator Culbertson was in the throes of a very spirited campaign. On this particular day a large outdoor meeting was taking place and a great crowd had been listening for at least two hours to the Senator extolling his own virtues and giving innumerable reasons why he should be elected to the United States Senate. On the outskirts of the mob were two negroes, who had been listening in rapt and with open-mouthed attention. Finally one of the negroes said to the other:

"Sam, who am dat man talking so much about hisself?"

The other negro scratched his head a moment, and replied:

"I dunno who he am, but he sure do recommend hisself most highly."



By
DICK

BARTHELMESS

A FOLLIES' girl (not Mary Hay) met another young chorus girl at an art sale.

"My dear," said the chorus girl, "you look like some medieval picture—as if you belonged to the Renaissance."

"You don't look so darned well yourself," was the reply.

WHEN King Edward VII of England was a small boy, he and Lord Lonsdale were playing in front of the palace. The King, who was then the Prince of Wales, saw a dirty-faced boy about his own age, kicking stones in the gutter.

He thought it would be great sport to ask the urchin to throw one of the stones at a police officer.

"If you hit him," promised the Prince of Wales, "we will give you a crown."

The small boy did such an efficient job, he knocked the hat off the London bobbie.

The police officer, enraged at the three youngsters, arrested them and took them to a nearby police station. The magistrate with all the dignity in the world lectured them severely, saying:

"Your offense is a very serious one, you have offended the Law."



By BEBE DANIELS

Then turning to the most frightened of the three, he said:

"What is your name?"

"The Prince of Wales," he replied.

"What do you mean, taking the name of the queen's son," was the scornful reply of the magistrate.

"And who are you?" he asked the Prince's pal.

"Lord Lonsdale," was the equally astounding reply.

"Ahem," said the suspicious magistrate.

Turning to the dirty-faced urchin, he asked in his severest manner:

"And who might you be?"

"I can't go back on me pals," said the boy, "I am the Archbishop of Canterbury."

THE funniest thing I ever heard was a conversation between two girls in a motion picture theatre.

"Who is your favorite movie actress?" asked one of the girls.

"Jessie Lasky," responded the other. "She's so different in all her pictures."



By MARION DAVIES

THE story that I am about to relate has never seemed as humorous to me as to my friends.

Mrs. Menjou and myself have made a business of raising Sealyham terriers. We had a very high-class pedigreed mother dog and our problem in life was to find a husband for her with as pure a strain as she boasted. After months of searching, we finally found what everyone said was a perfectly matched mate for our pet. In due course of time, she gave birth to seven puppies, and in doing so lost her own life. If you have ever raised any high pedigree dogs, you know what we went through. Mrs. Menjou made flannel jackets and we took turns feeding them milk through a medicine dropper. We refused all social invitations and for two months devoted our entire time to raising these delicate puppies. Our one consolation was that we would sell the seven for \$300 apiece, and make enough money to pay us for our trouble. Finally,

By
ADOLPHE
MENJOU



Story I Know"

Favorite Film Stars



By MARY HAY

the time came to dispose of them, and instead of getting \$300 we had to give them away. We learned their father was a common mongrel, and that their mother must have stayed out late at night before she was married. We were the joke of Hollywood, but I have never thought this was such a funny story, do you?

* * *



By NORMA TALMADGE

I SUPPOSE I shouldn't tell a story that reflects on a newspaper woman, because so many of them are my close friends. But I have to laugh every time I hear a certain actor tell this story, and to my knowledge, he has told it at least a dozen times within the last year.

A friend of mine on a newspaper, a woman who has grown old in the service and who is today one of the most beloved women in her profession, was invited by an actor to his home. He had some gorgeous tapestries and she went into ecstasies over the choicest one of the collection.

"Do accept it," he begged, "it will be a great favor."

He sent it to her home and forgot all about it until nearly a year later, when he was playing in the town where she lives. He was walking down the Main Street and who should he see but this woman, and to use his words:

"There were deers running up the front of her, and water-falls playing down her back."

She had made the tapestry into a frock.

* * *

SEVERAL years ago there was one of the most brutal murders ever committed in Evanston, Ind. A man had murdered his wife in a horrible way. Booth Tarkington read about this and remarked to George Ade:

"Good heavens, isn't that the most brutal murder you ever heard of?"

Ade replied:

"Well, you can't tell what the wife may have said to him."



By THOMAS MEIGHAN

AN AMERICAN who was touring in England had a difficult time learning that English and American are two different languages. In London, he met an English friend, who asked him if he had been seeing any sights or meeting any interesting people.

"Well," said the American, "I visited Magdalen College at Oxford."

"Oh," corrected the Englishman, you mean Maudlin College."

"And," the American went on, "I met Lord Cholde-mondly."

"You mean Lord Chumley."

Later in the conversation, the Englishman said that he would like to go to America.

"What would you like to see most?" asked the American.

"Niagara Falls," answered the Englishman.

"Niagara Falls?" queried the American. "Oh, I see, you mean Niffles."

* * *

I NEVER laugh, but the nearest time I ever came to smiling was when I heard the story about the big game hunter who had gone to the jungles on a hunting expedition with his wife.

One day a guide came running into his tent, shouting:

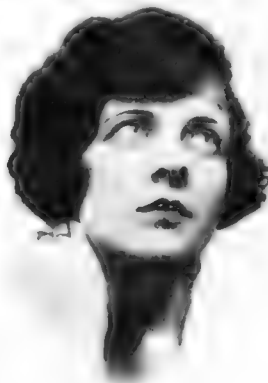
"Come quick, Mr. Jones, your wife is being chased by a saber-toothed tiger."

Flicking an ash from his cigarette, Mr. Jones replied:

"What do I care what happens to a saber-toothed tiger?"



By BUSTER KEATON



By MAY McAVOY

A TEACHER in a New York High School asked one of her pupils, an East Side boy, if he could give her the definition of a stoic and a cynic.

"Sure," said the boy, "a stoic is a boid what brings babies. A cynic is what you wash dishes in."

Too Much Out of Life

[Continued from page 47]

I looked into his steady blue eyes, and in an instant my mind was made up.

"I'll marry you, Bob, if you'll take me to New York," I said. "Will you?"

The eager light went out of his eyes. After a pause he answered:

"Can't, Hazel. My mother's very ill. I've got to stay with her. But I love you. I always have loved you."

I laughed bitterly. "But you don't love me enough! I've made up my mind I won't stay in Sherrod's Corners! People laugh at me; they say things about me behind my back."

"I'd like to hear them!" Bob growled. But I went on excitedly:

"Anyhow, I won't stay here. And if your mother needs you, so that you can't do what I want—then the matter's settled! I won't marry you!"

"Yes, I guess that settles it," said Bob quietly. "I'm sorry, Hazel. I had sort of hoped—" He sighed. But there was no anger in his tone when he spoke again:

"You're going away, you say, Hazel? I'm an old friend of yours. I'd like to help you if I can. Will you tell me where you're going?"

"I—I don't know," I faltered. "Anywhere, just so it isn't here!"

"Will you let me help you?" he went on. "I happen to have plenty of money—enough, at any rate. The farm has been doing well. If you want to go to New York, I'll be glad to send you there."

For a moment, my heart fluttered with joy and hope.

Then I realized I couldn't. There is one thing a girl can't do: she can't take money from a man unless she marries him. So I said coldly, as indifferently as I could:

"You'd send me to New York? And what would you expect in return?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing," said Bob. "I'd like to do it, if it would make you happy. I'm your friend—I'll always be that."

I looked at him in wonder. How fine and strong and splendid he was! His blue eyes were the eyes of a man I could trust, and as his big hand rested on the back of a chair, if I followed my impulse, I would have bent and kissed it.

But all I said was, in a very low voice: "Thanks, Bob. I appreciate it. But I can't do it. I'll have to think of some other way."

"All right, Hazel. Just as you say. But if you ever want a friend, you've only to let me know. God bless you, dear girl!"

His hand gripped mine, then he was gone.

MY LIFE now seemed darker than ever ahead. I had nothing to look forward to, nothing. It was autumn. As I walked through dead leaves along the river, I wondered if it wouldn't be better not to live at all, since life was nothing but disappointment. Surely the gods didn't pay for the heartaches.

But this mood didn't last long. Again the unexpected happened, this time in the form of a letter from Anna Coulter, in Topeka. She asked me to come and visit her. She said also:

"If you'd like to work here, I've heard of a job that might suit you."

That letter changed everything for me. I saw hope ahead, and lost no time in telling her I would come at once. My one fear was that the job she spoke of might be filled before I could get there.

I had always hated Sherrod's Corners, yet the evening when I left I seemed to see everything in a different light. There had been a glorious sunset, and as I looked at the familiar faces, and listened to familiar voices, all of a sudden I thought:

"After all, this is my home, these are my people!"

Two days later I was in Topeka. Anna was waiting for me at the station. I clung to her happily. She had never seemed so dear to me before.

"That job you spoke of," I said, as soon as I could. "Is it still open?"

"I think so. We'll go around to see Mr. Pierce tomorrow. He's a lawyer, and an old friend of the family. He needs an office-assistant. When I told him about you he said he'd give you a trial."

I was so happy that I didn't ask any questions; I just kissed her, and thanked her. "You—and your cousin Bob—are the two best friends I've got!" I said.

She looked at me with a curious smile.

That night I was so excited that I scarcely slept. If I had a job, if I could save my money, then New York and my dreams might not be so impossible after all. And yet, the thought of New York didn't thrill me as much as it once had. It seemed so far away from home—from all that I loved.

THE next morning I went with Anna to see Mr. Pierce, the lawyer who had promised to give me a trial.

When I saw him, I liked him instantly. He was a big man, about forty-five, with a bluff, pleasant manner.

"So this is Miss Bailey?" he said, holding out his hand. "Joe Bailey's niece, eh?"

"Do you know him?" I faltered. He laughed.

"Sure. I know everybody around the Corners. I grew up there."

"I hope I'll be able to do the work," I faltered after a moment. He laughed.

"No fear. You'll do very well."

So my new life began. At first my hopes ran high. In six months or a year at most, I figured, I would be able to go to New York. I had only to save my money.

One day I asked Mr. Pierce if he knew anything about New York.

"Of course," he said. "I've been there often."

"But I can't see why you don't want to live there!" I cried.

He smiled. "Well," he said, "people aren't much good to you, unless you know them. It's where the people you love are, that's home!"

As time went on, Mr. Pierce was very, very kind to me. That winter I had influenza, and I was in the hospital six weeks. Not only were my wages paid, but my hospital bill also.

Every few days, while I was at the hospital, flowers came. No name was given—but I knew who had sent them. This made me vaguely uneasy. Gilbert Pierce wasn't in love with me; I couldn't believe that. For one thing, he was a married man.

"Why are you always doing things for me?" I asked him once. "I don't want favors; I won't accept them. It's humiliating—"

I began to cry in spite of myself. Then Gilbert Pierce said quietly:

"Why am I doing things for you? Well, I'll tell you, Hazel, since you ask me.

It's for Bob McCord's sake. He asked me to do what I could to help you. He wrote to me—and to Miss Coulter too—and got us to promise to help you. She wrote to you and I gave you a job—because—well, because Bob's just about the best fellow living! It was Bob who paid your hospital bills, it was Bob who sent you flowers every day—"

Maybe there was more, but I didn't wait to hear. I was hurrying into my hat and coat. I stopped at the door to say, tremulously:

"Thanks, Mr. Pierce. But I've got—I've got to go back to Sherrod's Corners!"

In my heart there was only one thought, to get there as quickly as I could. So I took the afternoon train, forgetting everything except that I must see Bob. New York—that didn't matter! If Bob loved me enough to help me secretly, silently, if he loved me so much that my happiness mattered more than his—then no sacrifice was too great for me to make!

When I saw the old familiar places again my heart was warm with joy. How could I have ever found Sherrod's Corners dull? It was home! How eager I was to see Bob—to thank him for all he had done for me.

But a white-faced, worn-out Bob awaited me. He looked as if he had not slept for weeks. The farmhouse was in disorder from one end to the other.

"I'm glad to see you, Hazel," he told me. "But mother—I'm afraid she's dying!"

There was hardly anything I could say. I had no chance to talk to him; suddenly I seemed to have become almost a stranger. I wanted to help, but there were already nurses enough. So I went back home, my heart sad. After all nothing had happened. Would anything ever happen? Was happiness always something far, far ahead?

Bob's mother died a week later. I went to the funeral, and I saw Bob quiet and sad and distant. I had no real chance to talk to him.

The next evening, though, he came to the house. His first words were:

"Suppose we walk—along the river!"

As I looked down at the rippling water, now tinted with the red of sunset, I tried to find words to thank him for what he had done. But he interrupted me quietly, saying:

"Never mind about that, Hazel. That is what I want to say: I'm free now. If you care for me enough to marry me and go to New York with me—"

I felt a new, warm tenderness in my heart. I looked at the river that I loved. Timidly I put my hand in Bob's.

"I do care for you, Bob. I—I think I always have! But why New York? When we can be happy, so happy here!"

AND we have been. There hasn't been a moment when I've regretted anything. I'm even glad of the unhappiness, because it has made me appreciate my happiness so much the more!

But sometimes, when Bob and I walk—still like lovers, though we have two children now—along the river-bank at sunset, after a day of tasks that are a pleasure in themselves, he will say:

"Sometimes I wonder, dear, if you could have had your dreams—"

But I never let him finish. "Isn't all this better than dreams?" I cry. "For I've got you, and the children and home!"

After all, what more can anyone ask than that?

Do You Need a Bust in the Nose

before you start to fight? Do you need this kind of treatment to bring you to your senses? If you are that kind of a fellow, the chances are strong that you are going to get it.

BE READY

I don't recommend that you be a rowdy who goes around looking for a fight. But I do believe you should be alert and, when the time comes, be prepared to beat the other fellow to the punch.

THE WISE MAN

Some men never pay any attention to the condition of their house till it begins to fall on their head. Others watch for the first sign of a crack and immediately have it put in condition. How about the house you live in—your body? Are you going to let it clog up and waste away until you suddenly realize you have tuberculosis or some other dreadful, incurable disease? Get wise! Check up on yourself! Put your body in shape and keep it so.

An apple is no good unless you eat it. Let it lie and it will rot away. Let your muscles lie idle and they will waste away, but *use your muscles and you have more muscle to use.*

"THE MUSCLE BUILDER"

That's what they call me. I don't claim to cure disease. But I do absolutely guarantee to make a strong, husky man out of you. If you wait until some disease gets you, the doctor is the only one who can save you—but come to me now and the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. I'll put one inch of solid muscle on your arm in just 30 days and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. I'll put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body and build up the walls in and around every vital organ. I'll shoot a quiver up your spine that will make you glow all over. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye that will radiate life and vitality wherever you go. And what I say doesn't just mean *maybe*. Are you with me? Come on then. Let's go.



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Marinello Beauty Aids Used All Over the World

A Man's Freedom

[Continued from page 19]

with its wet eyes, beseechingly. "Don't—"

But I couldn't argue with her. I turned and went up to my room to lie down, to try and get some sleep. My heart ached. It was Minnie first—and now my father.

The sun was low in the sky when far down the road I saw my father coming home with long, slow strides. I heard him come into the kitchen, and ask my mother, "Where is he?"

"He is upstairs." My mother's voice trembled. "Peter, don't be too hard on him. He's only a boy."

My knees were shaking as I went down the stairs. My father was standing in the middle of the kitchen, and when he saw me he went over and took down a whip which hung in a socket beside the door.

My mother caught his arms, crying, "No! Not that, Peter! He is proud."

"Quiet!" my father thundered. He pushed her away, not roughly, but firmly. "I've got to whip him. He wasn't too proud to ask you for money to pay his fine, was he? He isn't too proud to be punished, either!"

"You're not going to whip me," I said quietly. "If you do, I'll leave here for good."

"Come here at once!" said my father angrily.

As he lifted the whip, I caught his wrist and held it tight.

"Let go! I'll show you!" he shouted, struggling to get free. But I pinioned his other wrist, and pushed him back against the wall. Like a maddened bull, he lowered his head. His face was scarlet, and suddenly his arms went slack. Gasping, and clutching his breast, he fell into a chair.

"My heart!" he said in a choking voice.

I INSTANTLY my mother was on her knees beside him. "Quick, water!" she cried.

"I'm all right." My father lifted his head. "It's over now."

I bathed his forehead, saying, "I'm sorry, Father. Did I hurt you?"

"Stand back!" and he struggled to his feet again. "What is it to you if you have killed me? Give me that whip. . . . Now!"

Once—twice—the whip curled around my legs. Then he flung it away, wiping the sweat from his streaming forehead.

"There! I said I'd do it—and I did!" He sank down into his chair, trembling. "I'm not so young as I was once, my boy."

He patted the arm of my mother who was weeping silently.

"It's all right, Mother. Nobody hurt. Charley—tomorrow I want you to fix the barn roof where it leaks."

I had not moved, but at that I said in a low voice:

"I'm not going to. I'm going away. I can't tonight, because the Chicago train is gone. But tomorrow I'm going. You can fix your barn roof yourself, if you want it done."

My father got up heavily, and came toward me, his face gray.

"Charley," he began, "I had to do it. I told you I would, but now it's over, we'll say no more about it. I'm not a young man. I need you here—Mother and I both need you."

He leaned on a chair to steady himself.

"I'm sorry—for Mother," I said. "But I'm going. I'm a man and I want a man's freedom. I told you not to whip me—and you did. So that settles it. I'm going."

My father sat down, and shaded his eyes with his hand. From the corner of the room came the sound of my mother weeping. I couldn't stand it. I knew that if I

stayed there, I'd weaken—so I turned, and with my head held high I went out of the house into the twilight.

FOR a little while, I hardly knew where I was going, nor did I care. My heart was aflame with anger. But I felt sorry too, for father's sudden collapse had hurt me. I knew, somehow, even then, how much he loved me—that he was proud of me in his heart.

My heart ached. How unfair it all was! My father and mother were old, and weak, and I was young and strong. Yet they wanted to rule me; they weren't willing that I should have my freedom.

As I walked aimlessly through the dusk, its sweetness somehow brought peace to my troubled heart. Away off I saw the lake, silvery in the afterglow of sunset. In the marshes, here and there a pool reflected the sky—frogs were croaking. I remembered a thousand other nights just like this one, made sweet with a thousand tender memories.

I sat on the grass by the road, and saw a yellow lamp gleaming in the window of the Welker cottage. Suddenly something white and misty came toward me. Minnie! How had she known I was there? I could see her but dimly. Her eyes were like stars; her face seemed pale, but wonderfully beautiful.

"Charley, is it you?" she whispered.

"Yes. What is it?" I tried to speak gruffly.

"I'm—I'm sorry. I didn't want to give you back your ring!"

On the instant all my pride melted away and I caught her soft little hand, pressing my lips to it. I felt her other hand stroking my hair.

"I'm going to disobey my father," she whispered. "He tells me I am not to marry you. But love you—"

I put my arms around her, and she lifted her lips to mine.

"Now it's all right, isn't it? We'll be married—"

At that I stiffened and drew away. "No, it can't be all right—because I'm going away to Chicago! But you'll come with me—"

"Going away?" she cried. "When I love you so!"

"My father took a whip to me—as if I were a child," I muttered.

"Well, suppose he did? It didn't hurt you, did it?"

"You don't understand, Minnie! I've got to have a man's freedom! I'll be all alone—unless you marry me and come along, Minnie. Will you?"

"I can't, Charley. My father and mother need me here. I can't leave them."

"All right, then I'll go alone!"

Furiously I walked away. It seemed to me that I heard a sob and I wanted to go back—but my pride wouldn't let me. After all, I thought as I walked toward town, if Minnie were through with me I might as well go to the only friends I had.

I ran into Oswald at Sim Drescher's on Main Street.

"Come on over to the Beach," he said. "The others are there now."

The interurban car was just coming in, and we boarded it. Oswald offered me his flask, but I refused. When we reached the ferry for the Beach, he whispered:

"There's Fern now—and say, I know that girl with her, she's a peach. I'm sort of sore at Fern after last night. You talk to Fern. I want to dance with Elsie—the

[Continued on page 84]



"Patent Pending"

After moistening hair with McGowan's Curling Liquid, furnished free with every Curling Cap, place cap over the head and pull the hair forward through the rubberized cross pieces with the fingers.

2 The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces and allowed to dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.



3 After 15 minutes the hair is dry, the cap is removed and your mirror reflects as beautiful a Marcel as you ever had in your life.

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A timely aid to beauty

There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how they will keep it curled. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other sports always have played havoc with Marcells and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan's Curling Cap and a bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid she can have a fresh Marcel every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

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Read this amazing offer

If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be com-

pared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least \$10 or \$15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of \$2.87 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Curling Cap.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and McGowan's Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him \$2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcel worries will be at an end. If you don't find it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marcells just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and McGowan's Curling Liquid in every way, just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

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other girl." And when we approached the two girls, Oswald hardly noticed Fern.

I danced a couple of times with Fern, and Oswald devoted himself strictly to her friend. At last Fern turned to me savagely.

"I've had enough of this," she said. "He hasn't looked at me! I'm going home." "I think I will too," I told her. "I'm not in a dancing humor."

As we waited for the ferry-boat, I looked at Fern with sudden sympathy. She was a thin, dark, shabby girl with big, mournful, bitter eyes. She wasn't a bad girl—just never had a chance. The sadness in her eyes and around her red mouth made me tender. All at once I said:

"Fern, I'm going to Chicago tomorrow afternoon."

"Wish I could!" she answered. "What is there for me here? You saw how to-night Oswald didn't look at me. Last night I thought maybe he cared, because he fought for me. But it was only because he was drunk!"

"Poor kid!" I laid my hand over hers. "You and I are in the same boat."

"Oh, you're all right. You're a man; you're free! But I've got to stay. What's life for? I hate it!"

"Fern," I cried eagerly, "let's go together! I've money enough—for awhile anyway. We can get married, if you are willing."

"What do you mean, you aren't fooling?" she exclaimed.

"No, I'm not fooling. Will you, Fern?" She did not answer just then. We got into the car; it was nearly empty, and the lights were dim. I looked at her face, with its thin, sad profile. Her shabbiness touched me, and she was pretty, too, in a way.

Suddenly she twined her cold fingers with mine.

"All right, Charley. I'll go. It isn't as if I had any family—and I like you, Charley."

"All right, meet me at the station tomorrow afternoon at six. The train leaves at six-ten. You needn't bring much along. I'll buy what you need. I've got nearly a thousand dollars in the bank."

"Oh, Charley!" she giggled, and I looked at her shocked.

All the sadness that had moved me to pity vanished, and suddenly I saw her as she was. She was just a silly girl. My heart felt cold, as I thought of leaving Minnie for this creature.

"What a lark it will be!" she rattled on. "Won't Oswald be sore, though?"

"A lark!" So that was what it meant to her!

The car lurched and swung, and Fern laid her head on my shoulder. It was after midnight when we got to Newton. When we got out, Fern lifted her face; her thin arms gripped me around the neck.

"Don't bother coming with me. I'll be there—at six sharp. G'bye!"

SHE was gone. I rubbed my lips with my handkerchief, but they still burned. I thought of Minnie—pure-eyed and gentle.

I felt suddenly tired. That night I slept in Sim Drescher's place, on a billiard table. In that tobacco-odorous room, stretched on a hard table, I had my first taste of a man's freedom.

The morning was chilly, with wind-clouds coming from the lake when I woke up. I spent the morning trying to write a farewell letter to my mother. After that the day was endless. I drew my money from the bank, then I waited. The train didn't go till after six, but I was at the station early. I sat on a baggage-truck,

watching the people. As Fern hadn't come by six, I decided I'd better buy the tickets. I went to the window. "Chicago—" I said. And then I heard an automobile roaring outside. I turned, expecting to see Fern.

"Charley!" It was Minnie. She was white. "You must come home!" she cried. "Your father—"

"What's wrong? Did he send for me?"

"No, it isn't that. He fell—another attack. He's hurt. I've got the flivver out here, and thank Heaven I got here before you'd gone!"

Without a thought for my ticket or my change, I followed her, and climbed into the dusty little machine. As we darted up the shady street, I kept asking questions. "I don't know how bad it is—the doctor just came as I left. Don't talk; we'll know in a few minutes," Minnie said.

We raced along the road, deep in white dust. As I looked at Minnie's delicate white hands, suddenly I wanted to kiss them! How could I ever have looked at Fern Klopers after knowing Minnie?

WHEN we reached the house, I ran upstairs three steps at a time. When I saw my father's white face on the pillow my heart failed me.

"He's—he's going to get well?" I stammered to my mother.

"Yes, Charley. It wasn't the fall; he just dropped from the ladder to the shed. It was his heart. The doctor says he must be careful. We'll have to give the place up, Charley—unless you stay with us."

"Charley! Is that Charley?" It was my father's weak voice. "I want to see you, boy. God bless you, what are you crying for? I'm all right—only tired."

He closed his eyes and sighed. Then he added: "Didn't quite finish that roof job, Charley."

"He is asleep," my mother said. "Is it all right between you two, Charley? You'll stay, won't you?"

I couldn't answer, for my heart was too full. I shook my head, and went downstairs to find Minnie.

But when I saw her I couldn't look into those true eyes of hers, remembering that Fern Klopers had once kissed me. Fern might even now be waiting at the station, wondering why I hadn't come. Then I noticed a letter on the kitchen table. I picked it up, and saw it was addressed to me, in pencil, in a weak and unformed hand. I opened it:

I'm sorry, but I can't go, Charley. Oswald and I have made up. He's going to take me with him to the Beach tonight. I guess I'd rather go there with him, than to Chicago with you, because I'm in love with Oswald. If you want somebody to go with you, ask Minnie. She will go—and I don't think you wanted me anyway.

Fern.

I tore the letter up and looked at Minnie, who now stood before me with shining eyes.

"Maybe your father needs you here," she whispered.

I caught my breath with joy. "He does. And I guess I can use my freedom here as well as anywhere! That is, if you'll help me."

Somehow, her arms were around my neck, her lips on mine.

"Wherever you are, Charley, there I'll be!"

Then I turned to say to the frail little woman who hovered timidly at the door: "Mother, I guess we'll stay—Minnie and I."

And that's how I won my freedom.

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So She Proposed

[Continued from page 60]

held back tears came and blinded me.

No matter what happened, no matter if out of pique I were ever to marry old Nahler, nothing could ever be the same as it had been. My life was wrecked, my heart broken. I loved Edward. In spite of the cruel way in which he had treated me, I still loved him, must always care. That was my punishment, the cross I must bear.

Mary Fabian was in the living room as we came in. She had on her red Japanese kimono and her wonderful hair was twisted about her head. I could hear the water running in the bath.

"I'm afraid Miss Fabian can't see you," I said. I was jealous. I didn't want Edward to see Mary, who looked especially lovely just then. She was a tall statuesque blonde, while I was slight and petite and dark.

"Oh, is that you, Alice?" Mary called out in her hearty good fellow way. "That Ed with you? All right, if it's him. He can come in." And she drew the kimono around her and cocked her feet up on a chair and lit a cigarette.

"Behold Glostoretta, the beautiful movie vamp, about to intrigue the dashing Earl of Gear." With that she winked at Edward and shook his hand.

As a rule I loved Mary's nonsense, but tonight every word, every look, seemed to have a hidden sinister meaning.

IN A few minutes she jumped up with a little screech.

"Heavens, my bath will overflow and the old crab downstairs has complained twice this week because I splash so in my tub, and the water will leak through. Farewell, while Annette Kellermann dips the dip of her life." And she threw Edward a kiss and vanished into the bathroom.

On the mantelpiece next to a little silver vase, where I always kept some sort of a flower, was a big photograph of Edward.

Everything was now over between us. Everything. I wanted him to see this, that I had no intention of pining away on his account. No matter how my heart might ache I would keep a stiff upper lip before him.

I crossed to the mantel, took down the picture and not too gently jerked the photograph out of the frame.

"Perhaps you would like to give this to Mary Fabian," I snapped, "or to some other girl. At any rate I don't want it anymore."

"Oh, yes you do, Tricks," he said in that exasperating laughing tone that so angered me.

"If you think that, all I can say is that you're very much mistaken. It only goes to prove your utter conceit."

"Why shouldn't I be the cockiest, most vainglorious of men when I have a girl so crazy about me that—she proposes."

I was ready to fly at him. Under it all I knew he was still laughing at me; but by this time I had lost such traces of a sense of humor as I originally possessed.

"Just get this through your head, Edward Gear," I began, my voice rough and hoarse with emotion. "Just remember this. If I ever was foolish enough to care about you, your behavior tonight has jolly well cured me. Don't worry, there are other men to whom I will not have to propose. When I do marry it will be someone—er—like Mr. Nahler."

The words were rash and unkind and

untrue, and when I saw the expression that in a flash swept all the merriment from Edward's eyes, I felt a pang of remorse. But I had gone so far now I could not back down or admit myself in the wrong. No, I had to go through with it, even if someday I would really have to marry old Mr. Nahler just to show Edward. I shoved the photograph toward him.

His face was serious now.

"Alice, you don't mean that you would really marry Nahler?"

"I certainly do."

I had my revenge now. For a moment Edward seemed to crumple before the anger in my voice; but somehow I failed to find my vengeance as sweet as I had hoped it would be.

Just at this moment Mary Fabian reappeared at the door. Her face had that flushed, scrubbed, childish look a pretty girl has after a tub. Her hair hung in little damp ringlets to her forehead. She came right back into the room and I thought it rather brazen and had form to come in so blatantly *dishabille*.

She squatted down on the couch near Ed and curled her feet up under her. He seemed to cheer up at her re-entrance, and when I saw that I was the superfluous third I made my excuses and disappeared behind the portières into the alcove we used as a bedroom.

Once away from Edward my anger and courage and independence all left me in one great rush of misery. I flung myself down on the bed and stifled my sobs so that those two in the next room should not guess at my suffering. Through the cretonne hangings I could hear the murmur of their voices, soft, pleasant, with occasional ripples of Mary's insidious laughter.

Why had I not seen the way things were going? Edward and Mary. Yet he had been so clever, so treacherously shrewd, that he had often pretended that he had not wanted Mary when once in a while I had insisted on having my roommate along as a third on some outing.

Oh, the perfidy of men!

The tears scorched my cheeks, but I bit my lip to keep from sobbing aloud.

Presently I heard Mary fussing out in the kitchenette. That was the last straw. The sly cat was going to make Ed a cup of coffee. The way to a man's heart. She knew his weakness for good coffee. And I had trusted her, believed her my friend, had even counted on her being maid of honor at my wedding. Now apparently it was to be she who was to be the bride.

I—I would never marry. My talk about old Mr. Nahler had only been braggadochio. In spite of everything I loved Edward. He was the only man I could ever love. There could be no substitute, no lesser love to replace it. No, from now on I would devote my life to my work, to making a success of myself. Later on I would help poor unfortunate children, I who would now never have children of my own.

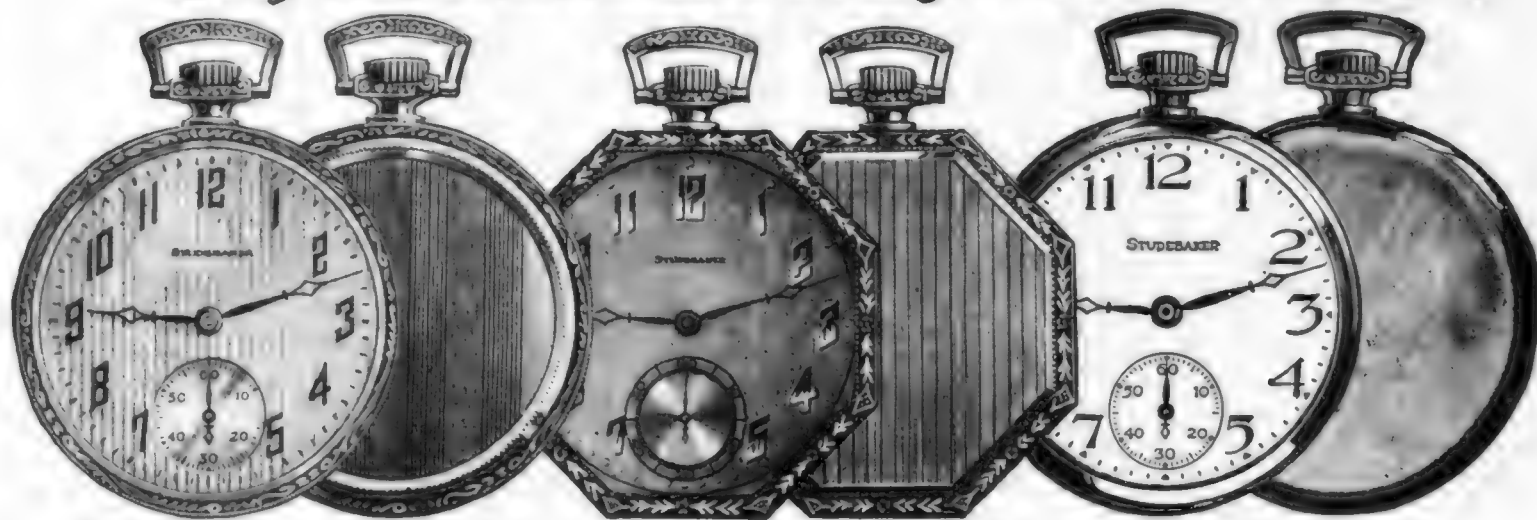
My breath caught in my throat in a hard, dry sob. I buried my face in my trembling hands.

SUDDENLY the cretonne curtains were wrenched aside. Someone strode into the bedroom. I started to my feet. It was Edward!

"Come here!" he said.

[Continued on page 88]

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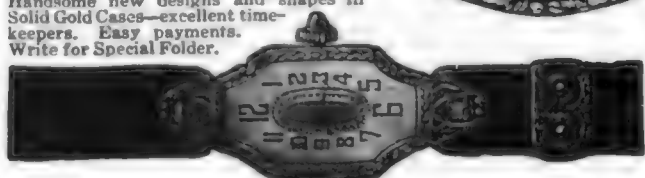
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[Continued from page 86]

I stood stock still, just staring at him. "Come here, woman!" I gulped.

He made one step toward me, caught me by my short bobbed hair, jerked back my head and kissed me full on the lips.

"What—why—how dare you!" I sputtered.

"How dare I? Don't you say 'dare' to me, young lady. I'm a reckless man tonight and I might take you at your word."

"Ed, you're pulling my hair."

"I mean to," he replied, real caveman fashion.

"But it just cost me a dollar seventy-five to have it cut and waved. Please don't."

He gave me a little shake and flung me free. I nearly stumbled over the dressing table stool.

"Whatever's the matter with you, Edward Gear?"

"What is the matter? Only this, that you are to marry me tomorrow."

"Marry you!" I exclaimed. "Why I thought you just refused me."

"I did refuse your proposal; but I'm not going to give you a chance to refuse mine."

"But I intend to." My heart was racing crazily. I didn't know whether to be happy or still stay angry.

HE LAUGHED and then made another grab for my dollar seventy-five boyish bob. I ducked and tried to run, but he cornered me and again used brute force to make me kiss him. I struggled, but not so very hard, for just then Mary Fabian called out that the coffee was ready and—well, I didn't want Ed to go out and face her until we had come to a complete understanding.

I asked him point blank, "Which one do you really like, Mary or me?"

And again he laughed, but this time I was held close in his arms and I didn't mind.

"Listen, my little sweetheart," he said. "I know I've hurt you this evening, but I just—had to. You must know that I'd cut off my right hand rather than do you any harm; but you had to learn your lesson. Customs and times may change but a man's primitive instincts do not alter. He will always want to be the pursuer. When that feeling dies something of his manhood must also perish."

"But you just wouldn't ask me, Ed," I sobbed, my head once more snuggled on his shoulder.

"Because I was waiting, Tricks, till I'd get that raise old Fruger has been hinting at so long. You know tonight on the bus I was just going to tell something of

importance when you sprang your proposal. Fruger is retiring this June and I am to get his job."

"What!" I sat bolt upright, too astonished to say a word.

"Yes," Ed went on, his face eager with happiness. "Old Fruger says he has had his eye on me, been training and breaking me in for five years. Wanted to see the stuff I was made of. If I'd stick, loyalty and all that sort of thing. Often I do admit it was trying, but I hung on and now, young lady, I am to be Export Manager at five thousand a year to start."

"Oh, Ed!"

I WAS frightened by the sudden change in our fortune. Would Edward still care about me, now that he was—an Export Manager? Everything seemed different and upset. I had so long been in the habit of feeling just a little superior to Ed, because I made more money than he did. But now. The feeling of respect and awe and pride I now felt was the most wonderful thing I had ever known. For no woman likes being married to a failure, and the instinct of a woman to look up to and admire the prowess of her husband is as potent and primitive an instinct as the masculine one to pursue.

"Oh, Ed," I whispered, "how can you forgive me for the way I acted?"

"You had ample provocation," he smiled.

"Then—you still care?"

"Still care? When have I ever stopped caring in the past going on six years? Only, Tricks, I wanted ours to be a real old-fashioned marriage with a home and kiddies. I wanted to be able to take care of you, such time as you might want to give up or stop your work."

I clung to him, ashamed of my smallness, my mean thoughts and ugly jealousy. How fine Ed was! Unwavering and steadfast in his thoughts and emotions. But women were different.

"I say, you two in there!" Mary Fabian's hearty voice boomed out to us. "You know this cafeteria doesn't stay open all night and the coffee's getting cold and the cook wants to get to bed."

She appeared between the curtains, a cup in her one hand and a slice of Ward's cake in the other. "Here's to the happy bride and groom," and she toasted us in coffee.

"You're sure, Ed," I whispered after Mary had left the living room to us, "that it's me you like, not Mary."

"Good heavens, child," he laughed. "Haven't I told you a dozen times I don't care for blondes! Besides, what would be the use, I'm sure Mary'd never propose to me."

My So-Called Marriage

[Continued from page 77]

line, 'Life began for me only when I first met you?' Marguerite, you answer, 'And for me.' Go ahead."

Milton Mason gave a very intelligent reading of a part he had never seen before. We acted as well as read the scenes. We finished with my kneeling at his feet, clasping his knees and begging him not to leave me. When the scene was finished, he lifted me gently.

"If you are satisfied," Jim said, "Mason and I might as well go back to the office and talk terms. And if he's reasonable, sign a contract."

My husband was anxious to bag the game.

When my husband met me later at dinner, I asked:

"Did you sign Mr. Mason?"

"Yes, I saw that you two hit it off. That is a good start toward fine acting."

My interest in my leading man gathered momentum at rehearsals. When we stood together, taking a curtain call at the first night of the play, a sense of something new and sweet and joyous filled me—because of the way Milton Mason had pressed my hand and had looked at me.

My husband spent the first week making slight alterations to the play. He pruned here and padded there. There were re-

[Continued on page 90]



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[Continued from page 88]

bearsals for two new members to take the places of those who had been "panned" by the critics. Then we settled down to the pleasant job of a New York success.

Jim began writing his next play. "You should pay Mr. Mason an extra salary for his extra duties," I said to my husband on one of the few occasions he called for me at the theatre.

"Why?" he asked absently. "For taking me home nearly every evening and for escorting me to teas and other affairs while you are at your desk."

"But a fellow who writes plays and manages his own company has a lot to do, and he must do it. Don't mind that, my dear." It was my husband's one faint protest against what was inevitable.

Meanwhile, Milton was my escort everywhere. Occasionally Jim joined us—as at the actor's annual ball. Even then, he had a mole's blindness to what all others saw. Milton Mason and I experienced the strongest of all attractions that exists between man and woman—call it spiritual, physical, chemical or biological. We were drifting, rapidly drifting—where?

WHEN the hot weather closed all the theatres save the roof gardens, Jim bought a yacht and invited the principals to join us on a cruise. Milton Mason was one of the guests, of course. After a few delightful weeks along the coast, we put into Halifax.

The day before we were to set back Milton asked my husband to walk with him. He said he had something important to tell him.

Jim rambled leisurely on about his next play.

"It will knock the eye out of the last one, old man." He slapped his leading man's square shoulders, but the wide shoulders resisted the onslaught. The actor turned a sombre, determined face upon his manager.

"Mr. Gleason," he said, "I love Marguerite."

"Of course you do, Milt." Jim stooped to pick up a pin. "Everyone loves Marguerite."

"But not in that way. I love her as you should have loved her, but don't."

Jim's face paled a shade in the twilight.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I love my wife."

"You could not love anyone. Your veins are carriers of water, not blood," Milton spoke through set teeth. His own words inflamed him to greater anger.

"Will you give her a divorce or will you force us to run away together?"

"What does Marguerite think about it?"

"Come back with me. I will ask her."

Half an hour after watching the two men start on their fateful walk, I saw them returning side by side. A flood of anger rose above my fear. Which had weakened? Whichever it was he was a coward! The men came quietly into the room, Milton following Jim.

"I have told your husband we love each other and asked him what he wanted to do about it. He said he wanted to hear from you whether I have told the truth."

I faced the men as they stood before me, both pale, both breathless.

"I love Milt and if you won't give me a divorce I will go away with him." My own voice startled me by its firmness.

A tide of color surged into Jim's thin cheeks. "Then go with him," he said.

He turned his back and went downstairs. I threw my arms about Milt's neck. He kissed me ardently, then dashed away to gather his belongings.

"I shall be ready in twenty minutes,

darling. Come down the side stairs and I will be waiting in an automobile."

I flung my clothes into two traveling bags. I put my jewels in a small hand bag with my vanity case. I dared not ring for a hall boy—Jim might intercept him. I carried the bags downstairs and slipped out into the unlighted dusk of early evening. Milton was waiting for me. He lifted me into the car, and took a seat beside me. As we drove past the wide entrance of the hotel, at the window I saw Jim—very pale. His lips loosely held a cigar that had gone out. The shrill of the car startled him. He looked at me, and our glances locked. It was my farewell to my husband.

IN THE green gloom of a camp in the Canadian woods Milton refused to discuss the future.

"Let us enjoy the glorious present. When we get back to New York will be time enough to discuss practical matters," he begged.

It was I who urged that we return. It was not the woman, but the actress who spoke. "The last of the best engagements will be made in September, dearest." I brushed my cheek against his. "We can't spend the rest of our lives in the woods. I wish we could. But winter comes."

Instead of the jaunty yacht on which we arrived in Nova Scotia, we left on a crowded steamer. A few of the returning vacationists knew me or had a footlight acquaintance with me. A few men raised their caps, a woman or two smiled. But I resolutely turned away. If they had not yet read the news of my domestic difficulties, they soon would.

I wasn't going to give any Puritan a chance to snub me.

Milt and I went to different hotels. He called on the managers; I wrote them. There was but one answer to my request for an engagement—a road tour with one of last season's most vulgar Broadway successes. I—who had created parts in my husband's plays in New York! I hoped for better opportunities, yet everyday in the fine-printed paragraphs at the foot of the page were announcements of engagements. I threw myself upon Milton's breast and wept.

He was very gentle, but his face was sad.

"Nothing for you, either, Milton?" I asked.

"Not yet, dear, but perhaps—tomorrow." He broke it to me at last. The managers would not engage us for the same company.

"If these affairs are conducted quietly it's none of our business," they said. "But to engage both of you, who have had an elopement story with pictures on the front pages of the papers, would be madness."

It was at least a relief from the customary "Nothing" tossed by an office boy.

"You must take the first engagement you can get, dearest. I will take the road offer." My voice trembled, but I lifted dry eyes to his face.

So we started on our tours—I to the West and he to the South. Whenever we could we telephoned each other every night at midnight. We told each other how lonely we were, how we loved each other, how we longed for the severing of my ties and how we counted the hours till we should meet again. But a newspaper listened in, handled the story in a glib way—and the pleasure of hearing each other's voices through the night stillness was gone.

Letters from him? Yes, hundreds of them, that caused a song in my heart, only to be followed by a void that ached. The

[Continued on page 92]

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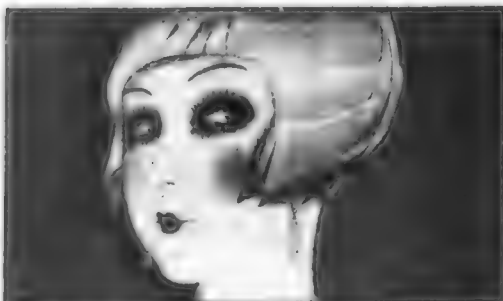


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misery of my loneliness was reflected in my work. I received my two weeks notice. I left the company at a small town that required a leading woman. From my position as Broadway favorite, I slipped back to the lowest rung of the ladder. I was ashamed to write Milton of my ignominy, so I ceased writing him altogether. I would wait until I could get to New York, I told myself.

WHEN, four months later, I reached that Mecca of all actors, I read in the morning newspaper that the day before Mr. and Mrs. Milton Mason had sailed for Europe. They had taken ship an hour after the ceremony at the Little Church Around the Corner. The bride was a lovely young thing. They had been playing in the same company.

Not long after that an old woman who had been in Jim Gleason's company found me after much seeking—ill in bed in a second-rate hotel. She told me she had met Jim, that he told her he had just received his decree of divorce. Because I received the news silently, my teeth clenched, my eyes staring at the ceiling as though they would pierce it, the old woman approached my bed. A furtive, crafty purpose was in her eyes.

I stared hard at my fellow-player. There was something strange in her face. She was strangely without color, her face like a white mask. The irises of her eyes looked larger than ordinary. They were twin circles of gray, and her pupils had shrunk to pin points.

I drew back as she approached the bed. But she sat upon the edge of my couch and tried to comfort me.

"Poor girl," she said. "Poor girl! Love is a necessary part of a woman's life—but it plays us cruel tricks."

She leaned nearer, and the black pin points of her pupils seemed to pierce my heart. I tried to scream. Iron fingers on my throat seemed to keep back my cry.

"I've something here that will make you feel better, dearie. In a minute you'll think the world is a bed of roses without thorns. Just a jab and it's over."

"No," I cried. "No!" But she pushed back the sleeve of my white dress. A flash as of silver, a pin scratch and the woman was cooing, "In a minute, dearie. Now isn't that nice?"

The intolerable ache in my heart vanished. A delightful lassitude crept through my veins. I smiled—then laughed.

"This is where you can get it, Marguerite." She slipped a piece of paper between my fingers. "When you feel down you can always get the stuff from that man. You see how it lifts you up."

Dimly, as through a floating haze, I perceived her departure. She paused at the door—a flash of the silver object, a little squeal of delight, a senile giggle and the door closed. My sinister visitor was one of the pale sisterhood.

IT WAS in that way that I became a drug addict. There's comfort in the stuff while it lasts, but the depths of hell afterward. To escape the hell afterward, one takes more and more.

Perhaps if my mind had not been fogged with drugs I would not have the memories that now torture me. Before I formed that habit I might have shaken myself by my shoulders and gone further on the road of my ambition. But, weakened by the drug, my thoughts dwelt upon the tragedies of love in my life. The hideousness of Charles Marston's ruthless-

ness; the humiliation of my discovery that Jim Gleason's reason for marrying me was to get a good leading woman for life; the heartbreak of Milton Mason's desertion—these were the themes of my waking thoughts. Gradually a purpose grew. I had been the victim of men. Men should be my victims. Men had broken my heart, —well, I would break the hearts of men.

So the procession of my lovers passes before me. There was the comedian on the first cross continental tour, to whom I taught the delights and the miseries of the drug. He died from an overdose in Los Angeles. There was the juvenile leading man, a sweet youth of an excellent family, who seemed to adore me. His love for me was mad idol worship; his youth and devotion were laid at my feet. Well, the boy's father came down from Canada and took him home. I have since heard that the lad died within a year at a sanitarium where drug addicts seek cure.

Such friends as I still had advised me to go to a beautiful castle-like building on the crest of a hill to rest. They said I would regain my strength, and my shattered nerves, would be made whole. The superintendent of the hospital granted me many privileges—I was still allowed some of the "stuff," though not much. He, too, came under my spell. I persuaded him to take a "shot" with me. When I saw his face grow white and his eyes staring, I laughed. Had not men broken my heart and life? So I would break theirs.

Men! They pass in procession before me. How weak is the alleged strong sex! Wraiths! Dim memories! They seem to come out of the mist and go back again. I show them no mercy as none had been shown me.

SOMETIMES thoughts of love come to me. Often in a street crowd a man who looks like Milton Mason passes me, and I cry out to him. One of these men who looked like Milton caused my arrest. I told the judge it was a case of mistaken identity and promised never again to speak to anyone unless I was quite sure who he was.

Friends help me now and then. Pitying friends of the old time.

I live in a furnished room across the street from Jerome's Theatre. I sit often at the window and watch the crowds. The light from the street lamp is a strong one. Sometimes I see faces I know. Milton Mason is playing in a new piece, and I saw him come out last night. After the play he hurried out of the stage door to the street. He sprang into an automobile where a young woman waited. He kissed her—she is his wife.

The silver object breaks in my hand, because I press it so hard. I scream, and the landlady comes to the door. "Give me my comfort," I shriek. My nightgown sleeve falls back, showing the purple dots, the punctured skin of my forearm.

"You better get out of here when your week's up or I'll put you out," my landlady tells me.

It doesn't matter. Nothing does now, except that I must never be far from the dealer.

I think of them all, Charles Marston, the young prince, Jim Gleason, Milton Mason—and the rest, even the gray, shadowy men that I meet when I go to the dealer's for the stuff.

And I know that I have never been really loved in my life.

THE END.

How to win and hold love



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The Sign in the Sky

[Continued from page 38]

got to look out for skunks like Joel Harlan. They'll shoot ye from behind cover. Foller the crick there and ye'll soon come to the road. Then turn to yer right and it's about an hour to the Gap."

There was a growl from the hound, Blade, and a scowl from Joel Harlan.

"Ye needn't be afeared o' Joel. I'll take keer o' him!"

"And I'll be back for my rifle in a week," I told her.

"It'll be waitin' fer ye. A Barringer don't lie, stranger! Now git!"

I saw at once that the wisest thing to do was to accede to the old woman's whim. Less than half an hour before, I had faced death. Now I was free with a whole skin and the matter of half a dozen bruises. I followed the creek as she had directed, and lost no time in getting to the road. Once there I headed briskly for the Gap.

It was really growing late now. There was a crimson glow in the west and the chill of the fall nights was already in the air. I was alone and unarmed. Ma Barringer had said that "skunks like Joel" fired from ambush. The thought added to my speed.

THEN I caught sight of someone ahead of me on the road, and my heart went to my mouth. My heart leapt again when I saw that the person was a woman. Another minute and I knew that it was Cassy Miller. The events of the afternoon fled like magic. I stopped in the road and waited for her to come up.

"Hello," I said. "Remember I saw you down at the Gap when I got off the train last week."

"Howdy," she answered, using the mountain speech. She was carrying something in a pail.

Somehow I didn't know what to say next. Standing close to her in the dusk made me feel that this was one of those never to be forgotten moments I had lived for. There was just the trace of a smile about her lips, and frankness—the simple openness of the country dweller. She was shy, but not coquettish.

"Ye're a stranger to the mountings," she said.

"Yes, I come from Louisville. But I'm visitin' in the valley. Down at the Morgan's."

"Angela Morgan teaches at the Settlement school down to the Gap. I know her."

"You go to the school, Miss Miller?" I asked.

"Folks hereabouts don't say Miss. My name's Cassy, what's yours?"

"James Allen—Jim, I guess."

"Angela Morgan says if Pap let's me keep at school next winter, I kin go to Sem'nary down at Corbin. Ye know whar that is?"

"Yes, I've been to Corbin."

"Ye have. How'd ye know my name was Miller?"

"Cal Hilary told me."

"Hilary? He's the sheriff feller. Pap knows him. I bet he told ye I was Joel Harlan's girl."

I laughed. "What makes you think that, Cassy?"

"I jest know it," she said. Her eyes flashed. Then she added vehemently. "And hit's a damn lie. I ain't Joel's girl. And Pap's going to let me go to school so's I kin go to Sem'nary like Angela Morgan says. Pap, he says Joel Harlan ain't good enough fer to marry a Miller!"

There was a final toss of her head, and then she was gone.

My first impulse was to dash madly

after her. But before I could move she had left the road and gone headlong into the woods. A peal of ringing laughter came back to me through the twilight. Had she been making fun of me, or was she in earnest? And why should she have unburdened her mind to me at our first real meeting?

As I set off again for Big Smoky, I knew that when I came back in a week to Ma Barringer's there would be more on my mind than a mere rifle.

The days at Big Smoky had suddenly grown weeks long. Before three of them had passed, I knew I never could wait until the following Monday came. On the fourth day I caught the jerky little mountain train. Ostensibly I was going back to Ma Barringer's for my rifle. In truth I was going to see Cassy.

Cassy was uppermost in my mind when I slipped off the train at Big Smoky. I didn't want to make any explanations to anybody just why I had come back, so I headed straight for the mountain road. Ma Barringer had said she lived in the clearing below Bald Eagle. As Cal Hilary, Uncle Johnnie and I had camped one night on Bald Eagle mountain, I felt sure I could find the place again.

I don't know how long I had been going up the mountain road. I didn't meet a soul, but presently I began to feel that I wasn't alone. I don't know just how to describe the feeling I had, but the stillness of the mountains was appalling. The ring of my heavy shoes on the hard road smote my ears until I could fancy the hills echoing and re-echoing to the sound. Every bush, every tree seemed to have a man behind it. I thought of Joel Harlan and what Ma Barringer had said about him. Had Joel learned that I had met Cassy on the road? From my brief experience with him, I knew he was not one to let the beating I had given him or my meeting with Cassy go unchallenged.

SUDDENLY, as I came to a rise where the road turned, there was a movement in the brush just ahead. My eyes and ears had not played me a trick this time. Every second I expected to hear a shot. Then, just as I came opposite the place where the bushes had moved, a man stepped out onto the road. He was a veritable giant, black bearded and gaunt—large for the breed, but a typical mountaineer. He saw that he had surprised me and grinned.

"Ye're up early, stranger. Whar be ye going?"

There was a mocking sneer in the words that gave them the tone of command.

"To Ma Barringer's," I answered.

"Is thet so, now. Well, I'll be a-going along with ye!" The gun which he had held in both hands, he put at rest under the hollow of his right arm. I sensed that he wasn't going with me. It was I who was going with him. Another minute and the woods seemed alive with men. They said nothing. Just climbed down out of the undergrowth and fell into a slipshod group in back of the giant.

There must have been fully thirty of them. At the sight of such a number, most of my fear vanished. There had been a mistake of some kind made, for Ma Barringer had said no one would harm me and I didn't think that Joel Harlan could have arrayed such a host on his side. As we marched along, I could see the towering peak of Bald Eagle and I knew we would soon be in sight of Ma Barringer's. I felt I could trust the old woman—she

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[Continued from page 94]

could explain why I happened to be in the mountains. That gave me courage.

BUT it was short-lived. We had just made a turn and come in sight of the old woman's house, when I singled out Joel Harlan among the mountaineers. There was an evil grin on his face, and the rifle he carried under his arm was not his own. It was the gun I was supposed to be coming to Ma Barringer's to get. How had Joel Harlan come by my gun? Certainly Ma Barringer had not given it to him after the contempt and abuse I had heard her hurl at him! And where was the old woman? We were close to her cabin now, and I could see at a glance that the place was deserted. I looked fearfully from face to face, trying to read what was in the minds of my grim captors. And what I read in every one of them was—hate. I set my lips and waited. At least these men would not see me flinch.

Just across the road from Ma Barringer's cabin, there was a huge sycamore tree. The blood went pounding to my temples as I saw a man standing beneath it. I had found a friend—for the man was Uncle Johnnie. He nodded to me as my captors came to a halt and ranged themselves around the tree.

Then the giant leader spoke, the same biting command in his voice.

"Uncle Johnnie, ye'll not be interferin'!"

The old hermit did not waver.

"Jim Miller," he answered. "Hev ye ever known me to meddle in folk's affairs when they was right?"

The leader shook his head, but gave no other sign. Even in my predicament, I judged that he must be Cassy Miller's father.

"And air ye sure ye're right, Jim Miller?" Uncle Johnnie addressed the leader again.

"Thar's the gun!" It was Joel Harlan who stepped out and held up my rifle. The men looked at it and nodded. The leader indicated it with a sweep of his hand.

"Jim Miller, if I told ye Ma Barringer was not killt with thet, would ye still think ye were right?"

I PALED, as I realized the full significance of Uncle Johnnie's words. Ma Barringer was dead. My gun was being held as evidence that I had killed her. I stepped forward to deny it, but the giant leader shoved me back. He turned viciously on the old hermit.

"Uncle Johnnie, ye won't be interferin' here. Ye won't say hit."

"But if I tell ye now that Ma Barringer died from no shot from thet gun, will ye believe hit as truth?"

"Not unless ye can prove it, I won't." There was finality in the leader's voice now, and my blood ran cold as I saw that one of the men had a rope and was throwing it up over an overhanging limb of the sycamore.

Then Joel Harlan broke in.

"If this damn furriner didn't kill Ma Barringer, then how come his gun to be lying on the floor in her house?"

Uncle Johnnie turned sharply to Joel. "Ask him," the old hermit said, pointing to me. "Mebbe he kin tell ye!"

We uns 'll be havin' no lies from a furriner!" Jim Miller yelled before I could say a word. He put out a rough hand to push Uncle Johnnie aside.

The old hermit's eyes blazed.

"Ye'll not lay a finger on me or him either, Jim Miller. I tell ye now I seen a sign in the sky!"

There was a murmur through the crowd. Joel Harlan laughed. Miller swore. His

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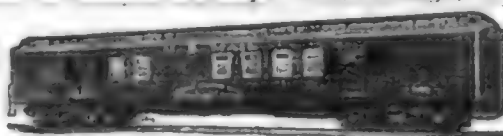
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face grew red, then white.

"Uncle Johnnie, ye'll say what ye mean," he demanded. "Ef ye hev no proof, this furriner swings. Ma Barringer was the Miller kin and the Millers'll hev no interferin'. The Millers take keer of their own!"

"Ye want proof?" Uncle Johnnie stood up to the leader now. "Then whar's Blade, tell me thet. If Blade was here he'd give ye proof enough! What hev ye done with Blade?"

There was a coarse laugh from Joel Harlan.

"Blade's lyin' dead down in the holler where this damn furriner kicked him after he shot him. I see him thet afternoon I found Ma was killt!"

"Joel Harlan, ye lie!" Uncle Johnnie snapped the words.

FIERCE mutterings swept around the circle. I was buffeted back and forth. My only hope lay in Uncle Johnnie, and I could see that the men were afraid to go against him much as they wanted to. Did he really know the truth? He had seen a sign in the sky? That was just to work on their superstition, I thought.

I saw Joel Harlan's face go livid. His lips writhed.

"Damn ye, Uncle Johnnie," he snarled. "Ye mean—ye mean—"

"I mean ye're a flannel mouth when ye say ye seen Blade lyin' dead in the holler on the afternoon ye found Ma Barringer. If ye want proof, go and open Ma Barringer's door. Joel Harlan, I dare ye!"

I saw Joel turn a furtive eye toward the closed door of the cabin. The coward in him cringed. Uncle Johnnie did have proof. I clenched my hands and thanked heaven for my deliverance. The murmur among the dark-visaged men had risen to a babble now. Then my heart fell as I saw Joel step from the crowd. Was Uncle Johnnie bluffing?

Joel sneered.

"Ye say I'm a flannel mouth, do ye? If ye wasn't so old I'd whoop ye fer sayin' hit. But I'll be showin' ye'all who lies!"

With that Joel strode swiftly across the road and through the gate and up the path to the cabin. Every eye followed him. Joel's hand was on the door latch, when there came from the cabin the deep bay of a hound. I saw Joel freeze where he stood. He turned wildly back.

"Open thet door!" It was Jim Miller, the leader, who gave the command.

Joel hesitated for the briefest fraction of a second. Ma Barringer's cabin stood at the very edge of the mountain shelf. Except for the path that clung to one side of the cliff, it was a sheer drop to the hollow below. I saw that his one chance for flight lay in making that path. With a scream of terror, Joel broke and ran for it.

But he was not quick enough. He had reached the edge and would have turned into the path when Jim Miller's finger crooked on the trigger. Joel straightened with a jerk and for a moment stood stock still. He swayed drunkenly, and then plunged headlong into the hollow.

I saw a curl of disdain on Jim Miller's lips as he lowered his smoking gun. The silent group looked from one to the other and then to me, but made no comment. Not one of them ventured so much as a step toward the edge of the precipice. My legs felt weak under me and I sat down all of a heap and buried my head in my hands. Joel Harlan was dead. I had barely escaped death in his place. It was Uncle Johnnie who broke the silence.

"Thar, Jim Miller, do ye want more proof? It was Joel Harlan that killt

old Blade and kicked him into the holler. But Joel only reckoned he killt Blade. Thet bullet a-furrowed Blade's skull instead o' goin' clar through. Ye've heard it told that Uncle Johnnie's got the gift o' healin' in his hands. Will ye believe now thet I seen a sign in the sky? Will ye believe it was Joel Harlan an' not this young stranger thet killt Ma Barringer?"

Miller nodded.

"Hit 'pears like ye do speak the truth, Uncle Johnnie. But how come the shiny rifle thar!"

"Ask him, like I told ye in the fust place," Uncle Johnnie answered. "An' I'm tellin' ye, Jim Miller, the lad ain't a damn furriner. He's a kin to Colonel Morgan and he's kin to Angela Morgan thet's done so much fer ye're Cassy."

BRIEFLY then I told just how I had stumbled on Joel Harlan working at his still. How I had fought him with Ma Barringer looking on. How she had kept my gun. "And today I was coming back for it," I ended.

"Ye haven't told it all," Jim Miller said, looking me squarely in the eye. "On ye're way back ye met my Cassy in the road. She told me ye came from the Morgan's when we set out to layway ye. She swore ye hadn't done no hurt. She blamed it on Joel. But I knew she hated Joel and I didn't believe her. Ma Barringer was the Millers' kin and I figured ye'd shot her in cold blood and ye'd hang fer it. Cassy would hev warned ye, but I locked her up. I was wrong. If ye'll take it, son, here's Jim Miller's hand."

As I shook hands with Miller I knew that Cassy's father was my friend. And I knew that in his way he was clean and fair. He invited me to go back with him for dinner and asked Uncle Johnnie to join us.

Just as we were leaving, I happened to look up and saw a buzzard circling in the sky—drawing lower and lower over the hollow where Joel Harlan now lay. The sight made me shudder. But in the same moment I realized that the buzzard was Uncle Johnnie's "sign in the sky." Only the flight of a buzzard had directed the old hermit to Ma Barringer's cabin and to the wounded hound which his power of healing had brought back to life.

But I said nothing of that to the others. If Uncle Johnnie chose to speak in riddles, I was too grateful to ask to explain.

BUT this is really Cassy's story. It may have been the most terrible week in my whole life—but it brought about my first meeting with her. The terrors of that week have long since been blotted out by the real happiness that has come since.

Cassy Miller did go to Angela Morgan's Settlement school that winter. And the following spring she went on to the "Sem'nary" at Corbin. There were three years there—three years of preparation for her and three years of getting ready to make a home on my part.

Those Seminary years made a lot of outside difference. But the Cassy Allen of today is at heart the same gloriously wholesome Cassy Miller I met that first day in homespun and sunbonnet.

There is a James Allen, Jr., now—with his mother's straw-colored hair and blue eyes. For a week or two after his grandfather "Big Jim" Miller comes to visit us, the youngster insists on calling everyone who comes to our house a "damn furriner."

Cassy says I'm a terrible father for not correcting him. But I like the memory the words bring. The memory of wood-tinged mountain air, and a gang of rough-and-ready mountaineers that gave me one of the biggest experiences of my whole life.

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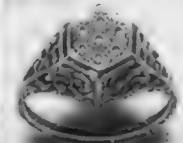
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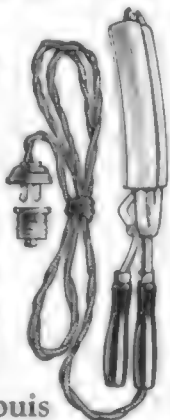
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Poison

(Continued from page 52)

searched mine. Perhaps he was wondering if I could understand and sympathize. I did, even if there was no way to show him.

We strolled away after that. Our steps led from the sea. I did not want to torment him with its sight. Later we were down by the calm river, smooth as glass, except here and there where gray fins cut the water like triangular knives.

Man-eaters in for river fish!

"Let's get away from the sea today," I said, a desperate dare in my heart.

"How?" he asked, stopping in his tracks.

"I've got the best skiff on this island. It's only a short pull across the river to Spar. Way around the west side you'd never know the sea was near. We can make-believe we're in the mountains," I answered, trying to sound natural.

Paul turned as white as a sheet. His eyes roved back from the river to me like frightened animals'. His hands trembled. It hurt me to watch him in such agony.

"There's always a tin of crackers and fresh water in my boat. Wild oranges grow over on Spar and all kinds of fruit. Come on," I begged, my heart in my mouth.

"All right, Flo, if you want to," he answered in a voice like death.

"Sharks, aren't they, Flo?" he asked later, as the fins cut the water near our boat when half-way across. His eyes followed those fins in fascinated fear.

I just nodded my answer, heading the dory for the beach where ebb tide ran strongest. I got out first and pulled her in enough for him to get ashore dry-footed. Another glance at the tide and I fetched a tin of crackers and a bottle of water.

"Only another half hour of ebb. But that'll be enough the way the tide's running out now," I said to myself, giving the bow a sly shove from shore.

All that morning and early afternoon the sea's voice was lost to us in the tangle of Spar Island's jungle. It was just a muffled humming sound not a whit louder than the song of the tiny breeze stirring the tall pine tops above us. Paul was like a different man. The fright was out of his eyes. His voice was like vibrant music as he talked on about the world beyond our islands—a world I knew little of.

"Are you going to stay here always, Flo?" he asked, indicating Spar Island and the others with a wave of his arms.

His words made me catch my breath. They made me think how wonderful it would be to go away to the mountains—with him! But there was only one answer to give Paul.

"Dad's lived most his life here. He's never mentioned taking me away. I—I don't know if I'll go or not," I said slowly.

Paul turned around. His eyes meeting mine on a level. Their flash was softened now.

"But King—Kingfisher Tradd? He'll be taking you away some day soon, won't he?"

HIS words struck me dumb for a minute. In the silence that followed, the voice of the sea began to mutter again as it had the night before. But I didn't pay any attention to the surf then. I was too busy trying to find an answer for Paul.

"What makes you think that way, Paul? Why should King take me—away?"

There was more silence between us.

"Because you're going to marry him, aren't you, Flo?"

I couldn't answer, and we just sat there on the sand twisting sea grass in our fingers for a long time. Something we didn't understand seemed to grip us into a strange silence—a silence that was bursting with feelings for me. It was Paul who broke the spell upon us by jumping to his feet hurriedly, alarm in his voice: "Why, it's raining, Flo! It's going to storm! Look behind us!"

DAZEDLY I got up and looked above the pine trees now moaning and swaying in a wind that neither of us had heard come up. Black clouds were charging across the sky out of the northeast. A growling sound filled the air. The sea was pounding against Shell Island once more. A glance at Paul told me of his growing terror. In that moment I was sorry I had let the tide drift my dory away. A faint hope sparkled in my heart. Maybe the turning tide had caught it and swept it back to Spar! If so there was just time to pull back home before the storm broke in all its fury.

"Come, we must hurry to the boat!" I cried.

But Paul made no move. He stood there as if chained by his fear.

"If we don't get home now it may be three days. Northeasters run in three-day spells," I said, tugging at his arm. Suddenly I saw his jaw set. He turned to me.

"Three days," he shuddered, trying to control his heaving shoulders. "Get your boat and leave me here," he cried. "You must go on account of your name. Come, Flo."

We ran along the hard white shore while the rain clashed down faster and harder. I let Paul discover my dory was gone.

"It must have drifted away," I murmured, my eyes on the beach.

"Good Lord, this is terrible, Flo! What will Shell Island say, and—your dad, if the storm keeps us here tonight, or three days?"

The mention of Dad sent a shiver of fright through my soul. I didn't care what the others thought or said. But Dad! He would kill us both, perhaps.

I don't know how long we both stood on the shore gazing helplessly at each other, our faces lashed by the rising wind and the driving rain. The voice of the sea came closer as its anger spread to the river now foaming against tiny Spar Island. Paul's eyes, dark and fear-haunted, roved from me to the hissing waters. Suddenly as they rested for a second on the river, he gripped my arm with a strength I had not believed he owned.

"What's that there, Flo—that dark thing bobbing up and down?" he cried, almost delirious.

"My dory!" I cried back. The storm tides were sucking it past the Spar Island as if it were a cockleshell. "Maybe it'll be driven ashore," I said, certain however that it would be swept by us and not inshore. For what seemed an eternity we waited and watched.

"I'm afraid she's not going to beach, Paul," I said at last.

For the second time something that I

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said made the slim man's jaws come together like a steel trap. The fear died in his eyes. That flashing fire burned in them again. I thrilled at the bravery of his voice, for I knew he was fighting back the shudders that wanted to shake his shoulders.

"I'm going for your dory. You've got to get home," he said through tightening lips, starting at a desperate stride for the foaming water.

I ran after him, reaching out to hold him back. Could he swim? And if he could the river was infested with man-eaters. I could not let Paul Spalding go into the angry waters. It was enough that I had seen his bravery of thought—his wish to save me at the cost of his fear.

"You can't swim—and the sharks, Paul! I will not let you go," I shouted, clinging to him. Once again his strength surprised me. A brief struggle and he was free, streaking towards the waters. He became a part of the foam. I watched him struggle to his feet and almost turn back, but he drove on, until the waves swirled around his head. Perhaps it was the terror in my own heart which made me see sharks as I stood on the beach, love for him bursting in my heart with all the force of a storm.

I prayed and cried in the same breath as I went down to the sea sand on my knees, thrilled by the sight of Paul struggling through the shallows, dragging the dory behind him.

"Paul—Paul—my brave—" the sight of Paul crumpling into the surf choked back the other words. I ran headlong towards him, fearful that his enemy the sea was about to claim him.

"Get the boat. Leave me alone, Flo," he begged on his knees. But tying the dory's painter around my waist, I dragged him up the beach and to the shack beyond.

THE wind and sea were still raging like demons when Paul stirred his head in my lap. A feeble moan followed his slight movement. I leaned down to catch what he was trying to say:

"Where are we—what happened?" he asked.

"In the empty cabin on Spar. You forgot your fear and got my boat."

"My God, Flo!" he cried, suddenly raising up in the darkness. "We're still on Spar Island? That's terrible! Why don't you leave me. Why?"

"Because the oars are gone from my dory, Paul," I lied, "and it's still storming."

He sank back into my arms, murmuring incoherently. I held him for a long time, sure he had drifted off into another sleep when his fingers closed over mine.

"Before the storm I almost told you why I didn't want you to marry King," he said.

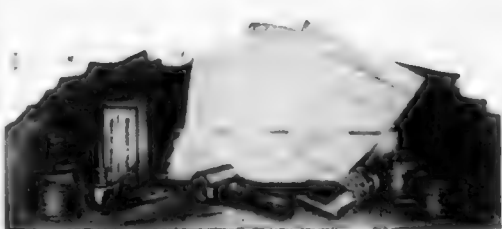
This time I found a way to ask him why.

"Because I love you," he said simply, gripping my hand. I bent down until my face found his in the dark. Our lips met and I told him brokenly that I had loved him from the first without really knowing it.

"You with your fine brave love of the sea! You really care, Flo? I—I never dreamed you would. I'm not your kind. I'm—I'm such a coward," he blurted.

"You're the bravest man in the world. King Tradd doesn't fear the sea. He wouldn't have had to conquer himself like you did, Paul. It was wonderful!" I answered.

The night's storm gloom hung over us as we held each other close. But at last the wind drove some gray light out of the raging east, and the shadows lifted



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from the shack. Paul and I searched each other's eyes and found the light of understanding that life had brought to us through the darkness. There were tears in his eyes and in mine as we looked at each other knowing that our love was not a beautiful dream after all.

"My own Flo," he whispered, putting an arm around me.

All at once a moan of pain came from him, as if the sound had been wrenched from his lips.

"Paul," I begged in alarm, "why did you cry like that?"

"It's my arm. I never noticed the pain before. Oh, Flo, it's like a knife," he groaned.

Carefully I tore away the damp shirt sleeve. I tried vainly to stifle a cry as I saw the swollen arm, red with dark poisoned blood that oozed from a tiny hole.

"God help us, Paul, a stingaree must have struck you in the water. They make marks like that, and—and, oh, Paul, They're sometimes deadly poisonous!" I blurted.

But Paul Spalding answered me with bravery in his voice:

"Don't worry about me. It's just a little sore. That's all. We must get you home before Shell Island folks talk."

SHORTLY there was a lull in the storm. We found the dory on the beach. Sculling hard with one oar, I made a landing on Shell Island after what must have been an agony to Paul Spalding, judging by the way he turned white and gripped the gunwales when the white caps broke over our bow.

There was a last kiss in the rain. I half-stumbled along the beach to the cottage. Suddenly as it loomed up in the storm-mist a fear gripped me.

"Suppose Dad got home last night?" I asked myself.

I don't know how long I stood there in the pouring rain afraid to take another step towards the cottage. Finally, cold from the raw air and the slashing rain, I moved on, desperately deciding to take the long chance that he was not there.

"Dad," I called timidly upon opening the door. But no booming voice greeted me. There was no sound of swaggering steps within the house. Relieved, I walked in and hurried to my room to take off my wet things.

All that morning and afternoon while the wind and sea raged I sat looking out at the gray ocean swelling and breaking against the beach, nursing my secret fear for Paul and his swollen arm. When Dad came home in the rain for supper I got up, sensing he had news of Paul.

"The scared school master is all poisoned. Old Jim Blake says he's like to die. Arm all swelled up. Jim says a stingaree bit him. But Spalding claims he cut it agin the rocks when lost in the blow. Guess he was tryin' to hide from the storm—"

Whatever else Dad said was lost to my ears as I brushed past him, ran down the steps and started for the cottage where Paul lived. Lots of Shell Island folks were there. Mary Jackson was putting poultices on his arm when I burst into the room. The men and women looked up at me, their faces puzzled at what they read in my eyes. There was fear—suffering—and love!

"Paul," I cried running to his bedside. His white drawn lips, twitching in pain, tried to speak back. But he couldn't make anything more than a groaning sound. My eyes, fascinated by the terrible swelling of his bitten arm, kept roving from his pain-racked face to the swollen

arm. Hysteria almost overwhelmed me when Dad's heavy hand pulled me away from Paul.

I didn't have enough strength to resist him, although my heart was breaking as he led me out of the room. In the dim hall we came face to face with Kingfisher.

He was standing in a corner looking at me, wringing his big hands. Something in his eyes told me he was suffering on my account—because he knew I was suffering for the man whose life was being sapped up by poison in the room beyond.

"Couldn't a doctor save him, King?" I cried. "Maybe he'd hang on long enough to get to Fernandina. Maybe a doctor could stop the poison—" I cried.

"Depends on his blood. That kind of poison runs faster than the tide. If he's got good clean blood he can throw it off. The wind's wrong for a fast trip. But I'll ask your dad to let me have the smack," he answered.

Hours later, it seemed, I was standing on a sand dune as the lights of my Dad's smack passed out of sight of Shell Island. My prayers went up out of my heart to God for poor Paul who was in pain and suffering aboard that boat.

"Please, dear God, let him live. Send him back to me," I cried getting down on my knees in the sand.

Dad found me praying. Somehow he didn't storm or fuss. I guess hearing prayers must have kept him from doing so.

All that night and the next day, living was torture for me. I couldn't keep from worrying and wondering about Paul. I couldn't help believing, however, that God would answer my prayers.

On the third day I heard that Rough Weather Jim Davis was going to Fernandina next night in his two-master for some supplies. Alone in the dark of my room I planned how I would smuggle myself aboard the Davis smack and get to Fernandina.

MY PLAN worked without a hitch. We were sighting Amelia Light through the mist of breaking day when I stole from the stuffy second hatch. There was a lot of commotion over my being aboard, but nobody dared do anything about it.

"Your pa'll most likely blow me up for this, Flo," said Old Rough Weather Jim rubbing his wind-whipped hands nervously.

"I'll send a note back telling the truth if I find Paul alive," I promised. "If not I'll go back with you and tell dad the facts."

My knees were shaking violently and my heart seemed to be sinking into the toes of my shoes as I entered the great quiet hospital building and asked for Paul Spalding.

A nurse in blue and white helped me up the stairs to the room where Paul lay white and drawn; fever-eyed; his whole being haunted by pain. I fell on my knees beside him, while the tears cut their way down my cheeks like scalding water.

"Yesterday he was able to dictate a letter for the first time. I mailed it to you last night," said the nurse, helping me to my feet.

"I'm going to get well—if you'll stay by me, Flo," murmured Paul from his pillow when we were alone.

"Nothing can take me from you, sweet-heart," I answered.

That afternoon we were married. Shortly afterwards I wrote the note that Rough Weather Jim brought back to Dad.

"I've told him we're married, Paul, and that life wouldn't be worth living without you," I whispered, smoothing his pillow.

And my thoughts went back to those hours of darkness on Spar Island—hours whose bright fire of love would light the rest of our days together.

I'm Glad I Married a Poor Boy

[Continued from page 70]

wear a dinner coat and dance and bridge, why he was as good as the next one. Only I would have been on my guard. And Mrs. Donald Ambrose, Jr. would have been some other girl. And I wouldn't have missed it for the world—hard times and all.

It simply came down in buckets that first night of the house party, but we were all feeling pretty peppy and passed the time away with bridge and dancing until about four A. M., when we all turned in.

But Saturday was just as bad, if not worse, and you know after one rainy day the thing ceases to be a joke. Rosemary was down in the dumps so deep you couldn't even send her a "cheer-up" line by radio. She'd planned a moonlight beach party and a dance afterward in a big wood's pavilion on the estate. We were all to wear knickers, and cook steak, and mushrooms on camp grills, and make coffee and boil corn on the cob, and wind up with some of the twenty-a-quart stuff that she'd sneaked out of her Dad's private stock.

All of us were pretty sick about it, but tried to take the polite guest line and pretend we didn't give a darn. You know how that is—everybody as cheerful as a professional embalmer.

"Let's have the picnic up in the billiard room," Don suggested. "I can cook steak to the Prince of Wales' taste over an open fire."

So we all piled up to the third story and started a fire in the big fireplace in the billiard room. And the blamed thing smoked because the wind shifted or something. But after we were all about gassed, the thing picked up and Don started cooking the steak and mushrooms with me as chief assistant.

Needless to state I wasn't wearing knickers, but one of my latest duds from Paris. A simple little thing of Lanvin green that made my skin look like wild-rose petals and brought out all the amber tones in my eyes and the copper tints in my hair.

As I say, I was brought up with one idea in mind, "get your man." So if I leaned a trifle closer to Don than was strictly necessary in order to salt the steaks—why, don't blame me. It may have been some of my latest perfume, one of those "express your personality" mixtures, that I was using. It may have been my frock, or it may have been the fact that somebody in connecting the percolators blew a fuse and we had only the firelight for about half an hour. But it all seemed to go to Don's head. At first I thought he was jolly. Then I thought he was drunk.

NEITHER one of them was the truth—for he had fallen head over heels in love with me at sight. And I was farther gone on him than I cared to admit—even to myself.

"You and Don are getting a bit balmy, aren't you, Sally?" asked Rosemary. "Put on the brakes a little. He's a good sort, but you don't want to star in a 'Love In a Cottage' reel. He hasn't a cent. Fine family, but you can't open a charge account on that."

"Thanks, Rosie," I said, as sweetly as a pickled lime. "I guess I can dive a bit without getting my lungs full of water."

But Sunday afternoon it stopped raining, and, like the animals in the ark, we went out walking two by two. Then Don and

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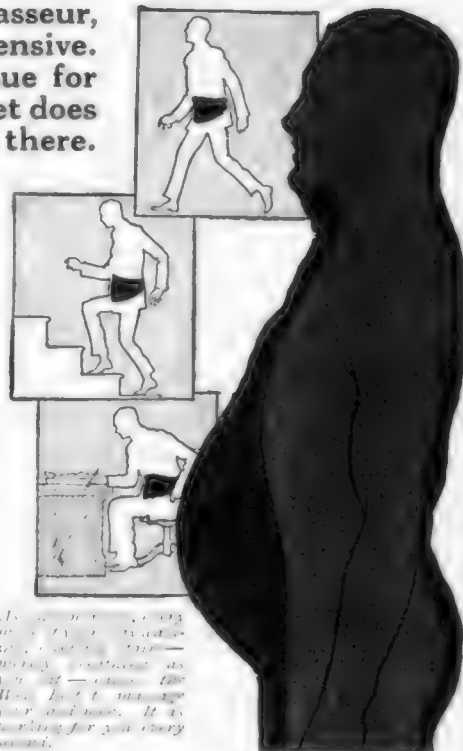
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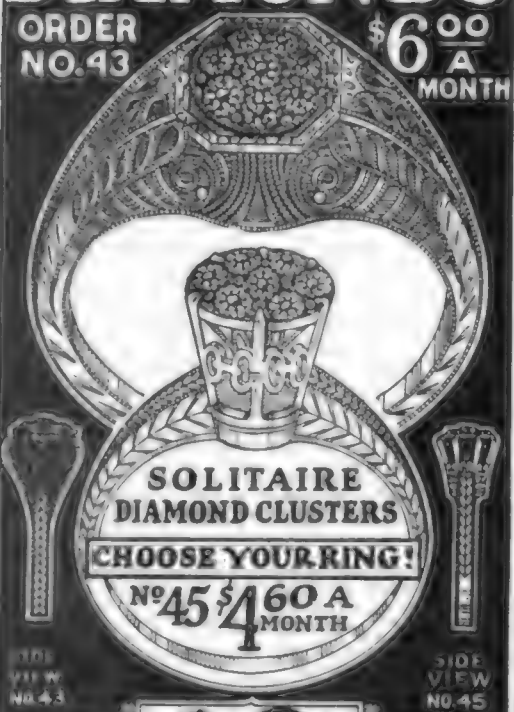


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I got lost. No, we really did. The moon was full and the air was simply heavenly, so when we discovered that we didn't know where we were, we didn't rush around especially trying to find out. We sat on some rocks on a hill overlooking the Sound.

You can laugh if you want to. I know the modern flapper isn't supposed to have such feelings, but as Don sat there telling me of all the big things he was going to do in engineering, and the money he was going to make and the beautiful home he was going to build—for me—I felt as if he was a little boy and I was his mother. I wanted to take his dark head on my shoulder and smooth his hair and tell him I believed every word, and I knew it would all come true. So, being modern, I did.

"And you'll wait for me until I make good, won't you, Sally? It might be ten years. Engineering is a slow game until you get your teeth into it."

"Wait?" I said. "What's the fun in that? Me here, you somewhere else. I'm not much good as a waiter. I'd elope with the first man who asked me, just from lonesomeness. No, we get married now or never. Anyway, I'd like the thrill of doing something useful for a change and giving the bunch something to talk about beside the ways of bootleggers."

ON TUESDAY, Don landed a job with a company who had done some of the biggest bridge building in the country. Wednesday we were married. And Thursday, with our name on the payroll at one hundred and ten dollars a month, we started on our honeymoon in a construction camp. Don's pay seemed almost like an insult to me, but he was thrilled to death over it, saying most of the fellows were starting at ninety but that he had worked two summers while he was going through college and the extra experience counted.

Mother and Dad had been up in the Catskills while the house party was going on at Rosemary's and hadn't returned, so my telegram announcing our marriage was the first news they'd had. Mother took to her bed with a sick headache—you could always count on her for that.

But Dad wired us five hundred "to help feather the nest." He also sent a special message to me—"Play the game, Sally, and don't be a quitter."

I thought of that a good many times in the years of up-hill pulling and penny managing that followed.

It has been five years since that message came, and Don has made good. I'm proud of him and I have a right to be, but I'm proud of myself too. When I am quite frank and honest, I know that I was pretty weak material for a poor man's wife. It

wasn't easy to make a home out of a wooden box with windows cut in it, and that was about all the construction shacks were. But my spunk was up. I had started things with Don, I had urged him not to wait until he had a fortune to hand me, and I was going to see it through to a decent finish. So I learned to sew!

And here was where my sense of style and my years of expensive clothes paid for themselves. The dresses I made looked like imports. I remember the first time the big boss and his wife came on a tour of inspection and stopped at our little cabin for dinner. It was *some* dinner too, if I did cook it. Heaven knows I'd had enough experience in ordering meals at hotels and country clubs to have some glimmering of proper combinations. We had black candles in silver candlesticks too, and an Italian linen doily set. Some of Dad's five hundred went into those. I think Don was puzzled when I bought them, instead of what he considered necessities. But I was determined to keep our standards up.

I was wearing a perfectly plain black dress, that I'd made over from a silk traveling suit, and a carved jade pendant and earrings. We were all feeling very clubby after a good meal, and the big boss kept looking at Don and then at me.

"How in the world," he said to Don, "did a young whipper-snapper like you ever get a wife like this?"

Don looked fussed to death, but two years as a flapper certainly gives you self-assurance if nothing else.

"Because," I answered, "he's a smart man and I'm a smart girl. I know a future millionaire when I see one, and I believe in catching them young."

WELL, we've arrived after five years of construction camps, furnished flats, rooms and board, apartment hotels. Even mother admits I did pretty well for myself. Only she wants grandchildren. She thinks I am hard and selfish—that I don't want any babies. But the truth is that I love them. Modern girls do just as much as normal girls have always done. But in the first hard years of moving from one job to another, it didn't seem fair to Don to put such an extra burden on him. It didn't seem fair to the babies when we had no real home to bring them into.

But now I'm ready for our family. And I'm going to have them. Perhaps planned for babies aren't quite so sweetly sentimental and romantic as the "just happened along" kind, but they're a lot fairer for everybody concerned. The modern flapper may know too much. But her grandmother knew too little, or tombstones at thirty-three wouldn't have been the fad.

A Homestead Couple

[Continued from page 71]

not gone through these trying times of life while young, feels as though she has missed something that was really worth while. A few years ago I talked to a man who had served a sentence in State's Prison, and he said that most of the younger prisoners had had no home life at all, or worse still, their parents had been separated or divorced.

When persons who are thinking of divorces stop to consider their children's welfare first, I think divorces will then diminish rapidly. I do not say that divorces should be abolished entirely, but I do think they are carried to extremes in America; and quite needlessly too.

My husband and I are pointed out in our community as a very happy couple. But during our early years our marriage might have gone on the rocks as so

many marriages do, had we not used tact and diplomacy and made up our minds that our marriage would be a success. I think it is better for couples to marry young, without much of the so-called worldly goods, and so work together in a sort of mutual partnership—for marriage is, or should be, a fifty-fifty proposition.

All of the hardships we had during our first years made us truly one, and in looking back I would not forego one step of the way, hard though it was sometimes.

I want to say to all young couples beginning life together, that when you have your first trials and hardships, stay with it. With courage and faith, good will be the inevitable result—and then divorces will not be so plentiful as they are now.

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My Alien Husband

[Continued from page 72]

not to be approached too closely—like the Armless Wonder or the Wild Man of Borneo in the side-show.

Yes, I hope the struggle has drawn us closer. We are so determined to win, you see. In spite of all the negatives against us, we have the positive assurance of each other.

It really seems that we are beyond everything now. We have undergone so much. We are not supposed to have feelings, because an American girl who marries an Italian immigrant is only a freak anyway, and the Italian is just something to shout at and deride for his endeavor to be a good citizen.

Not the least hard to bear of our trials is the watchfulness of my husband's relatives for the very snubbings bestowed by my American friends. As I am quoted in the family on all occasions, so are my friends' actions remarked.

"Is that the way the Americans do?" comes as a hard verdict sometimes when my old friends try to cut me.

The hardest thing is to keep a stout heart before my husband, and not let him see how ashamed I am at times of my American people. Because he must be a good American.

Yet, in spite of all that, we are happy. As I said, happier than those who criticize us, for there are so many pleasant things in the world—star-shining nights and sun-filled days. Work well-done and rest well-earned. Frosted cake for Sunday dinner and the movies sometimes on a weekday night.

IF WE can't ride in a big motor to a roadhouse every night, or dine at the Ritz, still we can taste our home-fricasseed chicken to the very last bit. And if we can't see Marion Davies in "Janice Meredith," we can read all about her and the film in the evening paper.

We couldn't have half the joy we do, alone. Nor the hope, nor the planning, for someday we'll have all the things we choose in the windows where we window-shop.

Oh, yes, it was a fairy-boat, not a ferry, which took us over to Hoboken that June day long ago. It brought us to the Ever-Ever Land of joy and trust and hope. The poor blind friends who stayed behind are only to be pitied. They can never live the days we have loved and worked and been happy.

We are successful, since happiness is the success for which men sell soul and body, rob and even murder. And the price, after all, is not counted in any coin, nor gained by any deed of strength. It is just in marriage—the vital principle of the universe. Marriage, that begins with atoms and ends only in the union of worlds.

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My Wife and I

[Continued from page 33]

was of a very intense nature, and it was this perhaps which made her so impulsive and dissatisfied.

One evening she called for me at the theatre, and took me home with her for a tête-a-tête supper.

My hand trembles as I approach this part of my story; my courage falters.

Things happened so quickly. I can scarcely remember it all. A blurred picture of her luxurious rooms. She and I seated on her low couch—the red light in her husband's eyes as he entered the room, a gun in his hand. My leap forward and knocking it up. The flash, the report of a shot, and his body lying on the velvet carpet. Oh, it was horrible!

I have never known how I got out of the house. The first cold touch of reason came to me when I found myself in prison. Then came long weary days, when I suffered with the dawning knowledge of my utter worthlessness.

THE final day of my trial found me feverish with the long hours of solitude.

As I sat with my head bowed in my hands in the crowded court-room, suddenly a voice fell upon my ears. Amazed and unbelieving, I looked up. My wife stood there in the witness-box, her hand raised to take the oath of truth.

I heard nothing more that occurred. Not even the verdict of the jury made any impression. The long, sorrowful look she gave me as she left the court-room will go with me through the portals of death itself. It will haunt me in eternity. When my lawyer came over and shook hands with me, informing me that I was a free man, I looked at him dumbly.

"You owe it all to your wife," he said. "If she hadn't testified that you were with her the night of the shooting, you would most certainly have been convicted."

My first thought on finding myself free was to find her. Without success. I have spent many weary days, and long lonely nights trying to find her. Half-heartedly I tried to get work so that I might have money to spend in still further search.

It was only whisky that saved me from suicide. Under its influence, I could dream that I had found her, and that by some miracle I had been forgiven—

*Newspaper Clipping from
"The Daily Star"*

A ROMANCE OF MANHATTAN
The Mysterious Disappearance of
Broadway's Great Lover is Solved.
Yesterday morning R— T—, the well-known matinee-idol of several years ago, was found unconscious in a squalid room of the famous "Half-Way House" down on the Bowery. He was suffering from malnutrition and excessive use of alcohol.

He was taken to a nearby hospital, and within a short time after the morning papers appeared carrying the notice of his discovery in such impoverished environment, his wife arrived at the hospital to claim her husband.

Upon gaining consciousness, he saw his wife at his bedside and the famous smile, which had won him innumerable feminine admirers in the past, appeared on his face. "You," he whispered. "The story—did you get it? On the table."

The manuscript found in his room was addressed to his wife.

The doctors say he will recover.

THE END.

What Chance Have I?

[Continued from page 16]

were told by their parents to drop me. And so one night I slipped out of my window, as I had slipped out so many times to meet Walter, and ran away to New York.

I don't know why I went to New York. Perhaps I thought I could lose myself. I almost did, by starvation. In spite of getting the cheapest room I could find, a room with no windows and no ventilation except the transom, and by spending only a dime for breakfast and for dinner and doing without luncheons, I was soon broke. I found I knew nothing, could do nothing. Do girls ever think of that—*what can they do better than someone else who wants the job?* I had no experience at anything, and as for that I haven't yet, except in the chorus.

I had gone without food for two days when I ran into Ben Hart on Broadway and Forty-fourth Street. He had been Walter's and my best man. He recognized me before I could get by him, and ran after me and caught me by the arm. He asked a hundred questions in one breath: What was I doing? Had I heard from Walter? Could he help me? I told him the truth about my situation—that I was starving, penniless and jobless. He thought for a moment, then stepped back and looked me over.

"You ought to do," he mused. "Good-looker, good shape, good ankles. Tell you what I'll do. Give you a letter to Johnson. He's the stage manager over at ——. They're putting on a new show. How'd you like to be a chorus queen?"

Would I? I'd do anything for money and food.

When I got to the theater they were having what is called a "chorus call." Which means that the agencies and others had been notified that girls are to be picked for a certain production at a certain time and certain place. I've been to many since—thousands, it seems like.

About four hundred girls were there, "being looked over." Some of them were known to the director. If they had good working records, weren't getting too old and hadn't got fat, they got first consideration. They were "known quantities." Then came the others: "Ankles and feet good. Legs O.K. Face and hair all right. Teeth, yes. Back and shoulders passable. Arms fair. Dancer? Got any voice? Can you wear tights?" and all the rest, like dealers sizing up cattle.

I thought that day that I was the luckiest girl in New York. Mr. Johnson landed me a job at forty dollars a week!

THEN the weary, racking, unpaid-for weeks of rehearsal. I had pawned all but one dress, and I was literally eating up my clothes. Most of the time I was faint from hunger—but the drilling, marching, whirling went on hour after hour. The girls were good to me. They taught me how to make up, how to walk, and helped me with my dance steps.

Then came the first insult.

I shall call him Mr. X. You've probably heard of him. He's not one of the biggest. The biggest producers, as a rule, haven't time for chorus girls, even if they have any inclinations that way. That's where the casting director, if he happens to be the kind, does his dirty work; or the stage manager, or the company manager, or someone. It seems to me there's always someone, no matter how decent the firm is, who'll annoy you if you're young and good-looking and not too stage-wise.

Mr. X. didn't seem to notice me. This

was one of his first big shows, and he was busy and worried. Of course I knew who he was because all of the girls were interested in him, and many of them in attracting his attention. He was fat and pudgy—a bald-headed man of about fifty. I never saw him without a hat. I'll bet he sleeps in his derby.

I hadn't the trick of skinning out of my rehearsal duds and slipping into my street clothes the way the other girls did. I learned that later. So I was usually one of the last to leave. One evening, after we had been rehearsing about two weeks, I was just about to leave the rehearsal hall (you don't always rehearse in a theater, you know) when I felt a pinch on my arm. It was the producer.

"Late, aren't you, dearie?" he said. (They all call you dearie in the theater, because most of the time they don't know your name.) "Where do you go from here?"

"Home," I said.

"Does he make you come right home?"

"There isn't any 'he,'" I answered.

HE LAUGHED and pinched my cheek. "You must be new," he said. "A kid with your looks oughtn't to be running around alone in a big city." He put his fat arm around me, and as I struggled to get away, he only laughed. "Come on," he said. "Just a little kiss and let's see how we like each other."

He was pulling me closer and his head was bending down. I pushed my hands against him with all my might, but he was too strong. Just as his lips were beginning to press against my cheek, something inside of me gave way—weakness, fright, hunger, I don't know what—and I fainted.

When I came to, one of the property boys was pouring water on my face and chafing my hands.

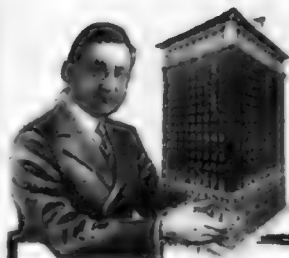
I saw Mr. X. several times before the show opened out of town for a try-out, but he never showed a sign of recognition. I was just one of the mob. But I was not through with him, or with my troubles.

A week later I got my notice.

You can't blame these men too much, you know. They are gods of their world. Remember that there are several hundred girls looking for every job. I suppose there are four or five thousand girls in New York eager to jump into almost any sort of chorus. A lot of these girls aren't any too particular, especially when they realize how much competition they've got. In other words, there are hundreds of others who want that job who are just as beautiful, just as talented, just as appealing as you are. So, if they haven't any "influence," if they haven't someone who will push them ahead legitimately, some of the weaker ones try to "vamp" influence. A man high up in the show business is simply mobbed by girls trying to gain his interest.

It is a horrible truth about some of our sex, but it leads right into the question of: What chance has a good girl got unless she has influence? And how can she get it and stay good?

TRAMPING the streets again. Hungry. Lonely. Heartsick. A job at last in another chorus. The show a hit on the road, and likely to have a long run in New York. But the night before we were to open on Broadway, the star got sick in Pittsburgh, was operated upon and died.



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The show was closed. Then another flier. And at last, a forty-dollar-a-week job in a road chorus.

Jobs on the road are easier to get. Many good New York chorus girls won't take them. In the first place, you can't possibly live on your salary. You can't even have a hall-bedroom you call home. You're continually on the jump. The Actors' Equity is doing a lot to improve these conditions, but it can't do everything.

You wonder why a girl can't live on forty dollars a week. I'll tell you why. In the first place she's got to go to good hotels, usually the best. Private families won't have her. And if she stays in a cheap hotel, she runs an even chance of being insulted.

On my first trip, I palled and roomed with a girl named Dot. She was road-wise. I insisted on going to a cheap hotel the first night out, instead of paying the five dollars a day they wanted at a good one. She simply shrugged her shoulders, and said, "All right. You'll have to learn sometime."

We got a room for three dollars for the two of us. We hadn't been in it ten minutes before there was a knock on the door. I jumped out of bed, but Dot whispered to me, "Don't open it until you find out who it is."

So I called through the door to know who it was that was knocking. A voice answered "Bellboy." I opened the door—two men pushed in. They were drunk.

I began to scream. One of the men grabbed me and put his hand over my mouth. Dot leaped out of bed and flung a chair at the other one, and began yelling "Police!" The men ran out, and the clerk came up, angry and puffing.

"What's the row, anyway?" he asked.

"Two men forced their way into our room," we explained.

"Aw, hell," he answered. "Can that chatter. Men don't do that if they aren't given encouragement. You two chorines get out of here. This is a decent hotel."

We "got"—to the five-dollar room.

DOT taught me how to make acquaintances. You have to do it or else go hungry—all this, of course, unless you get some help from home, or your husband, or from some source other than your salary. I was shocked at first; then I got used to it. You drop your purse in the hotel lobby, or else answer the notes you get, or else they telephone you at the hotel. There's a hundred and one ways.

Most of these pick-ups aren't so bad. Usually they're lonely, or "misunderstood" by their wives, or something of the sort. You get used to handling them. And you can spot a "U-M" almost the minute you meet him. He is an ulterior-motive man. Watch out for him.

I know some of you that read this think I'm brazen and crude and terrible. I'm not. I'm as pure and decent as any of the girls you know. I've kept myself clean through it all, like a lot of chorus girls I know. I have never accepted presents from men, other than dinners; but I don't blame a lot of the girls that do. If they aren't well-dressed, they're due to be reprimanded. I was once told that if I couldn't dress better I'd have to quit; that "our show can't afford to have shabby girls."

I have learned, for instance, that Boston is the best "John town" of all, because of all the colleges in or near it. Yet the first night I played there I got one of the frights of my life. When several of

us girls came out of the stage-door after the evening performance, a crowd of drunken college boys grabbed us and lifted us into waiting taxicabs, holding us in. Fortunately, the doorman heard the commotion and came rushing out.

"The girls that want to go, can go," he announced. "Those that don't say so. You drunks let go of them or the whole Boston police force will be here in three minutes."

I know that you have to be careful in Chicago. The men that come to the stage-doors there are a tough crowd. I had a frightful experience there, too. One night the company manager asked me to go out with a friend of his. This was something in the nature of an order I could refuse, of course—and then before long there would be a reason why I wasn't needed in the company. A very good reason, too.

So I went. He was a nice chap, gentlemanly and considerate. He took me to a quiet restaurant, and we were having a friendly, cosy supper, when suddenly a woman pounced down upon us. It was his wife.

I was perfectly innocent—but that didn't keep them from taking me to police headquarters. And I've never had such a tongue-lashing from a woman in all my life.

But why should I go on and on with all the details of my unpleasant experiences? Have I a chance to be the sort of girl my mother and father had raised me to be?

TELL me, you who have read this: Has a chorus girl an opportunity to get ahead if she hasn't a man to back her? Haven't girls in almost any other line of work a better chance for a career—or marriage? They don't have the stigma of the chorus always attached to them—"Oh, she was just a chorus girl before he married her."

Some have succeeded without pull. The gamble is about two hundred and fifty to one. Some have made happy marriages to wealth. Very few. Most of these chorus girl marriages to rich men seem to get into the divorce courts.

Where do we go from here? What do most of us do when we get too old to look eighteen? Perhaps we scrub floors. I know of a lot of "old" chorus girls who are doing just that.

When some men find out you're a chorus girl, they think that is the cue to insult you. They can't imagine that a chorus girl can be a nice girl. They're wrong—but do you want them to think that about you?

Do you want to take up a career where you work less than two years out of six, as I have? Have you a pull—not a "letter to someone"—but a real man to back you? Are you willing to go hungry, to risk insult, to get shabby and frayed—all for a chance to get forty or fifty dollars a week once in awhile?

Ask yourselves all these questions, you thousands of girls who come pouring into New York year after year. You've got to face it. There is no other way. This story can warn you—but it cannot change the facts.

This magazine can expose a condition, but it cannot change human nature. Count the cost first—and then don't come. The tinsel and romance are all seen from the orchestra looking back. The view from the wings is one of dust and props and men in overalls.

My experience has been mixed—but I can hold up my head before the world. How many others can do the same I may only guess. I do know that thousands upon thousands cannot, and I know that they entered the chorus as innocent as I did.

Is there anything you are in doubt about? Is there a question you would like to ask? Write to the editor and we will answer you frankly—for it is our mission to help you.



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My Buddy's Wife

[Continued from page 24]

trembling fingers. I couldn't say a word. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. All I could feel was pain—a ripping tearing sort of hurt all through my chest as if someone were sawing me in half. Stumbling, I made my way back to the mess line. But the men around me were no longer in soldier suits. The trees were no longer trees. All that I could see was the vision of a girl—the girl whose picture Bill had taken to his hero's death. Big tears were welling up out of her blue eyes. She was trembling like a spray of stricken, tortured goldenrod. And behind her an old lady, bent and gray, was wringing white hands in agony.

It was that way all the long days of waiting while men around me whispered the war was going to end next morning. Such talk seemed crazy babble to most of us. But they kept the idea going. And, at last, after our guns had banged all night, and seemed about to crack the world with violence, along about eleven o'clock they suddenly became muted as if by the command of some invisible master voice. A silence unknown to that part of France settled over the pockmarked hills and fields of Verdun.

The war was over!

Men came up out of the earth—out of their hiding places. They sang and shaved. They danced in the sunlight and slapped each other on the back. They drank wine and beer. They damned the Kaiser. But most of all they talked about going home—about sweethearts—mothers—families.

That night as the gang sat around a big fire singing "There's A Long, Long Trail a Winding," I knew what a hard trail lay before two women back in Iowa, and all the women in America whose boys would never march home.

"God help you, Mary, if you loved him like he loved you," I thought inwardly as I got up and moved out of the fire's dancing light. "I—I—don't know how I'll ever be able to tell you all about him."

BROKEN and battered by almost two years of fighting in France my division was sent home immediately. A month after the Armistice went into effect I found myself being discharged from Camp Devens, and being paid off in full. The amount was one hundred dollars including all my back pay. But this did not take care of any traveling expenses and I had learned that traveling was very high since the war.

"My original home is in Mobile, Alabama. Don't I get carfare there?" I asked, thinking that I could use the money for the trip to Bill's little home town.

"You enlisted at Boxford, Mass., didn't you?" demanded the Quartermaster officer.

"Yes," I was forced to admit.

"You are entitled to twenty-six cents traveling money. That is the fare between Devens and Boxford," he answered, crushing me with this news.

I went away carrying but one souvenir of the Great Experience—Bill Mullaney's gas mask that I was taking home to Mary. There was only one thing to do, buy some clothing and board a train for L., Iowa.

But upon discovering the prices of clothes I had to put such a thing out of my mind. Civilian clothes were not for me. The old O. D. uniform would have to do for a while. My money must be used for railroad fare—must be spent keeping faith with the man who slept somewhere beyond the citadel of Verdun.

All the way across the states I sat at the day coach window dazed by the sights

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streaking past. There was but one thing on my mind: one thing in my heart. That was the delicacy of my mission. Time and time again I framed the things I would say to Mary, and to Bill's old mother. But always at the ever recurring vision of Mary as I remembered her from the picture, words lodged like lumps in my throat and I could not rehearse anything to say.

The fact that I was broke from buying my ticket did not seem to matter until the long train slowed down for L—, and the porter, hustling my things to the platform before I could stop him, showed how plainly he expected a tip. A strange kind of smile came to my lips as I reached in my pocket and gave him three nickels—my last few cents.

I knew Mary at once.

THERE she was standing on the little station platform looking for all the world like a slender goldenrod—goldenrod that has been caught in a sudden rough wind. But she tried to smile at the sight of me clattering up to her in hobnails.

She was in black—black that made her more of a golden girl than ever, black that was a sombre a foil for her white satiny skin, her blue eyes that melted my heart, and her hair that was like mellow-corn-silk! Nor shall I ever be able to describe my sensations as our fingers touched and her lips, sadly red, asked if I were Jimmy. That moment was one of the few times in my life when I couldn't do any more than nod my head for an answer.

"The wagon's over here," she said turning toward a horse and carriage.

I was glad there was something for me to do when we reached the shabby little old turnout. Somehow I had sensed that Mary was near to crying when she met me. Maybe she had seen Bill's name linked across the gas mask! I cursed myself for not having thought to hide that side of it as I unhitched the horse.

The road was little more than a white snow trail winding out of the straggling village of several streets. The wagon's wheels skidded a few times, nearly throwing us out. Once I had to hold Mary in by putting my arm around her.

"Of course we—we ought to be using a sleigh. But ours has about fallen to pieces. I must hold Ned in," she said in an apologetic way, as she drew on the reins hard. The horse slowed down and our way was less dangerous after that.

"There's a lot for me to tell you, Jimmy," she said later. The confiding tone she used went to my head like wine. I stole a glance at her sideways, my eyes like two starved things drinking in the exquisiteness of her face.

For a moment came the irresistible impulse to realize that at last—at last I was looking upon a woman who owned a power over my soul. Such an impulse had its sway until I remembered who she was. Again I must keep faith with a man asleep in France. But I could not cheat myself of the strange happiness that was mine in the knowledge that I was at least privileged to help her—to offer her whatever there was in me that she needed or would take.

I CAME, Mary," I said, pronouncing her name slowly, softly, "to have you tell me what you will, and to do whatever I can. Please remember that we were buddies out there—to the end." I finished, no longer sure of my voice.

Mary stared ahead, her eyes seeming to seek something that was way down the road, shrouded in the quickening gray twilight. I knew that a great battle was going on in her heart—a battle to master

the emotions which were near overwhelming her. Her sensitive lips trembled. There was a play of forces in her slender throat. In those poignant seconds I wished with all my heart that I lay in Bill Mullaney's grave beyond Verdun. For the magic of my love for Mary made her own agony a thing of dumb torture to me.

"Sometime," she began, at last daring speech, "you will tell me all about him over there. Now there are other things, Jimmy, that I must tell you. Bill—" she faltered over the name—"his mother nearly died when the telegram came. She went to bed, rallied later and hung on a while. Then her mind weakened. Doctor Summerfield told me that the only thing sustaining her was the belief she cherishes of Bill's coming home. She won't believe he was killed.

"Her mind's affected, poor soul," Mary went on slowly. "Four days ago she had another bad spell. We have no hope that she can last now. This is bad enough. But not all. We have never received a cent of insurance money. I have corresponded, but there seems to be some mistake somewhere and there has been no money. I had to give up my teaching position to care for Mother Mullaney. The truth is, Jimmy, only the generosity of Doctor Summerfield has kept us going."

The sobs burst through her lips after she finished.

"Don't worry any more about such things, Mary," was all I could find to say as my hands instinctively gripped hers. "We'll get Bill's mother well, and I'll take care of the rest."

My words were not idle boast, for penniless though I was at the moment I knew that somehow, someday, I would get money for Mary and Mrs. Mullaney.

The twilight lingered only a few swift moments. Silently the night shadows crept into the white fields and the gaunt woods. Darkness had closed around us, when Mary drew reins in front of a rambling house that suggested poverty even through the dimness of the Iowa night. Two lights burned inside. One upstairs and one downstairs.

"Doctor Summerfield is with her up there waiting for us. We didn't dare tell her you were coming. She might have insisted you were Bill. So try not to make any noise when we get inside," said Mary, as I helped her to the ground.

"I'll put the horse up. Where's the stable?" I asked under my breath. Mary pointed to a low building behind the house. I made out its vague outlines through the dark and led Ned towards the stable.

Mary and the doctor were sitting at a table in an old-fashioned parlor when I came in by the back door. The doctor, tall and spare, with a good Samaritan sort of face, got up as I stepped lightly into the parlor. I took his outstretched hand with the realization that I was making a friend—not merely an acquaintance.

"I am glad you came, my boy. This child here," pointing to Mary with a wan sort of smile, "needs someone to lean on."

"I'm afraid I've been a terrible burden to you, Doctor," she cut in softly.

"That you could not be, Mary. It is only that I cannot be two places at once that I'm glad you have Jimmy here to help now."

OUR talk in the little old-fashioned parlor with its oil lamp burning low in a round rose-colored globe finally resolved itself into a council of war. The doctor told us that Mrs. Mullaney was sleeping upstairs under the influence of a powder.

"Why doesn't Mary get her insurance, Jimmy?" asked the doctor after awhile.

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I gave them briefly what information I had been able to dig up about it. There was a chance that our Commanding Officer might be able to put the papers through, in spite of their incompleteness. But it would take long weeks. They were slow about such matters at Washington.

"Then we cannot hope much on that score for the present. Mary is frankly broke. She had to give up her teaching," began Doctor Summerfield.

"I can go right to work," I interrupted. "What did you do before the war, Jimmy?" he asked.

"I was a newspaper writer, with ambitions to do fiction and novels someday," I admitted slowly.

But I convinced them that one could write on a farm as well as any other place.

AND so it was agreed that night that I would stay and get ready for the spring and summer on the farm, doing what odd jobs I could. In between times I would take up my writing again.

A great white winter moon was shining down when Mary and I went to the door with Doctor Summerfield. His good-night was a solemn kindly thing that sent me back indoors conscious of a growing filial feeling towards the soft-voiced man. Then and there I sensed that someday circumstances would send me to him as a boy goes to the father.

The parlor lamp was sputtering its appeal for oil when we went back into that room, where the winter chill was less on account of the embers still glowing on the wide, rough hearth. In the uncertain rose dimness, Mary Mullaney seemed to me still the beautiful spray of stricken goldenrod—more beautiful, more tender, than ever.

As we sat talking in low tones, there was a sound of feeble steps shuffling down the stairs. There came a voice, high-pitched with false strength. Mary Mullaney stiffened strangely, and leaned tensely forward, anxious fear written on her paling face.

At first the rocking vision coming down the stairs seemed an uncanny phantom in white—something that almost froze the blood in my veins, for I did not fully comprehend this apparition until Mary jumped up in alarm, crying:

"Mother Mullaney—"

I got to my feet at the same moment and stood stock still, waiting to see what drama the moment would unfold.

"He's come home! Mary—Mary—I told you he would. Thank God!" cried the old lady, poising herself on the last step, her face gray and drawn with the pallor of death. Her eyes flashed with uncanny brightness, as she took me in, dressed as I was in my army clothes.

I saw Mary make a vain gesture to stop her. But with the false strength of the delirious, Bill Mullaney's mother swept past like a ghost and threw herself into my opening arms with a cry that jerked at my heartstrings.

"My boy—my boy," she murmured, clinging to me, one thin white hand clutched.

"I've asked God for this one last sight—my two children in each others' arms. Mary girl; Bill boy; God's answered my prayers. I'm going to Him. He's calling me. Come."

She half-pushed us into each others' arms, until Mary was like a spray of limp, yielding goldenrod in my embrace.

Until her eyes, only inches from mine, were telling me that we must play a game—and her lips, lifting upwards, sent a joy I had never known before sweeping through me.

[To be concluded]

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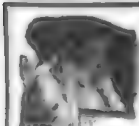


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I Married the Girl My Wife Hated

[Continued from page 42]

business. The information I have given you about her is on the application blank she filled out for the position. Harley, the office manager, hired her. I didn't even do that. What shall I do—let her go because you have taken a dislike to her?"

"By no means, by no means," said Grace. "Don't consider me at all. Why should you lose such an attractive, brilliant assistant?"

"Grace, I swear to heaven that you are all wrong. Why, I could not tell you now the color of her hair or what sort of clothes she wears."

That was all true! I knew that Miss Wilding was at the office when I arrived; that she was there when I left. Without showing any special inclination to be self-effacing, that is exactly what she was. She looked after my affairs, usually without consulting me, and I had never taken the trouble to notice what she looked like or how she dressed, or what her interests were outside of the office.

And now to be accused by my wife of being interested in a girl in my office! What would be the outcome of this? It made me dizzy to think about it.

Yet on the way back to my desk, my wife's complaints and accusations ringing in my ears, I found myself wondering about Miss Wilding and just what she was like. It was nice to have someone about so quiet and self-effacing!

I studied her during the afternoon when she came in and out of my office—quietly and unobtrusively—as if I had not been there at all. She had none of the characteristics of the vamp. Quite the contrary. If I had had to sum her up, I would have said she was motherly. While she was sufficiently alert about her office affairs, there seemed something of compassion in her soft gray eyes, something warm and pulsating about her slender figure. Yes, it was maidenhood with all that God-given charm of the blossoming time of life. That accounted for the sweetness of her voice, the quick sympathy of her movements.

And now I knew why I liked to have her around, but was never conscious of her—she was so utterly restful.

Heretofore this had all been unconscious. Now it was alive and conscious—and disturbing. Could I possibly keep her on, I wondered? Then I decided that I had better not. But I made up my mind to try to find an equally congenial place for her elsewhere before telling her she would have to go.

GRACE did not mention Miss Wilding again, but in the course of the next few weeks I became conscious of the fact that my office was receiving far more care from the porter who looked after this floor in the building than it had ever received before. A large, swarthy individual was always washing the windows, pattering around my office and just outside with a dust cloth.

And at noon, no matter at what time I went out, the fellow was standing in the lobby or just outside the entrance, smoking a cigarette. I was always running into him. But I put him down as one of those unfortunate people who rub one the wrong way and who are always coming within the range of vision because of this hate-attraction.

There was one day when Miss Wilding and I chanced to leave for luncheon at the same time. We rode down in the elevator together, and when I found she

was going the same way I walked down the street with her. I did it fearfully because it would be just like Grace to be downtown and see us together, and no explanations would change her interpretation of this chance meeting.

I had noticed the porter at the outer door of the building and the fellow even seemed to follow us, though when I reached my club and Miss Wilding went on, he was not to be seen.

That evening when I reached home, Grace was in a mood of suppressed excitement. It was as if she had told me, "Just wait and see what you will see."

She was almost gay during dinner, but it was plain that she was high-strung and was forcing herself.

"Why don't you eat your dinner, my dear?" she asked, when I scarcely touched my food. "Did you have such a nice hearty luncheon in such perfectly charming surroundings, and no doubt with such a perfectly lovely luncheon companion, that you haven't any appetite for dinner?"

"I'm not eating because I don't feel any too well," I said. "But I'd like to know just the same what you are driving at?"

"Oh, nothing at all, nothing at all," she said, and smiled what she meant to be an inscrutable smile. "But since when have you become so artistic and temperamental that you must keep your door locked against intrusion when you are dictating?"

HER smile was now gone; her lips began to quiver and there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, you poor fool! You poor specimen of a man—to think you could pull the wool over my eyes. To think you could deceive me for even a minute. I know every move you make! I know you took that person to lunch today."

"I did nothing of the sort," I cried.

"You did! You did! You did!" she insisted. "I've got it here in black and white. Every time you've held her hand and told her how beautiful she was. Every time you've kissed her . . . Oh, you despicable, unworthy man! Did you think you could play me false without my knowing it?"

She reached under her plate and dramatically drew forth a number of slips of paper. And as dramatically she waved them in the air and then threw them on the table in front of me.

"There is the record of what you've done," she sobbed.

"So that fellow was a detective," I said, strangely calm. "And you mean to accept this stuff as gospel truth?"

"There is nothing else for me to believe," she said.

I picked up one of the notes. It was designed to be most mystifying. It was addressed to No. 9724 and reference was made to subjects "X" and "Y," and signed No. 6.

"So I'm to be charged, tried, and convicted on these," I said.

"What more could I want?" she cried. Then her anger burst into a tremendous flame. She ran around the table and began to beat me with her fists, tear at my hair and scratch at my eyes.

"Oh God," she cried. "That this should have happened to me! That I should marry a man so low and so vile. Oh, I shall go mad. Just to think of what you were when I married you—a small-town clerk. And look where you stand today! I! I! I made you what you are! And see how I am paid! Look at my—my reward!"

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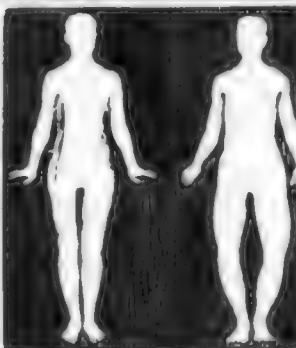
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I had stood the beating of her fists, had listened patiently to her tirade, and now all of a sudden I went cold. So this screaming virago was the woman I had promised to love and to cherish! And she had made me what I am today! I laughed; then I rose from my chair, walked out into the hall and got my hat and stick and opened the front door.

"Ralph!" screamed my wife, "where are you going? Come back here!"

BUT I closed the door after me and my mind was fixed on getting out of the house as soon as possible. This situation had become unbearable. From a certain feeling of fear and foreboding, I had now come to feel only disgust.

But I stood undecided on the street corner. Where should I go? Home—I had none any more. As for the club; I did not fancy that, I did not want to have to talk. So I decided on my office. There would be rest there—peace and quiet.

There I found most of the floor occupied by "Gorman and Black" ablaze with lights, and I now recalled that a good part of the force had remained down that evening to complete the specifications I would have to take with me on the Century to New York the next day.

It was too late to turn back so I entered and returned the greeting of Harley, the office manager. The clicking of typewriters paused a brief second as the typists looked up at me. Miss Wilding was at work just outside my door but I passed without a sign of recognition.

I went to the window and looked out into the magic of the city night. From below came the swishing of rubber tires on the oily pavement, while hundreds of headlights flashed from north and south, criss-crossing as they turned into streets leading to the Loop.

THE stars were pale through the rising mist, but far out across the black peace of the lake there was a single light moving along a horizon which seemed the very edge of the world. A small launch, no doubt, gliding through the night to safe harbor.

But also out there in the darkness on the bosom of that now peaceful lake were other hulks, without lights, without guidance, at the mercy of the wind and the waves. Derelicts.

And wasn't that exactly what Grace and I were, now that we had taken this final step—human derelicts? Floating on the sea of life, as the tide of men and affairs willed it.

I had not turned on the lights in my office and in the reflection of the glow from outside my door the furnishings stood in grotesque outline. I found my way to a chair at my desk and sinking into it I rested my arms on the desk and let my head fall forward.

Presently I was aware that my door had opened and a moment later I felt a hand rest softly on my shoulder.

"Oh," whispered a voice with a sort of sob—it was the low, sweet voice of Miss Wilding—"I can't bear to see you this way. It just breaks my heart."

So, in due course, I married my stenographer, and Grace Winthrop Henderson bitterly pointed out that all her suspicions were now verified. No amount of argument could ever have convinced her that she herself, and she alone, had driven me into the arms of my second wife. Because of my present wealth and position my second marriage occasioned considerable talk. But lots of men marry their stenographers and live happy ever after. That's what I am doing.

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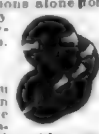
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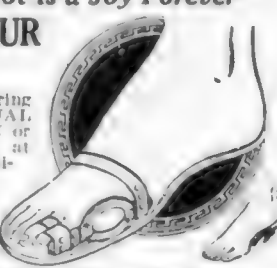
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Cover Portrait by Henry Clive

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By J. E. Greenslade

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There is nothing exceptional about any of these men. They'll tell you that themselves. Many had been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, farm hands—in fact, they came from all walks of life. And then in a very short period of time they found themselves making more money than they had ever dreamed possible. Today they know the thrill of money-making.

I Pledge You My Word You Can Do It

What these men have done, hundreds have done, hundreds are doing today, and hundreds will do tomorrow. And you can be one of them. The same opportunity is yours with no possibility of your failing to do equally as well if you follow my advice.

But first let me tell you why the same opportunity exists for you. During 1923 the National Salesmen's Training Association received requests for more than 50,000 salesmen from wholesalers, manufacturers, and jobbers—representative concerns all over the United States and Canada. Surely that is a tribute to the manner in which we train men for Master Salesmanship.

There are countless openings for men who really know how to sell—unlimited opportunities to make real money. And once you possess the secrets of Master Salesmanship you, too, can do equally as well as any of the men mentioned on this page.

A Foolish Notion About Salesmen

For some reason the average man imagines that, in order to make good in selling, he must be a "born" salesman. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is no such thing as a "born" salesman.

There are certain principles, certain rules, certain secrets to selling just as there are certain principles in mathematics and medicine. Once you know these principles you can quickly make good in the selling profession.

And through the National Demonstration Method—an exclusive feature of our System of Training—you gain the equivalent of actual experience in overcoming sales problems of all descriptions. Then, through the N. S. T. A. System of Electives, you get the proved selling plans of Master Salesmen in the line or lines you want to sell.

Step by step this result-securing system of salesmanship training takes you through every phase of selling, and secrets of selling that have made millions of dollars are unfolded to you in a manner so simple and easy as to be immediately grasped.

Then there is the Free Employment Service at your disposal when you are qualified and ready.

Remarkable Book, "Modern Salesmanship" Sent—FREE

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship." It will show you how you can easily become a Master Salesman—a big money-maker—how the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will give you the equivalent of years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our Free Employment Service will help you select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon today. It may be the turning point in your life.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. 26-A, N. S. T. A. Buildings
1139 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 26-A, N. S. T. A. Buildings
1139 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me FREE your book "Modern Salesmanship" and proof that I can become a Master Salesman.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Age _____ Occupation _____

Earns \$1,350 a Month

"Last month I earned \$1,350 as a salesman. Have earned \$1,340 in the last year. I couldn't have done it without N. S. T. A. training."—A. H. Wood, Chicago.

\$1,000 in 30 Days

"After ten years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. My earnings during the last 30 days were \$1,000."—W. H. Hartle, Chicago, Illinois.

First Month \$1,000

"The very first month I earned \$1,000. I was fortunate to have a customer."—Charles Berry, Winterset, Iowa.

\$524 in 2 Weeks

"I was earning \$60 a month. Last week I cleared \$206 and this week \$218."—Geo. W. Brown, Omaha City.

City Salesman

"I went to the N. S. T. A. helped me to a good selling position with the Shaw-Walker Company."—Wm. W. Johnson, Jr., St. Mary, Minn.

\$554.37 in One Week

"Last week my earnings amounted to \$554.37; this week \$1,000."—T. W. Brown, Portland, Ore.

\$100 a Week in Only 3 Months

"H. D. Miller, of Chicago, made \$100 a week in three months. In July. In September, he made \$1,000. He was training with N. S. T. A. in Chicago."

\$10,000 a Year

"O. H. Miller, of Boston, Mass., made \$10,000 a year in three months as a SALES MANAGER through this training."

Learn Electricity



In the Great Shops of
COYNE

IN 12 WEEKS

Earn \$60 to \$200 a Week

Why work at dull uninteresting work, at low pay, with no future? In 12 weeks I will train you for a big pay job where you can command \$60 to \$200 a week as a COYNE TRAINED MASTER ELECTRICAL EXPERT or you can go in business for yourself with very small capital and make up to \$15,000 a year. Men trained as I train them are in demand everywhere. The great development of the Electrical industry makes the demand for trained men tremendous. Big opportunities and advancement for those who prepare now. The Coyne school was founded 26 years ago and my thousands of SUCCESSFUL GRADUATES are living proofs of what my training can do for ANY AMBITIOUS man. Many of these fellows will tell you in my big free book what Coyne has done for them.

Complete Electrical Training in 12 Weeks

I train you thoroughly on the greatest outlay of ACTUAL ELECTRICAL machinery ever assembled in any school. You work with your hands on all kinds of Electrical apparatus, door bells, house wiring, armatures, switchboards, dynamos, everything to make you in all around ELECTRICAL EXPERT. This REAL WORK with REAL tools, on REAL machinery trains you many times FASTER, many times MORE THOROUGH than trying to learn in the field or by books or lessons.

No Books—No Lessons—No Classes —You Do Actual Work!

I do not attempt to teach you by books or lessons. I train you as a shop, in your hand and work on the same kind of Electrical Machinery you find in your business and around plants and on the outside, under actual working conditions with instructors at your side. I have no classes, every student gets individual training.

Free Radio and Auto Course

For a short time only I am including ABSOLUTELY FREE new Radio Course and Auto, Truck and Tractor Electrical Course.

You Don't Need Education or Experience

You don't need a lot of schooling to master my course. You don't have to be a high school graduate or even a grammar school graduate. My method of instruction is clear and plain, and yet thorough, and if you can understand plain English I will make you an electrical expert even though you haven't a lot of education or any previous electrical experience.

Coyne Trains You For Life

You can get a free life scholarship which enables you to stay longer than the required time if you care to, or you may return at any time to take up new work. I am constantly adding to my school to make it the most modern at all times.

Earn While You Learn

My employment department will assist you to a part time job where you can make a good part of your living expenses while training, and they will assist you to get a BIG PAY job on graduation.

Get My Free Book

This big, handsome new book just off the press—size 12x15 inches shows actual photographs of my big shops.

COYNE

Electrical School

1300-1310 W. Harrison St., Dept. 615-1 CHICAGO, ILL.

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President
COYNE
Electrical School
1300-1310 W. Harrison St.
Dept. 615-1
Chicago, Illinois

H. C. LEWIS, President

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Cost me a dollar
to print, but it's
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Name _____
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State _____
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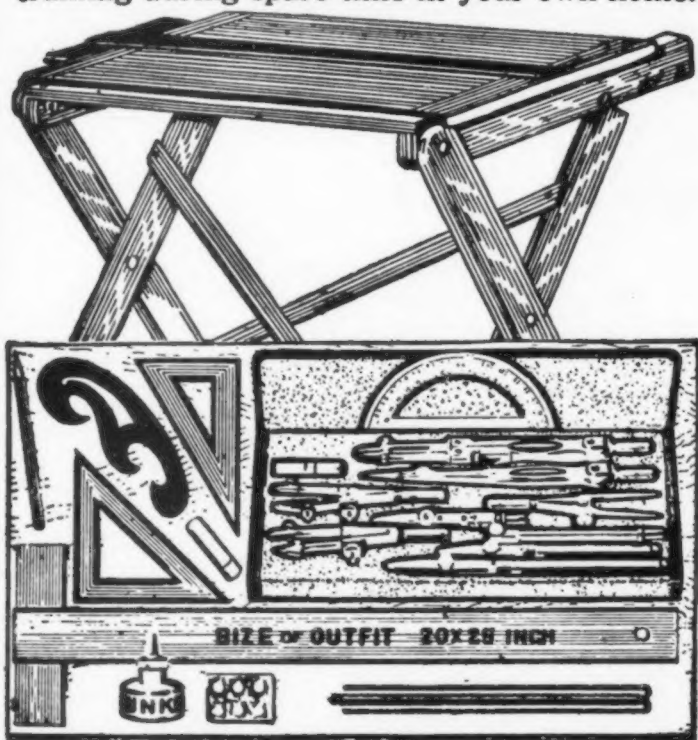
\$90 Drafting Course Free

Mail the Free Coupon Below

There is such an urgent demand for practical, trained Draftsmen that I am making this special offer in order to enable deserving, ambitious and bright men to get into this line of work. I will teach you to become a Draftsman and Designer, until you are drawing a salary of \$250.00 a month. You need not pay me for my personal instruction or for the complete set of instruments.

\$250 a Month

Starting salary according to my agreement and guarantee. Draftsmen's work is pleasant and profitable. Positions are open paying \$3,600.00 a year in the best surroundings. They are open everywhere. Thousands of men are needed who have just the kind of training I will give you. You can get this training during spare time in your own home.



Earn While Learning

You can be earning a handsome income while learning at home. This is a special offer I am making. Absolutely no obligations of any kind in sending coupon. But you must write at once, as I limit the number of my students.

Mail the FREE Coupon at once for my book—*"Successful Draftsmanship,"* also list of open positions and for the free offer to be earning good money at once while learning at home. This offer is limited and in order to benefit thereby—act at once.

**Chief Draftsman
Engineers Equipment Co.**
1951 Lawrence Ave., Div 20-61 Chicago, Ill.

Chief Draftsman Will Train You Personally

on practical Drafting-room work Until you are competent and Until you are in a permanent position at a salary paying at least \$250 per month. This is an exceptional opportunity for a few selected ambitious men, between the ages of 16 and 50 whom I will train personally.



I Guarantee

To instruct you until competent and in a permanent paying position at a regular Draftsman's salary of at least \$250 per month and guarantee to furnish you free complete Draftsman's Working Outfit at once from the start.

Free Drawing Instruments Free Drawing Table

These are the regular working instruments and the kind of table I use myself I give them free to you if you enroll at once. Send the Free Coupon Today.

Free Course Offer Coupon

**Chief Draftsman
Engineers Equipment Co.**

1951 Lawrence Ave. Div. 20-61 Chicago
Without any obligation to me please mail your book, "Successful Draftsmanship" and full particulars of your liberal "Personal Instruction" offer to a few students. It is understood I am obligated in no way whatever.



Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Why WE Think YOU Are **The Greatest Folks On Earth**

MAYBE you'd like to know that you have made SMART SET the fastest growing magazine in the world!

We didn't do it. YOU did.

You wrote the stories, then you bought the magazine and boosted it. You must have told other folks about it—because thousands of them bought it. And they told others, and these, too, went out and bought it and told thousands more.

That is how you have broken just about all the magazine records ever made. You are giving SMART SET more than a hundred thousand new readers every month. Think of it!

No one has ever heard anything like it before. And the best part of it all is that our old readers have been our best boosters.

Do you blame us for wanting to tell every one of you that you are the greatest folks on earth?

And do you wonder that we are a little scared, too? Because we've got to make good with you for all of the boosting you've done for us, and for all the help your letters of criticism have been to us.

You've been so good to us that we've GOT to keep up the pace until SMART SET is the best magazine in the world and the biggest!

You have had the opportunity to shape the destiny of a great magazine—and you've taken advantage of the opportunity. You've got the power to influence its policy month by month—and you certainly have done it!

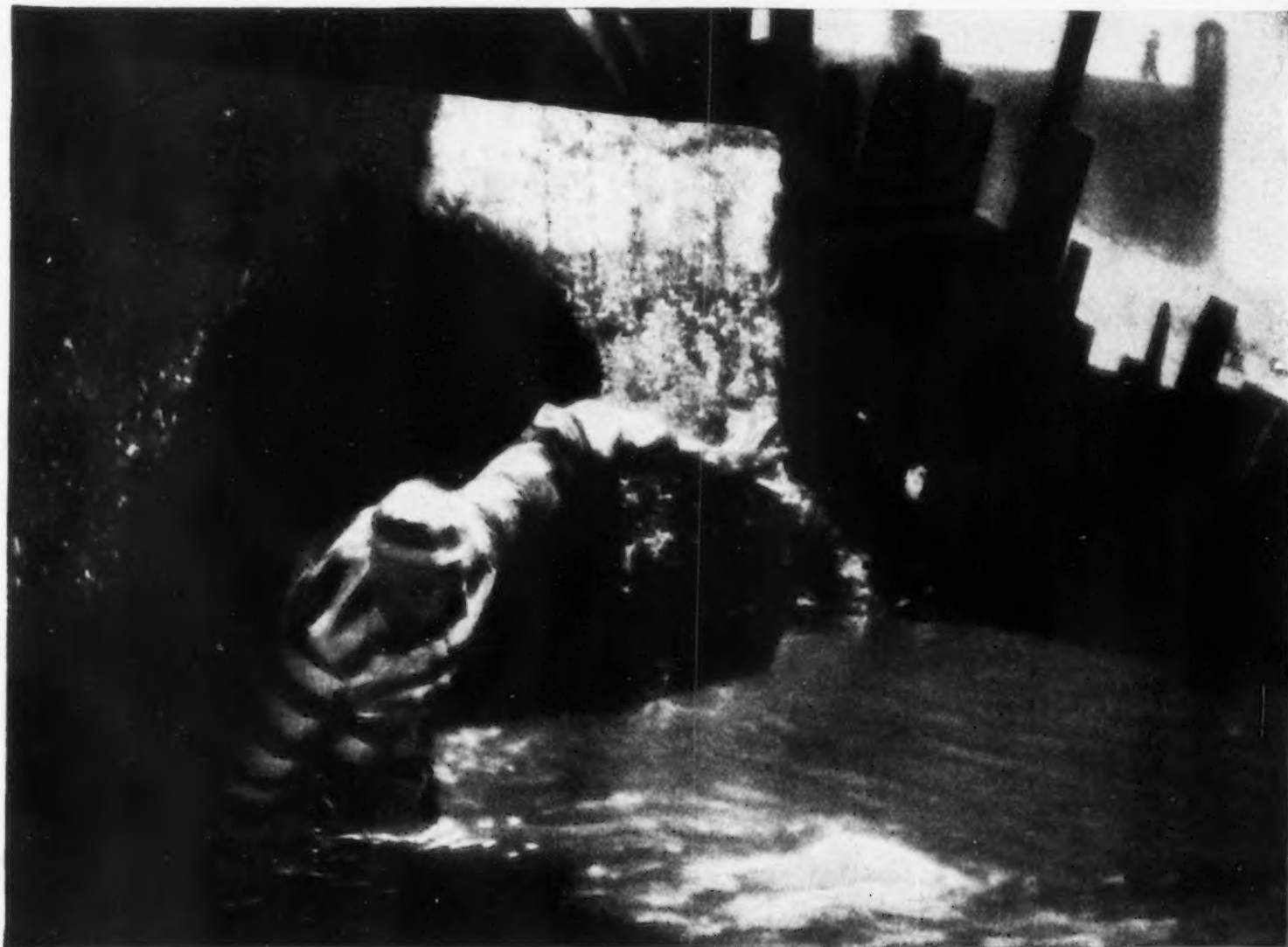
YOU can almost see SMART SET develop as the months pass. Your letters have told us what kind of stories to choose, and we've chosen them. You have told us what features you would like to see, and we're getting them. You have told us what you do not want, and we are bowing to your will.

We have proven that we can work together, You and I. We have proven that we can be partners even though we live and work miles apart.

We have proven that an editorial office is big enough to hold all the ideas of all its editors; and we have proven that every reader who is interested can be an excellent editor.

With such a bunch of folks behind it, SMART SET cannot fail to grow both in size and in quality every month.

I wish there were some way to tell you just how I feel about it all. But there isn't, unless—Christmas is coming, and—maybe I can do it best by wishing you, every one, A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR!



\$1000 Reward

For the Capture of This Man

PARTIAL LIST Graduates U. of A. S. Recently appointed Finger Print Experts of these States, Cities and Institutions.

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State of Idaho
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St. Paul, Minn.
Columbus, Ohio
Detroit, Mich.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Great Falls, Mont.
Idaho Falls, Idaho
East Lansing, Mich.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Lorain County, Ohio
El Paso, Texas
Galveston, Texas
Houston, Texas
Lincoln, Nebr.
Everett, Wash.
Ogden, Utah
Butte, Mont.
Pueblo, Colo.
Albany County Peniten-
tial, N. Y. [tiary
Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Livingston, Mont.
Alhambra, Calif.
Tulsa, Okla.
Havana, Cuba
Pensacola, Fla.
Fort Collins, Colo.
Calgary, Ala., Canada
Indiana Reformatory
Jeffersonville, Ind.
House of Correction
New Haven, Conn.
Birmingham, Ala.
St. Joseph, Mo.
Marquette, Mich.
Waterloo, Iowa

CONVICT 6138, escaped from the State Penitentiary; Name, Charles Condray; Age, 37; Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; Weight, 141 pounds; Hair, light brown; Eyes, gray.

Easy enough to identify him from his photograph and this description, you may say — but, Condray took the name of "Brown," dyed his hair, darkened his skin, grew a mustache, put on weight and walked with a stoop.

Yet, he was captured and identified so positively that he knew the game was up and returned to the penitentiary without extradition.

How was it accomplished? Easy enough for the Finger Print Expert. They are the specialists, the leaders, the *cream* of detectives. Every day's paper tells their wonderful exploits in solving mysterious crimes and convicting dangerous criminals.

The demand for trained men by governments, states, cities, detective agencies, corporations, and private bureaus is becoming greater every day.

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Learn at Home in Spare Time

And now you can learn the secrets of this science at home in your spare time. Any man with common school education and average ability can become a Finger Print Detective in surprisingly short time.

Course in Secret Service **FREE**

For a limited time we are making a special offer of a *Professional Finger Print Outfit, absolutely Free, and Free Course in Secret Service Intelligence*. Mastery of these two kindred professions will open a brilliant career for you. Write quickly for fully illustrated free book on Finger Prints which explains this wonderful training in detail. Don't wait until this offer has expired — mail the coupon now. You may never see this announcement again! You assume no obligation — you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Write at once — address

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Gentlemen: — Without any obligation whatever, send me your new, fully illustrated, **FREE** book on Finger Prints and your offer of a **FREE** course in Secret Service Intelligence and the **Free Professional Finger Print Outfit**.

Name.....

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Age.....

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Directing
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**CHICAGO
AUTO SHOPS**

"Pay Raiser
of Men"

I Guarantee to
Train You

At HOME



**EARN
\$3500 to \$10000
A YEAR**

Start to Make Money Quick Like Morrison

M. J. Morrison, Parkersburg, W. Va., (photo at right), never had a day's experience on cars before starting my training. Read what he says when less than half-way through his "JOB-WAY" course. "What I have already learned is worth over \$500 to me. I have gone into business and I'm making over \$50 a week clear, with wonderful prospects." And what Mr. Morrison and hundreds of others have done I will help you to do!



M. J. Morrison
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Clip this Coupon
Now-for my Big
FREE AUTO BOOK

FREE!
2 Big
Repair
Outfits

The World's biggest, most fascinating business needs you!

The world's biggest, most fascinating business needs you. You needn't slave away at small wages another minute—mail coupon and I'll tell you how I train you **at home** in your spare time for positions paying \$75 to \$200 a week. Unlimited opportunities waiting for Cooke-trained Auto Experts. Let me show you how my "JOB-WAY" training has prepared hundreds of men *just like yourself* for a quick, brilliant success in the Auto business.

Earn \$75 to \$200 a Week!

Don't sell your time for a penny less! *You don't need to* when you have my wonderful training. As Directing Engineer of the great Chicago Auto Shops I know what training you need to succeed, AND I GIVE YOU THAT TRAINING. Right in your own home I make you MASTER of every branch of Auto, Truck and Tractor work. I train you with JOBS—not books. I bring the original "JOB-WAY" training TO YOUR HOME!

Read My Guarantee!

Ten guarantees in my big free Auto Book. No. 1 is "I guarantee to refund every cent of your money if after receiving my training you are not absolutely satisfied." This and nine other wonderful guarantees make my "JOB-WAY" course the training for you! Be sure to get my book and read all 10 guarantees—the most amazing protection offered by any school on earth!

Experience, Education Not Needed!

I don't care how little schooling you have, I will make you a successful Auto Expert or refund your money! Boys and men of all ages have become Garage owners and managers, Superintendents, Foremen, Auto Experts, BIG PAY executives, after completing Cooke "JOB-WAY" training. I prove to you *under bond*, that I will prepare you to take advantage of the many wonderful opportunities of the great auto business!

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I will send it to you without one penny of cost. Read all the facts, find out about the demand for Cooke-trained Auto Experts. Let me tell you how easily and quickly you, too, may become an Auto Expert. Special offer right now to ambitious men. Coupon brings complete information. *Mail it today!*

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I supply every Cooke JOB-WAY student with 2 big, complete costly outfits *absolutely free!* Many students use these outfits to make money shortly after starting my training. *Mail coupon for this remarkable offer!*

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Send me FREE your big Auto Book "The Pay-Raiser" and proof that I can become an Auto Expert at home in spare time. Also reserve 2 Free outfits without obligating me.

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Address.....

City..... State.....